This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/

SHELF E83 L638. R ACCESSIONS 401750.

THE BOSTON-LIBRARY SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED 1792. INCORPORATED 1794.

~~18 BOYLSTON PLACE~~
114, NEWBURY STREET,

Added Feb. 8, 1902.

To be returned in five weeks. A fine of one cent will be incurred for each day this volume is detained beyond that time.

VE RI TAS

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY

1902

05 6307.30.10
664

REMINISCENCES

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE
BOSTON-LIBRARY
SOCIETY

A. Lincoln

THE
BOSTON LIBRARY
SOCIETY

REMINISCENCES

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

BY

DISTINGUISHED MEN OF HIS TIME

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE

EDITOR OF THE 'NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW'

THE
BOSTON LIBRARY
SOCIETY

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS
EDINBURGH AND LONDON
NORTH AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK
MDCCCLXXXVI

All Rights reserved

1.50
C

US 6301.50.10

✓

THE
BOSTON-LIBRARY
SOCIETY

CONTENTS.

I.

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT.

PAGES

Too much Tail—The Dutch Gap Canal—I will make a Fizzle, anyhow..... 1–4

II.

HON. ELIHU B. WASHBURNE,

EX-MINISTER TO FRANCE.

Early Life of Abraham Lincoln—In the Black Hawk War (1837)—His First Political Success—Early Contemporaries—Popularity as a Story-Teller—Brilliancy as a Stump-Speaker—A Strong Partisan of Clay—Personal Appearance of Old Abe—At the Presidential Inauguration Ball—On the Missouri Compromise (1854)—Lincoln Defeated for the Senate (1858)—President of the United States (1861)—Gloomy Misgivings on the Situation—Conspiracy to Assassinate the President-elect — Precautions against Assassination—"How are you, Lincoln?" Mr. Blaine's Error—Would not Decline a Second Term (1863)—The Fall of Richmond—"Mr. Lincoln has been Assassinated"..... 5–45

III.

HON. GEORGE W. JULIAN,

EX-MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

PAGES

The Famous Rail-Splitter—The Tremendous Rush for Office—Anger against McClellan—An Inveterate Story-Teller—Why John C. Fremont was not Appointed—Relations with Secretary Stanton—A Characteristic Anecdote—Unpopular with People and Congress in 1863—How Music Affected Lincoln—His Great Respect for Horace Greeley—A Man of no Resentments—Opposed to the Proclamation of Emancipation—Issued the Proclamation Reluctantly—The Demand for the Proclamation Irresistible—Father Abraham his Proper Title 47–65

IV.

HON. R. E. FENTON,

EX-GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

Dissatisfaction of Thurlow Weed—Not a Successful Impromptu Speaker—Did not know where Sherman would come out—"The Governor has a Pretty Good Case"—"On to Richmond"—Providence and General McClellan—A Grasp on Truth and Justice 67–75

V.

HON. J. P. USHER,

EX-SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Lincoln believed in Protection—A Distinction and a Difference—Douglas Faithful to the Union—Deserving Davis—The *Tribune* Assails Lincoln—The Union before Everything—Horace Greeley's Advice—Overlooking the Deity—Not to be Bullied by Congress—Cabinet Differences—He Never did Despair of the Union—His Faith in Grant 77–100

VI.

HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL,

EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

PAGES

Lincoln, next to Washington, the Greatest American—An Early Career of Vicissitudes—He owed Little of his Success to Education—Interpreting the Will of the People by Intuition—Letter to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston—Ideas on Race Amalgamation—Campaign against Douglas—Logical Argument against Slavery—Not an Agitator—Hostility to Slavery in 1831—Democrats or Abolitionists—Effect of Public Opinion—Emancipation, the Last Card—The Proclamation to Follow a Victory—The Unyielding Secretary Stanton—Why Meade was Appointed to Succeed Hooker—Capital the Offspring of Labor—A Competitor for Fame with the Greatest Orators—The Oration at Gettysburg—Lincoln a Staunch Partisan—None but Partisans should Attain Places—A Great Historical Character..... 101–138

VII.

GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER,

EX-GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

First Recollections of Lincoln—Organizing the War Democrats—"That's Right; God be with you"—Strong Measures to Prevent Desertions—Giving the President a Guard—Playing Billiards with a War Prisoner—Intending to Hang Jeff. Davis—The Commander-in-Chief must be Brave—"I Think I can beat Butler"—As Merciful as he was Brave—Recommending Negro Colonization—Fearing Negro Guerrillas—How the Panama-Canal Plan was obstructed—Presidential Aspirations of Mr. Chase—Declining the Vice-Presidential Nomination—A Second Declination—A Matter of History..... 139–160

VIII.

CHARLES CARLTON COFFIN,

WAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE "BOSTON JOURNAL."

PAGES

The White Handkerchief—Notified of his Nomination—"All Quiet on the Potomac"—Hearing of his Friend's Death—Before the *Denouement*—Five Forks—"Glory! Glory! Glory!"..... 161–184

IX.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS,

EX-UNITED STATES MARSHAL OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The Difficulty Regarding Colored Troops—Horace Greeley's Criticism on the War—A Presentiment of Lincoln's Death—Andrew Johnson—A Peep into his Soul—A Wonderful Address—A Sea of Beauty and Elegance—The first great American that drew no Race Distinctions—A few more Inches to his Tail—In the Presence of a big Brother..... 185–195

X.

JUDGE LAWRENCE WELDON,

U. S. COURT OF CLAIMS.

"There Goes Old Mr. Lincoln"—He Likes the Atmosphere of a Court-house—Lawyer Lincoln and "Captain" McClellan—A Dramatic Scene—"Do you see that Gun?"—A Touch of Sarcasm..... 197–215

XI.

BENJAMIN PERLEY POORE,

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT OF THE "BOSTON JOURNAL."

PAGES

Mustered in by Jeff. Davis—That Settled his Hash—Lincoln and Webster—The Mislaid Gripsack—"*Revenons à nos Moutons*"—Bull Run Russell..... 217–231

XII.

TITIAN J. COFFEY,

UNITED STATES ASSISTANT ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

A Skunk Story—Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego—A Mast-Fed Lawyer—The Master-Mind..... 233–246

XIII.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A Dangerous Animal—"Is Thy Servant a Dog?"—Every Way for Sunday—"You will Pass Bearer through Lines"—"Come Along"—Broken and Despondent—Somewhere to Blow Off..... 247–253

XIV.

HON. WILLIAM D. KELLEY,

MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

"Pray, Governor, how tall may you be?"—Big Judge Davis and Little Judge Davis—A Change of Opinion—Shakespeare—A Startling Contingency—They could not Appreciate Humor—Goldwin Smith's Impressions..... 255–291

XV.

HON. CASSIUS M. CLAY,

EX-MINISTER TO RUSSIA.

PAGES

The Rectitude of Lincoln—Wit Wins the Case—An Excellent Listener—Cassius M. Clay Offered the War Secretaryship—Hungry Harpies—Mercenary Camp Followers—A Great Relief—Cassius M. Clay Saves Washington—Talk about Emancipation—For Reasons of State only—Unanswerable Logic—"Bless the Lord" 293–306

XVI.

COL. ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

Lincoln not a Type—A Unique Man without Ancestor or Successor—A Profound Observer of Human Nature—Polishing Pebbles and Dimming Diamonds—His Candor deceived the Deceitful—Greatest Statues need least Drapery—Lincoln the Liberator.... 307–314

XVII.

A. H. MARKLAND,

EX-THIRD-ASSISTANT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Bombardment of Fort Sumter—Kentucky the Key to the Situation—Beginning of Friendship for Grant—Grant's Paducah Proclamation—God Bless Sherman and his Army—Lincoln's Inflexible Integrity.. 315–329

XVIII.

HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX,

EX-VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mental Idiosyncrasies—That Awfully Wicked City of Chicago—How he Hid his Sad Heart—A Cowardly

PAGES

Pair of Legs—"Older than Methuselah"—One War at a Time—"Lyons, Go Thou and do Likewise"—Taking Down a Marquis—A Great Orator..... 331–349

XIX.

HON. DANIEL W. VOORHEES,

UNITED STATES SENATOR FOR INDIANA.

"No Hanging in this Case"—The President's Clemency 351–362

XX.

HON. CHARLES A. DANA,

EDITOR "NEW YORK SUN."

First Sight of Lincoln—How he Received Political Friends—No Lack of Dignity in the Man—An Inflexible Public Servant—Sincerity toward his Cabinet—Down in the Wilderness—Profound Sagacity of the President—The Jacob Thompson Episode .. 363–376

XXI.

HON. JOHN A. KASSON,

EX-MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

First Blood—Conscientious in Appointing—"I haven't much Influence with this Administration"—Lincoln Afraid of Stanton—*Lettres de Cachet*—The Last Act..... 377–385

XXII.

GENERAL JAMES B. FRY.

A Man without Bad Habits—The Gnawing for a Second Term—Something in a Name—Stanton Overmatched

PAGES

—Story of a Big Log—My God! Is that All?—Well Done, Good and Faithful Servants 387–404

XXIII.

HON. HUGH McCULLOCH,

EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Lincoln *versus* Douglas—The Time for Rebellion had Come—A Man of Strong Religious Convictions—Lincoln and Everett—Sublime Faith in Republican Institutions..... 405–425

XXIV.

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW,

PRESIDENT NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

Virtue of Broad Illustration—Feeling of Intense Responsibility—"The Soldiers' Vote"—A Complete Metamorphosis—"Ganson, how Clean you Shave"—Lincoln Snubs the New York Millionaires—Stopping the Machinery of a Reception to Listen to a Story—"To all Whom it may Concern"—Horace Greeley's Attacks—A Supremely Great Man..... 427–438

XXV.

DAVID R. LOCKE.

(PETROLEUM V. NASBY.)

A Great and Good Man—Giving his Feet a Chance to Breathe—A Sad-faced Man—Lincoln's Humor—Douglas a Demagogue—Glimmering of the Future—Offers Nasby a Place—A Hater of Bloodshed—The Face of Death..... 439–453

XXVI.

LEONARD SWETT.

(LINCOLN'S STORY OF HIS OWN LIFE.)

PAGES

Lincoln in 1849—David Davis's Court—What Lincoln Remembered of his Youth—Six Weeks of Schooling—What he Read—From Indiana to Illinois—Rail-splitting—Flat-boating—Nearly Killed by a Negro—"The Greatest Obstacle of my Life"—One of the "Long Nine"—Lincoln's Youth was Happy... 455–468

XXVII.

WALT WHITMAN.

Lincoln on Horseback—A Characteristic Likeness—How to Estimate Lincoln's Character—Lincoln Compared with Washington—With Shakespeare.... 469–475

XXVIII.

DONN PIATT.

A Huge Skeleton in Clothes—President Lincoln a Sceptic—"Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"—Was Lincoln Forgiving?—"Squealing like Pigs"—The Owls in Epaulets—Lincoln no Abolitionist.. 477–500

XXIX.

E. W. ANDREWS.

A Touching Anecdote—Hon. Secretary Stanton—The Kindness of a Brother—A Sure Cure for Boils—"Floweth for the President"—Tribute to Horatio Seymour—A Just Decision 501–518

XXX.

JAMES C. WELLING.

PAGES

"The Great Divide"—Military Action and Slavery—Hesitating to Issue the Proclamation—The Famous Greeley Letter—The Greeley Faction—A Prudent Waiting upon Providence—Threatening Divisions—A Strict Military Necessity—The Bitter Mr. Chase—Dark and Doubtful Days—We have the New Reckonings—The Legal Aspect of Emancipation—Peace Negotiations—A Cure for all Evils—Emancipation a *Coup d'état* 519–557

XXXI.

JOHN CONNESS.

Chase a Candidate—Geographical Considerations—Lincoln in an Angry Mood—Appoints Chase Chief Justice—Fessenden's Lack of Magnanimity 559–571

XXXII.

JOHN B. ALLEY,

SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

An Estimate of Lincoln—How Douglas Received the Announcement of Lincoln's Nomination—Why Lincoln did not Appoint a Massachusetts Man to Office—Lincoln and Chase—The Slave Dealer—Pardoning a Soldier—Lincoln's Religion..... 573–591

XXXIII.

THOMAS HICKS.

NATIONAL ACADEMICIAN.

Lincoln's Portrait—Dana and Greeley's Interest—"*Parson Brownlow says I am a Nigger*"—Meddlers

PAGES

with Paints—Unrecognized Visitors—How Lincoln Heard of his Nomination—Some Fun Out of a Portrait—Forecasting the Future—Lincoln's Birthplace 593–607

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

U. S. Grant—E. B. Washburne—George W. Julian—R. E. Fenton—J. P. Usher—George S. Boutwell—Benjamin F. Butler—Charles Carlton Coffin—Frederick Douglass—Lawrence Weldon—Ben. Perley Poore—Titian J. Coffey—Henry Ward Beecher—William D. Kelley—Cassius M. Clay—Robert G. Ingersoll—A. H. Markland—Schuyler Colfax—Daniel W. Voorhees—Charles A. Dana—John A. Kasson—James B. Fry—Hugh McCulloch—Chauncey M. Depew—David R. Locke—Leonard Swett—Walt Whitman—Donn Piatt—E. W. Andrews—James C. Welling—John Conness—John B. Alley—Thomas Hicks 609–649

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

		PAGE
	Steel Portrait of Abraham Lincoln ..... *Frontispiece*	
1	U. S. Grant	1
2	E. B. Washburne	5
3	R. E. Fenton	67
4	J. P. Usher	77
5	George S. Boutwell	101
6	Benjamin F. Butler	139
7	Abraham Lincoln's Residence at Springfield, Ill.	168
8	Frederick Douglass	185
9	Ben. Perley Poore	217
10	Henry Ward Beecher	247
11	Cassius M. Clay	293
12	Robert G. Ingersoll	307
13	Schuyler Colfax	331
14	Charles A. Dana	363
15	James B. Fry	387
16	Hugh McCulloch	405
17	Chauncey M. Depew	427
18	David R. Locke	439
19	Leonard Swett	455
20	Early Home of Lincoln, in Illinois	459
21	Walt Whitman	469
22	Characteristic Likeness of Abraham Lincoln	471
23	Fac-simile of Letter from Abraham Lincoln to Horace Greeley	523
24	Thomas Hicks	593
25	A. Lincoln, from the Original Painting by Thomas Hicks.	602
26	Fac-simile of Letter from O. H. Browning to Thomas Hicks	606
27	Account of his Birth-place, in Handwriting of Lincoln ...	607

INTRODUCTION.

IT was mainly with the view of accumulating a mass of trustworthy evidence concerning the personal traits and private utterances of Abraham Lincoln that I conceived the plan and approached the task of uniting in one or more volumes the opinions of the most distinguished characters, still surviving, of the great war which produced them. The result has been gratifying beyond expectation, furnishing—I think it is not too much to say—a remarkable book about a remarkable man.

Most men who visited Washington during the civil war met Abraham Lincoln. Amid the clash of armed strife and the din of party struggle, he never denied to the humblest citizen a willing ear and a cheering word. Although not "all things to all men," in the common acceptation of the phrase, there was rarely an hour too crowded for him to utter a memorable word or to tell an apt story to the passing visitor. By degrees and by accretion, these utterances and stories, or rather these parables, have grown in number with the growth of a great reputa-

tion. Story after story and trait after trait, as varying in value as in authenticity, has been added to the Lincolniana, until at last the name of the great war President has come to be a biographic lodestone, attracting without distinction or discrimination both the true and the false. Talleyrand himself was not made sponsor for so many historic sayings as have fallen to the heritage of Abraham Lincoln. It may, indeed, be doubted whether his entire presidential term would have sufficed to utter the number attributed to him. Yet it is certain that he rarely failed to seize an opportunity to illustrate the situation by a homely parable, which substituted a story for an argument and left the argument to the listener's own deductive powers. He rarely refused audience to any one He rarely declined to face any person or any situation, however annoying the interview or the occasion. He felt himself capable of confronting all the difficulties of his high place, and this faith in his own strength sufficed to guide him through some of the severest trials that have ever fallen to the lot of a public man. His many-sided nature enabled him to excel in most of the tasks that he attempted, and the triumphant power he showed on most occasions was one of the essential characteristics of his nature. From a local politician and an obscure member of Congress, he suddenly arose to be one of the world's most influential statesmen.

From a volunteer against Indian insurgents, he became the mover of vast armies, and met with firmness, patience and skill the most harassing exigencies of a great civil war. Beginning as a stump speaker and corner-grocery debater, he lived to take his place in the front rank of immortal orators. It was this power of compassing the most trying situations that made the brief and crowded space of four years suffice for him to accomplish a task that generations had been preparing, and which, to use his own words, before assuming the presidency, "offered more difficulties than had devolved upon Washington."

But, to struggle was not new to him. His whole life had been a series of obscure but heroic struggles, and it may safely be said that no man of Lincoln's historical stature ever passed through a more checkered or more varied career. It fills one with astonishment to follow the vocations that successively fell to the lot of this extraordinary man, since, as a boy, in 1826, he left the school (to reach which he walked nine miles every day), to the sad hour when, in 1865, he perished, as President of the United States. Beginning as a farm laborer, studying at night by the light of the fire, he was the hostler, he ground corn, he built fires and he cooked—all for thirty-one cents a day. In 1827, he is recorded as an athlete of local renown, while, at the same time, he was a writer on temperance and a champion of the

integrity of the American Union. In 1830, we are told that he undertook "to split for Mrs. Nancy Miller four hundred rails for every yard of brown jean, dyed with walnut bark, that would be required to make him a pair of trousers." He next turned his attention to public speaking—beginning his career as orator standing on an empty keg at Decatur. Next we find him, in turn, a Mississippi boatman, a clerk at the polls, a salesman, a debater in frontier debating clubs, a militia captain in the Black Hawk War, a private for a month in a volunteer spy company, and an unsuccessful candidate for the Legislature. In 1832, he seriously thought of becoming a blacksmith, but he changed his views, and bought a country store on credit. Ruined by a drunken partner, he failed, but, as money came to him, he paid his honest debts—discharging the last note in 1849. We next find him qualifying as a land surveyor, after six weeks' study. In 1833, he is appointed postmaster at New Salem, using his hat as a post-office. He was also, as occasion called, a referee and umpire, the unquestioned judge in all local disputes, wagers and horse races. Having read law, he became a lawyer. In 1834, he was a successful candidate for the Legislature of Illinois, and, as a member of it, protested against slavery. Challenged about this time to fight a duel, he became reconciled with his adversary and married Miss Mary Todd, after constitut-

ing himself her champion. Defeated as candidate for Congress, in 1843, he was returned in 1846. About this time he patented a novel steamboat. In 1854, he sought without success to be appointed General Land Commissioner. Subsequently, he is seen engaged vigorously in State politics, opposing Judge Douglas in a debate that attracted national attention, and that gave him the nomination for the Presidency of the United States.

The face of Lincoln told the story of his life—a life of sorrow and struggle, of deep-seated sadness, of ceaseless endeavor. It would have taken no Lavater to interpret the rugged energy stamped on that uncomely plebeian face, with its great crag-like brows and bones, or to read there the deep melancholy that overshadowed every feature of it.

Even as President of the United States, at a period when the nation's peril invested the holder of the office with almost despotic power, there seems to have been in Lincoln's nature a modesty and lack of desire to rule which nothing could lessen or efface. Wielding the power of a king, he retained the modesty of a commoner.

And, surely, it is not among the least remarkable of her achievements, that American Democracy should have produced great statesmen and great soldiers, when called for by great events, who, as a rule, have been free from that dangerous ambition

which has tainted the fairest names of European history. If we have not had our age of Pericles, of Augustus or of Leo, we can boast of a history that has given us, within the period of a century, the patriotism of a Washington, a Lincoln and a Grant.

If we may believe tradition, Lincoln came from a stock which proves the hereditary source of his chief characteristics. His humor, his melancholy, his strange mingling of energy and indolence, his generosity, his unconventional character, his frugality, his tenderness, his courage, all are traceable to his ancestry as well as to the strange society which molded the boy and nerved the man to face without fear every danger that beset his path. He revealed to the old world a new type of man, of the Anglo-Saxon race, it is true, but modified by circumstances so novel and potent, and even dominating in their influence, as to mark a new departure in human character. Lincoln was the type and representative of the "Western man"—an evolution of family isolation, of battles with primeval forces and the most savage races of men, of the loneliness of untrodden forests, of the absence of a potent public opinion, of a state of society in which only inherent greatness of human character was respected; in which tradition and authority went for naught, and courage and will were alone recognized as having rightful domina-

tion. The peculiarities of this society were not less reflected in its character than in its tastes. Thus, in Lincoln, for example, Rabelais and Machiavelli, coarse wit and political cunning, were quite as conspicuous as that tenderness and self-abnegation which recall the early history of the Christian Church. The Western man, the American of the Western prairies and forests, could in no sense be termed a colonial Englishman, as a large class of cultivated Eastern Americans might not unjustly be described. England had no mortgage on the mind or character or manners of these children of the West. The Western settlers had no respect for English traditions or teachings, whether of Church or of State. Accustomed all their lives to grapple with nature face to face, they thought and they spoke, with all the boldness of unrestrained sincerity, on every topic of human interest or of sacred memory, without the slightest recognition of any right of external authority to impose restrictions, or even to be heard in protest against their intellectual independence. As their life developed the utmost independence of creed and individuality, he whose originality was the most fearless and self-contained was chief among them. Among such a people, blood of their blood and bone of their bone, differing from them only in stature, Abraham Lincoln arose to rule the American people with a more than

kingly power, and received from them a more than feudal loyalty.

Those who follow his life must be impressed with the equal serenity of Lincoln's temper, in moments of the darkest adversity as in the hours of his greatest triumphs. It has been said that it is easier to stand adversity than prosperity, but, however true this may be of private life, it is hardly applicable to times of stress in public affairs. I was struck with the remark of a great captain, when, in returning some compliment about America, I referred to the feats of the armies under his command. "I accept your praise of our victories," he rejoined, "but what our armies would have been in defeat I cannot say."

Lincoln's character was weighed in both balances; and it was not found wanting. No man could have borne more nobly than he the sternest test of defeat. At these moments of extreme tension, his character alone came to his rescue.

He was melancholy without being morbid—a leading characteristic of men of genuine humor; and it was this sense of humor that often enabled him to endure the most cruel strokes, that called for his sense of pity and cast a gloom over his official life. On these occasions he would relieve himself by comparing trifles with great things and great things with trifles. No story was too trivial or even too coarse

for his purpose; provided that it aptly illustrated his ideas or served his policy. To this peculiar tendency of mind we owe the many stories and quaint sayings which lend to every recollection of Lincoln a strange and uncommon interest.

I know no better illustration of the peculiar rapidity with which he would pass from one side of his nature to the other than a reminiscence for which I am indebted to Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania, who, at the time, was one of the leading "War Governors." He was summoned to see Lincoln, at the White House, on arriving after midnight from the battle-field of Fredericksburg, where he had been inspecting the wounded and surveying this field of national disaster. Lincoln showed much anxiety about the wounded, and asked many questions about the battle.

Governor Curtin replied, "Mr. President, it was not a battle, it was a butchery," and proceeded to give a graphic description of the scenes he had witnessed. Lincoln was heart-broken at the recital, and soon reached a state of nervous excitement bordering on insanity.

Finally, as the Governor was leaving the room, he went forward, and, taking the President by the hand, tenderly expressed his sympathy for his sorrow. He said, "Mr. President, I am deeply touched by your sorrow, and at the distress I have caused you.

I have only answered your questions. No doubt my impressions have been colored by the sufferings I have seen. I trust matters will look brighter when the official reports come in. I would give all I possess to know how to rescue you from this terrible war."

Lincoln's whole aspect suddenly changed, and he relieved his mind by telling a story.

"This reminds me, Governor," he said, "of an old farmer out in Illinois that I used to know. He took it into his head to go into hog raising. He sent out to Europe and imported the finest breed of hogs he could buy. The prize hog was put in a pen, and the farmer's two mischievous boys—James and John—were told to be sure not to let him out. But James, the worst of the two, let the brute out next day. The hog went straight for the boys, and drove John up a tree. Then the hog went for the seat of James's trousers, and the only way the boy could save himself was by holding on to the hog's tail. The hog would not give up his hunt nor the boy his hold! After they had made a good many circles around the tree, the boy's courage began to give out, and he shouted to his brother, 'I say, John, come down, quick, and help me *let this hog go!*' Now, Governor, that is exactly my case. I wish some one would come and help me let this hog go!"

This was a striking illustration of the sudden transitions to which Lincoln's nature was prone. It sought relief in the most trying situations by recalling some parallel incident of a humorous character. His sense of humor never flagged. Even in his telegraphic correspondence with his generals we have instances of it which reflect his peculiar vein.

General Sherman, who, like Cæsar in this as in other respects, enjoys a joke even at his own expense, relates a story that illustrates this peculiarity. Soon after the battle of Shiloh the President promoted two officers to Major-Generalships. A good deal of dissatisfaction was expressed at this act. Among other critics of the President was General Sherman himself, who telegraphed to Washington, that, if such ill-advised promotions continued, the best chance for officers would be to be transferred from the front to the rear. This telegram was shown to the President. He immediately replied by telegraph to the General that, in the matter of appointments, he was necessarily guided by officers whose opinions and knowledge he valued and respected.

"The two appointments," he added, "referred to by you in your dispatch to a gentleman in Washington were made at the suggestion of two men whose advice and character I prize most highly:

I refer to Generals Grant and Sherman." General Sherman then recalled the fact that, in the flush of victory, General Grant and himself had both recommended these promotions, but that it had escaped his memory at the time of writing his telegraphic dispatch.

The oddity of Lincoln's reply is characteristic. He subsequently sent to General Sherman the right to promote, at his own choice, eight colonels under his command.

His feeling toward Sherman and Grant, at the close of the war, as well as his extreme sensitiveness to rebuke on the part of those he esteemed, is well illustrated by another incident, for which, also, I am indebted to General Sherman. In conversation with him—I think at Richmond—the President asked the General whether he could guess what had always attracted him to Grant and Sherman and led to a friendlier feeling for them than he had for others. "It was because," he said, "you never found fault with me, from the days of Vicksburg down."

There is a sermon in these words which suggests many reflections. The responsibility of office weighed heavily upon the President, but never overwhelmed him; yet the rebuke of a friend caused him the keenest pangs.

General Schenck once told me of being with

Lincoln on the occasion of his receiving bad news from the army. Placing his hands upon the General's knee and speaking with much emotion, he said, "You have little idea of the terrible weight of care and sense of responsibility of this office of mine. Schenck, if to be at the head of Hell is as hard as what I have to undergo here, I could find it in my heart to pity Satan himself."

It will be seen from this remark that Lincoln was sometimes weary of the great burden that had fallen on him, and that he would gladly have resigned it to others had this seemed possible without imperilling the national interests he had so close at heart.

The following war episode, related to me by Mr. W. H. Croffut, who has given much attention to the subject, will help to illustrate the willingness of Lincoln to put into other hands, and even to surrender to another political party, the administration of the Government, provided that the act could contribute toward the great end of peace and reunion. Mr. Croffut says:

I have forgotten the exact month to which the beginning of this narrative refers; indeed, I am not quite certain about the year, but it was winter time —probably the dawn of 1880. I had called at Thurlow Weed's, to inquire after the health of that aged man, then fourscore, and to enjoy hearing him

talk about the by-gone times in which he bore a distinguished part. His tall form reclined upon a lounge wheeled in front of a hearth blazing with cannel coal. As I casually mentioned General McClellan in the conversation, he raised himself on his elbow and said, "He might have been President as well as not." Responding to my expression of surprise and interest, he went on:

"I'll tell you what led up to it. About the middle of December, 1862, Seward telegraphed me to come to Washington. It had happened before that I had been summoned in the same way. I took it as a matter of course and caught the first train South. I got to Washington, and, after breakfast, went straight to the State Department. Mr. Seward was waiting for me. He took me right over to the White House, saying, 'The President wants to see you.'

"We found the President deeply depressed and distressed. I had never seen him in such a mood. 'Everything goes wrong,' he broke out. 'The rebel armies hold their own; Grant is wandering around in Mississippi; Burnside manages to keep ahead of Lee; Seymour has carried New York, and, if his party carries and holds many of the Northern States, we shall have to give up the fight, for we can never conquer three-quarters of our countrymen, scattered in front, flank, and rear. What shall we do?'

"I suggested that we could continue to wait, and that the man capable of leading our splendid armies would come in time.

"'That's what I've been saying,' said Seward, who didn't believe, even then, that the war was going to be a long one.

"Mr. Lincoln did not seem to heed the remark, but he said:

"'Governor Seymour could do more for our cause than any other man living. He has been elected Governor of our largest State. If he would come to the front he could control his partisans, and give a new impetus to the war. I have sent for you, Mr. Weed, to ask you to go to Governor Seymour and tell him what I say. Tell him, now is his time. Tell him, I do not wish to be President again, and that the leader of the other party, provided it is in favor of a vigorous war against the rebellion, should have my place. Entreat him to give the true ring to his annual message; and if he will, as he easily can, place himself at the head of a great Union party, I will gladly stand aside and help to put him in the Executive Chair. All we want is to have the rebellion put down.'

"I was not greatly surprised, for I knew before that such was the President's view. I had before heard him say, 'If there is a man who can push our armies forward one mile further or one hour faster

than I can, he is the man that ought to be in my place.'

"I visited Governor Seymour at Albany, and delivered my commission from Lincoln. It was received most favorably. Seymour's feeling was always right, but his head was generally wrong. When I left him it was understood that his message to the Legislature would breathe an earnest Union spirit, praising the soldiers and calling for more, and omitting the usual criticisms of the President. I forwarded this expectation to Lincoln.

"Judge of my disappointment and chagrin when Seymour's message came out—a document calculated to aid the enemy. It demanded that the war should be prosecuted 'on constitutional grounds' —as if any war ever was or ever could be—and denounced the administration for the arbitrary arrest of Vallandigham and the enforcement of the draft.

"This attempt to enlist the leader of the Democratic party having failed, Lincoln authorized me to make the same overture to McClellan.

"'Tell the General,' he said, 'that we have no wish to injure or humiliate him; that we wish only for the success of our armies; that if he will come forward and put himself at the head of a Union-Democratic party, and, through that means, push forward the Union cause, I will gladly step aside and do all I can to secure his election in 1864.'

"I opened negotiations through S. L. M. Barlow, McClellan's next friend. Mr. Barlow called. I told him the scheme to bring McClellan forward. He approved of it, and agreed to see the General. He shortly afterward told me he had seen him and secured his acquiescence; 'for,' he added, 'Mac is eager to do all he can do to put down the rebellion.' I suggested a great Union-Democratic meeting in Union Square, at which McClellan should preside and set forth his policy, and this was agreed to by both Mr. Barlow and McClellan. At the suggestion of Mr. Barlow, I drew up some memoranda of principles which it seemed to me desirable to set forth on that occasion, and these Mr. Barlow agreed to deliver to McClellan. The time set for the mass meeting was Monday, June 16th. Once more there seemed a promise of breaking the Northern hostility and ending the war, by organizing a great independent Union party under McClellan. But this hope failed us, too. For, on the very eve of the meeting, I received a formal letter from McClellan declining to preside, without giving reasons. If he had presided at that war-meeting, and had persistently followed it up, nothing but death could have kept him from being elected President of the United States in 1864."

This narrative, continues Mr. Croffut, seemed to me so extraordinary that I called on General McClel-

lan, who resided on Gramercy Park, and told him the story, with the purpose of ascertaining why he did not preside at the meeting after agreeing to do so.

"You amaze me!" he said. "No such events ever occurred. Mr. Weed is a good old man, and he has forgotten. Mr. Lincoln never offered me the Presidency in any contingency. I never declined to preside at a war-meeting. How could I, when I was a Union soldier, and the only criticism I ever made on the Administration was that it did not push the armies fast enough? There never was a time when I would have refused to preside at any meeting that could help the Union cause. I remember nothing about any such memoranda, and am sure I never wrote to Thurlow Weed in my life."

I asked the General if no such overture was ever made by Mr. Weed.

"Not as I remember," he said. "I recollect his once speaking to me about the desirableness of taking the leadership of a War-Democratic party, but I do not remember the purport of this proposition."

At General McClellan's suggestion I called on Mr. Barlow, who also had forgotten all about it.

Returning to Mr. Weed's, I asked if he could find the letter received from General McClellan, in which he declined to preside at a war-meeting. He

doubted if he had kept it, but Miss Harriet Weed, his faithful daughter and invaluable secretary, going in search of it, returned in an hour, bringing it from an upper room. It ran as follows:

(Private)

OAKLANDS, N. J., *June* 13, 1863.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your kind note is received.

For what I cannot doubt that you would consider good reasons, I have determined to decline the compliment of presiding over the proposed meeting of Monday next.

I fully concur with you in the conviction that an honorable peace is not now possible, and that the war must be prosecuted to save the Union and the Government, at whatever cost of time and treasure and blood.

I am clear, also, in the conclusion that the policy governing the conduct of the war should be one looking not only to military success, but also to ultimate re-union, and that it should consequently be such as to preserve the rights of all Union-loving citizens, wherever they may be, as far as compatible with military security. My views as to the prosecution of the war remain, substantially, as they have been from the beginning of the contest; these views I have made known officially.

I will endeavor to write you more fully before Monday.

In the meantime believe me to be, in great haste, truly your friend,

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

Hon. THURLOW WEED, New York.

"The General has forgotten that formal letter, has he?" said Mr. Weed, smiling. "If he had presided at that meeting, and rallied his party to the support of the war, he would have been President. I never heard what his reasons were, either 'before Monday' or any other day. Just see what an embarrassing time it was to refuse to preside at a war-meeting. Grant seemed to be stalled in front of Vicksburg, and that very morning came a report that he was going to raise the siege. Banks was defeated, the day before, at Port Hudson, and, two days earlier, a rebel privateer had captured six of our vessels off the Chesapeake. The very day that McClellan wrote the letter, Lee was rapidly marching through Maryland into Pennsylvania, and the North was in a panic. There couldn't have been a worse time to decline to preside at a Union meeting, and I am sorry that the General has forgotten what prevented his doing so."

I took the letter and returned to General McClellan with it.

"Well!" he exclaimed, as he took it and in-

spected it, "that is my writing. I wrote that, and had forgotten about it. I don't know why I declined to preside; but it was probably because I am shy in the presence of multitudes, am not in the habit of speech-making, and should be certain to preside awkwardly. But why should anybody suppose me indifferent to the prosecution of the war?"

"Because," I said, "a year later they found you standing as a candidate for President on a platform which declared the war up to that time a failure, and seemed to disparage the services of our soldiers in the field."

"I never stood on that platform a day!" he exclaimed. "Everybody knows I did not. I repudiated it in my letter, and made my repudiation of it the only condition of accepting the nomination. I told all my friends so!"

"Mr. Weed thinks," I added, "that if you had presided instead of refusing to preside, and had followed it up with corresponding action, it would have united the North, finished the war a year sooner, saved thousands of lives, and made you President."

"Oh, well," he said, laughing, "that's an interesting speculation. Nobody can tell. At any rate I didn't, and it's all over now."

Shortly afterward, I mentioned these facts to Frederick W. Seward.

"Yes," he said, "I have often heard Mr. Weed

tell the story. The fact is that neither Lincoln nor my father expected that the Administration would be re-elected. Their only hope was to have the war carried on vigorously. The President used to say, 'I am sure there are men who could do more for the success of our armies in my place than I am doing; I would gladly stand aside and let such a one take my place, any day.' Looking back at the Mexican and other wars, we thought some general would succeed Lincoln in 1864, and McClellan evidently thought so too. We did not foresee the tremendous victories and the splendid wave of patriotic feeling that carried Lincoln in again."

Colonel John Hay tells me that he is acquainted with Lincoln's effort to stir up McClellan and Seymour, heard, I suppose, when he was in the White House. And Roscoe Conkling tells me that it is not news to him.

One morning, a year before he died, Mr. Weed said to me:

"Governor Seymour was here yesterday. He stayed to dinner, and we had a good talk about old times. I spoke of the scheme to make him President, and he remembered the details as I did. But he said that his reason for his action was that he 'wanted to carry on the war legally.' He said he couldn't have carried his party with him to approve of the arbitrary arrest by Stanton of the Northern

opponents of the war. When Seymour was sitting here I told him that he would have been President, certain, if he had come out heartily and unreservedly for the war in 1863; and he said, 'Well, it isn't much matter. I was not in good health at the time, and it might have killed me. It is a hard, laborious, thankless office—it is just as well as it is."

No act or utterance of General McClellan should be interpreted to convey any feeling of resentment toward Lincoln. In a conversation, not over two months before his death, General McClellan affirmed to me his belief that Lincoln intended to give him all the time for preparation that he required and demanded. The conversation turned upon the battle of Antietam, when some reference to the President's visit to the field occasioned the remark.

General McClellan had fought the battle without a commission. The victory proclaimed, the President at once visited the scene of conflict.

"I remember well," said General McClellan, "our sitting on the hillside together, Lincoln, in his own ungainly way, propped up by his long legs, with his knees almost under his chin.

"'General,' said he to me, 'you have saved the country. You must remain in command and carry us through to the end.'

"'That will be impossible,' replied McClellan. 'We need time.' The influences at Washington will be too strong for you, Mr. President. I will not be allowed the required time for preparation.'"

General McClellan then recalled the exact words of Lincoln in reply:

"General, I pledge myself to stand between you and harm."

"And I honestly believe," said General McClellan, "that the President meant every word he said, but that the influences at Washington were, as I predicted, too strong for him or for any living man."

In a conversation with General Sherman, I once asked him if he had ever heard the story that General Grant, at one important crisis, cut the telegraph wires between Washington and his headquarters in order to get rid of civil interference with his military operations.

"Did he?" said the General, laughing, "why, I did that! I never heard before that Grant did it!"

He spoke for some time of the serious obstacles to the prosecution of the war caused by political interferences, and added, "I could do more with one hundred thousand men free from political control, than with three hundred thousand near Washington."

In the better sense, Lincoln was, perhaps, some-

what of a casuist in believing that the end sometimes sanctifies the means; but his masterly common sense was the guiding beacon in every stress and storm of events. He was so great in all the larger attributes of statesmanship that few, aside from those intimately associated with him, recognized his genius as a practical politician. He was ambitious, not merely because he knew his own great resources and aptitudes, but because he profoundly believed himself to be necessary to the country in the dire exigencies of the period. He alone had complete grasp of a situation unparalleled in our history; and this was the general conviction of the large majority of the loyal men of the North. There is no cause, then, to marvel that he should have greatly desired a re-election in 1864, because his second term would not only cover the close of the war drama which, for four years, had absorbed the attention of a watchful world, but also the still greater responsibilities of reconstructing the shattered Union.

Recognizing the fact that the anxiety of Lincoln for a second term was a far nobler passion than anything rooted in mere personal pride or ambition, and remembering his offer to Governor Seymour, we can easily understand how he could justify himself in bringing all his skill in practical politics to bear on the problem of re-election.

An incident, hitherto unpublished, will illustrate this trait.

During the fall of 1864 it became evident that Pennsylvania was a "doubtful State." General McClellan, the candidate of the Democratic party, was not only popular there as a native Pennsylvanian, but, even among those loyal to the administration, he had a strong following and great sympathy, from the belief that he had been a much abused man. Lincoln was advised by the Republican State Committee of Pennsylvania that the prospect was very uncertain. It was felt that, on the result in the Keystone State, hinged the fate of the national election. A gentleman belonging to the Republican Committee, then, as now, one of the leading politicians of the State, had a consultation with the President on the situation. He thus relates the interview:

"Mr. President," I said, "the only sure way to organize victory in this contest, is to have some fifteen thousand, or more, Pennsylvania soldiers furloughed and sent home to vote. While their votes in the field would count man for man, their presence at the polls at home would exert an influence not easily to be estimated, by exciting enthusiasm and building up party *morale*. I would advise you to send a private message to General Grant, to be given in an unofficial way, asking for such an issu-

ance of furloughs to Pennsylvania soldiers in the field."

Lincoln was silent for some moments and seemed to be pondering. Then he answered:

"I have never had any intimation from General Grant as to his feeling for me. I don't know how far he would be disposed to be my friend in the matter, nor do I think it would be safe to trust him."

The President's interlocutor responded with some heat, "And do you mean to say that the man at whose back you stood, in defiance of the clamor of the country, for whom you fought through thick and thin, would not stand by you now?"

"I don't know that General Grant would be my friend in this matter," reiterated the President.

"Then, let it be done through General Meade, the direct commander of the Army of the Potomac—and General Sheridan, how about him?"

At this question, Lincoln's face grew sunny and bright. "I can trust Phil," he said; "he's all right!"

As a result of this conference, one of the assistant secretaries of war was sent to Petersburg with a strictly unofficial message to General Meade, and another agent was deputed to visit General Sheridan. Some 10,000 or more Pennsylvania soldiers went home to vote when the time came, and Penn-

sylvania was carried by a handsome majority for the administration.

If statesmanship is a practical science, to be tested by the touch-stone of enduring success, then is Lincoln entitled to a place among the world's great statesmen. He was not of the rulers who seek only to impress their own will on the nation. He was not of the rulers who play for mere place in the great game of politics.

As, in the first instance, tyrants are the selfish masters, so, in the other, demagogues are the selfish servants. But, above them, stand the men who have sought power to hold it as a sacred trust, and whose ambition and conduct are regulated by an ardent purpose to serve great national interests. It seems not too much to say that among these was Lincoln.

He was pre-eminently a democratic ruler. Profoundly believing in a government of the people, by the people and for the people, however earnest his wish, as a man, to promote and enact justice between classes and races, he never went faster nor further than to enforce the will of the people that elected him. His strength as a President lay in his deep sympathy with the people, "the plain folks," as he loved to call them, and his intuitive knowledge of all their thoughts and aims, their prejudices and preferences, equally and alike. He was elected to save the Union, not to destroy slavery; and

he did not aid, directly or indirectly, the movement to abolish slavery, until the voice of the people was heard demanding it in order that the Union might be saved. He did not free the negro for the sake of the slave, but for the sake of the Union. It is an error to class him with the noble band of abolitionists to whom neither Church nor State was sacred when it sheltered slavery. He signed the proclamation of emancipation solely because it had become impossible to restore the Union *with* slavery.

Like the nation itself, Lincoln, although personally opposed to slavery, was but slowly educated into the belief that no republican civilization could endure with slavery as a corner-stone, or even as one of the pillars, of the Temple of Democracy. He believed that the spread of slavery should be resisted; for the Constitution did not contemplate its extension. He believed at one time that slavery should not be interfered with in the States that sustained it; for the Constitution, in fact, although not in words, had recognized its legality. It was not until slavery *or* the Union must be sacrificed that he became the emancipator of the negro race in America.

The Constitution, indeed, was the fetich of the pre-rebellion period of our history, and it commanded the loyal worship of nearly all the earlier statesmen of the republic.

It was not until the Southern politicians, growing more and more arrogant, passed, with the aid of their Northern allies, the Fugitive Slave Law, that the conscience of the North made itself felt as a political force; for, hitherto, it had been satisfied with moral and religious protests, or with silent lamentations over the impossibility of abolishing slavery under the Federal Constitution.

That act gave the death-blow to the Whig party. Out of its ashes arose the Republican party, which was organized solely to prevent the extension of slavery into virgin territory, but which was destined to destroy it and subsequently to enfranchise the slaves whom it had emancipated.

Yet the Fugitive Slave Law did not arouse in Abraham Lincoln the profound indignation that he was afterward to transmute into emancipation.

The Fugitive Slave Law, by some oversight, had omitted the District of Columbia from its operations. On the 10th of January, 1849, in the 30th Congress, Abraham Lincoln offered a resolution to extend the Fugitive Slave Law over the District of Columbia!

It was for this act, when the news of his nomination for the presidency reached Massachusetts, that he was denounced by the greatest of American anti-slavery orators, Wendell Phillips, as "the Slave Hound of Illinois."

This proposition, however, was not presented in what might otherwise have well been regarded as its naked deformity. It was part of a bill, offered by the obscure congressman from Illinois, to provide for the gradual extinction of slavery in the District.

As this incident in the public life of Lincoln has been but slightly noticed, it may be well to put the entire record before the reader:

"*January* 8, 1849. At Second Session, 30th Congress, Mr. Lincoln voted against a motion to suspend the rules and take up the following:

"*Resolved:* That the Committee on the Judiciary is hereby instructed to report a bill to the House, providing effectually for the apprehension and delivery of fugitives from Iowa who have escaped, or who may escape, from one State into another."

"*January* 13, 1849. Mr. Lincoln gave notice of a motion for leave to introduce a bill abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia by consent of the free white people of the District of Columbia, with compensation to owners.

"At Second Session, 30th Congress, January 10th, 1849, John Wentworth, of Illinois, introduced the following:

"*Whereas*, The traffic now prosecuted in this metropolis of the Republic in human beings as

chattels is contrary to natural justice and the fundamental principles of our political system, and is notoriously a reproach to our country throughout Christendom, and a serious hinderance to the progress of republican liberty among the nations of the earth; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the Committee for the District of Columbia be instructed to report a bill, as soon as practicable, prohibiting the slave trade in said District."

"Mr. Lincoln thereupon read an amendment which he intended to offer, if he could obtain the opportunity, as follows:

"That the Committee on the District of Columbia be instructed to report a bill in substance as follows:

"SEC. 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That no person not now within the District of Columbia, nor now owned by any person or persons now resident within it, nor hereafter born within it, shall ever be held in slavery within said District.

"SEC. 2. That no person now within said District, or now owned by any person or persons now resident within the same, or hereafter born within it, shall ever be held in slavery within the limits of said District.

"*Provided*, That officers of the Government of

the United States, being citizens of the slave-holding States, coming into said District on public business, and remaining only so long as may be reasonably necessary for that object, may be attended into and out of said District, and while there, by the necessary servants of themselves and their families, without their rights to hold such servants in service being thereby impaired.

"SEC. 3. That all children born of slave mothers within said District on or after the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty, shall be free; but shall be reasonably supported and educated by the respective owners of their mothers, or by their heirs or representatives, and shall serve reasonable service as apprentices to such owners, heirs and representatives, until they respectively arrive at the age of — years, when they shall be entirely free; but the municipal authorities of Washington and Georgetown, within their respective jurisdictional limits, are hereby empowered and required to make all suitable and necessary provisions for enforcing obedience to this section, on the part of both masters and apprentices.

"SEC. 4. That all persons now within said District, lawfully held as slaves, or now owned by any person or persons now residents within said District, shall remain such at the will of their respective owners, their heirs and legal representatives;

"*Provided*, That any such owner, or his legal representatives, may at any time receive from the Treasury of the United States the full value of his or her slave of the class in this section mentioned, upon which such slave shall be forthwith and forever free.

"*And provided further*, That the President of the United States, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of the Treasury shall be a board for determining the value of such slaves as their owners may desire to emancipate under this section, and whose duty it shall be to hold a session for such purpose on the first Monday of each calendar month, to receive all applications, and, on satisfactory evidence in each case that the person presented for valuation is a slave and of the class in this section mentioned, and is owned by the applicant, shall value such slave at his or her full cash value, and give to the applicant an order on the Treasury for the amount, and also to such slave a certificate of freedom.

"SEC. 5. That the municipal authorities of Washington and Georgetown, within their respective jurisdictional limits, are hereby empowered and required to provide active and efficient means to arrest and deliver up to their owners all fugitive slaves escaping into said districts.

"SEC. 6. That the officers of elections within said District of Columbia are hereby empowered and required to open polls at all the usual places of hold-

ing elections on the first Monday of April next, and receive the vote of every free white male citizen above the age of twenty-one years, having resided within said District for the period of one year or more next preceding the time of such voting for or against this act, to proceed in taking such votes in all respects, not herein specified, as at elections under the municipal laws, and with as little delay as possible to transmit correct statements of the votes so cast to the President of the United States; and it shall be the duty of the President to canvass such votes immediately, and if a majority of them be found to be for this act, to forthwith issue his proclamation giving notice of the fact; and this act shall only be in full force and effect on and after the day of such proclamation.

"SEC. 7. That involuntary servitude for the punishment of crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted shall in nowise be prohibited by this act.

"SEC. 8. That for all the purposes of this act, the jurisdictional limits of Washington are extended to all parts of the District of Columbia not now included within the present limits of Georgetown."

It was the 5th section of this bill that aroused Wendell Phillips's indignation. Both of these eminent men lived long enough to honor each other's

services and complement each other's career—for, without the agitator, the emancipator would have had no public opinion to support him, and, without Mr. Lincoln's act, Mr. Phillips's oratory would have remained brilliant rhetoric only.

Growing, as the people grew, in moral conviction, sympathizing with them and aiming only to do their will, Abraham Lincoln may rightly be regarded as a model democratic statesman. Thus growing and thus acting, his official measures had all the force of a resistless fate. What he achieved endured, because it was founded on the rock of the people's will. It has been the destiny of many illustrious reformers to outlive the reforms for which they zealously strove, and history furnishes innumerable illustrations of the truth that reforms not based on public opinion rarely outlast the lifetime of their champions. What eager idealists, therefore, decried in Lincoln—his loyal deference to the will of the majority, his tardiness in adopting radical measures, and his reluctance to advance more rapidly than the "plain folks"—time has shown to be the highest wisdom in the ruler of a democracy.

Lincoln's deep-rooted faith in representative democracy was strikingly illustrated in his first public act—the appointment of his Cabinet. Believing in the rightfulness of party rule, that is to say, in the rule of the majority, instead of seeking to call as his

councillors men who might serve his personal ends, he selected them from the most popular of his rivals —men who had competed with him for the Presidential nomination. His Cabinet thus represented not only every division of his party, but consisted of those whom these factions regarded as their ablest representatives. It was a Cabinet of "all the talents" and all the popularities ; and yet among these veteran statesmen, most of them long-trained and skillful in all the arts of statecraft, Lincoln was acknowledged the master spirit. This Cabinet numbered among its members men no less eminent than Seward, Chase and Stanton.

The question of ascendency in the Cabinet during the War of the Rebellion is still earnestly discussed by some. The names of Lincoln, Seward and Stanton have each advocates claiming unquestioned preeminence for one or the other of these great statesmen. Some, with greater zeal and fidelity than knowledge or justice, have sought to exalt the great Secretary of State or the great Secretary of War at the expense of the great War President. Surely no labor of love could be more futile. For history will place all of these illustrious Americans on the most honored pedestals in the nation's pantheon, and will add that each of them supplemented, not overshadowed, his associates. Yet no one who was familiar with the secrets of the administration

could well doubt that in all critical issues the uncouth Western statesman, unused to power, asserted and maintained his inherent as well as his official supremacy. His common sense, his unselfish purpose, his keen perceptions, his unostentatious manners, his mental ubiquity, and his insight into men, soon made him as pre-eminent and as powerful with the leaders of the people as he had always been with the people themselves.

Stanton's iron will was felt at every important epoch of the war, but when his idea of policy conflicted with the purpose of his chief, the great War Minister was forced to yield. Seward, perhaps the ablest American diplomatist of the century, found also in the man of the people a master who knew when to exact implicit obedience. This fact is demonstrated by the State document herewith reproduced in *fac-simile* *—the dispatch conveying to Mr. Adams, our Minister at the Court of St. James's, Mr. Seward's first full instructions after the outbreak of the Rebellion. It was corrected by the President, as will now be seen, in words that testify to his statesmanship, as, without question, they saved the nation from a war with England, which, at that period, would probably have resulted in the establishment of the Southern Confederacy.

* This *fac-simile*, originally designed by me for this volume, was, for urgent reasons, unnecessary here to state, first published in the issue of the *North American Review* for April, 1886.

Lincoln, then, had been President for only three months. Certainly, when he came to the office, the farthest thing from the thought of the people was to credit him with diplomatic knowledge or skill. But this paper, by its erasures, its substitutions and its amendments, shows a nice sense of the shades of meaning in words, a comprehensive knowledge of the situation, and a thorough appreciation of the grave results which might follow the use of terms that he either modified or erased. These corrections of Mr. Seward's dispatch, by the "rail-splitter" of Illinois, form a most interesting addition to the history of Lincoln, and to that of our diplomacy.

The paper is one that needs few comments to bring its remarkable character before the reader. The burdens of home affairs, which then lay heavily on the new President, will readily recur to every student of our history. The countless demands upon his time gave little opportunity for reflection. Prompt action was required in all directions and in everything, small and great. But, as his handiwork shows, he turned with perfect composure from the home to the equally threatening foreign field, and revised, with a master-hand, the most important dispatch that had as yet been prepared by Mr. Seward. The work shows a freedom, an insight into foreign affairs, a skill in the use of language, a delicacy of criticism and a discrimination in methods of diplo-

matic dealing which entitle the President to the honors of an astute statesman.

The opening of the dispatch is Mr. Seward's first draft as corrected by himself. The President's revision begins with the direction to leave out the paragraph, "We intend to have a clear and simple record of whatever issue may arise between us and Great Britain." He seemed to see no reason for harshly reproving Mr. Dallas; and so he modified the expression, "The President is surprised and grieved," to the President "regrets." With the multiplicity of facts crowding his mind, he yet did not forget that no explanations had been demanded of Great Britain; and so he wrote in the margin: "Leave out, because it does not appear that such explanations were demanded." He did not care to reflect upon the body of our representatives abroad, and therefore he struck out the sentence on that subject, which is marked. He crossed out "wrongful" and wrote "hurtful," showing a knowledge of the exact value of words worthy of a Trench. A wrongful act implies intention to harm, but in the word "hurtful" the charge of intent is not found. In the unsettled condition of the question of recognizing the Southern Confederacy, he did not deem it best to threaten; and so, instead of "No one of these proceedings will be *borne* by the United States," he first substituted "will pass unnoticed,"

for "borne," and then, strengthening his own expression somewhat, he finally wrote "will pass unquestioned."

In discussing the question of privateers, Lincoln wrote "Omit" opposite another threat in the expression, "the laws of nations afford an adequate and proper remedy, and we shall avail ourselves of it." This last clause he struck out. An examination of the *fac-simile* will at once disclose the nature of the more extensive changes that were made. The close of the letter exhibits further examples of minor corrections which are of exceeding interest. The changes in one sentence are especially noteworthy. "If that nation will now repeat the same great crime," wrote Mr. Seward. "If that nation *shall* now repeat the same great *error*," amended Lincoln. "Social *calamities*" he changed to "social *convulsions*," as if he had in mind that, in the end, the results might not prove calamitous, however great the convulsions. The paper will bear long study, and no one can examine it without acquiring a new and more exalted estimate of Lincoln's many-sided powers.

Frequent efforts have been made to obtain a copy of the draft here published, but, even when backed by the authority of Congress, they have failed in securing it.

In the Forty-fourth Congress, first session, in the

Senate, on Tuesday, June 6, 1876, Senator Boutwell offered, for present consideration, this resolution, to which he said he supposed there would be no objection:

"*Resolved*, That the President be requested, if not in his opinion inconsistent with the public interests, to furnish the Senate with a *fac-simile* copy of the original draft of the letter of the Secretary of State to the Minister of the United States, at the Court of St. James's, in May, 1861, in relation to the proclamation of Her Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain, recognizing the belligerent character of the Confederate States."

There being now no valid objection to its publicity, I have availed myself of an opportunity of giving to the public the draft of this famous diplomatic dispatch; and, in order to make the comparison less difficult, the dispatch also is given in full, as printed in the official correspondence, page by page, with notes of the corrections made in the draft as *addenda* to each page.

Of the value of this volume I may speak without vanity, as my function has been that of collector only. The contributors took an earnest and generally a conspicuous part, each in his own field, in the great American struggle for nationality and freedom. I have not sought to eliminate statements with which I disagree, nor to prevent the occasional

conflict of testimony which results from that inherent fallibility of human evidence that sometimes troubles, however slightly, even the highest sources of authority. Each writer reports what he himself believes, or saw, or heard, and stands sponsor for his own contribution to these interesting memoirs.

It has been necessary to postpone the publication of many essays as interesting and as valuable as those embraced in this collection; for, in my desire to secure the testimony of every eminent associate of Lincoln, I endeavored to leave no prominent American of the war period uninformed of the work in progress. These additional essays will appear at a later day.

The public, I venture to believe, will look with sincere satisfaction upon the result obtained through the prompt and able co-operation of the distinguished contributors to these reminiscences. For the time is fast coming when we shall seek in vain for survivors of the dark days that fashioned the career of Abraham Lincoln. Already, within the brief period of one year, death has stricken many names from the list—among them the historic ones of Grant, McClellan, Hancock, and McDowell. Yet a little while, and few witnesses will remain to tell the tale. And coming generations will remember with tenderness the recorded words of the great-hearted statesman to whom every sorrow of the

nation was more than sorrow of his own. They will dwell fondly upon his pathetic simplicity, and with pride upon his rare and splendid gifts. With peculiar affection they will recall his every utterance, grave or humorous. They will recollect with gratitude the devoted patriotism which guided him through all, and they will remember with keen sorrow the calamity of his tragic end.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

THE DISPATCH AS PRINTED.

No. 10.] DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
WASHINGTON, *May* 21, 1861.

SIR: This Government considers that our relations in Europe have reached a crisis in which it is necessary for it to take a decided stand, on which not only its immediate measures but its ultimate and permanent policy can be determined and defined. At the same time it neither means to menace Great Britain nor to wound the susceptibilities of that or any other European nation. That policy is developed in this paper.

The paper itself is not to be read or shown to the British Secretary of State, nor are any of its positions to be prematurely, unnecessarily, or indiscreetly made known. But its spirit will be your guide. You will keep back nothing when the time arrives for its being said with dignity, propriety, and effect, and you will all the while be careful to say nothing that will be incongruous or inconsistent with the views which it contains. [*See Page* 1 *of fac-simile copy.*

Mr. Dallas in a brief dispatch of May 2 (No. 333), tells us that Lord John Russell recently requested an interview with him on account of the solicitude which his lordship felt concerning the effect of certain measures represented as likely to be adopted by the President. In that conversation the British Secretary told Mr. Dallas that the three representatives of the Southern Confederacy were then in London, that Lord John Russell had not yet seen them, but that he was not unwilling to see them, unofficially. He farther informed Mr. Dallas that an understanding exists between the British and French Governments which would lead both to take one and the same course as to recognition. His lordship then referred to [*Page* 2.

the rumor of a meditated blockade by us of Southern ports, and a discontinuance of them as ports of entry. Mr. Dallas answered that he knew nothing on those topics, and therefore could say nothing. He added that you were expected to arrive in two weeks. Upon this statement Lord John Russell acquiesced in the expediency of waiting for the full knowledge you were expected to bring.

Mr. Dallas transmitted to us some newspaper reports of ministerial explanations made in Parliament.

You will base no proceedings on parliamentary debates farther than to seek explanations when necessary and communicate them to this department.

The President regrets [*Page* 3.

On this page, after the word department, the President drew a line around the sentence "We intend to have a clear and simple record of whatever issue may arise between us and Great Britain," and wrote the

words "Leave out." He also similarly encircled the words "is surprised and grieved," and rendered the phrase "The President regrets."

that Mr. Dallas did not protest against the proposed unofficial intercourse between the British Government and the missionaries of the insurgents.

It is due, however, to Mr. Dallas to say, that our instructions had been given only to you and not to him, and that his loyalty and fidelity, too rare in these times, are appreciated.

Intercourse of any kind with the so-called commissioners is liable to be construed as a recognition of the authority which appointed them. Such intercourse would be none the less hurtful to us for being called unofficial, and it might be even more injurious, because we should have no means of knowing what points might be resolved by it. Moreover,

[*Page* 4.

After the phrase "missionaries of the insurgents" the Secretary had added, "as well as against the demand for explanations made by the British Government;" but the President wrote "Leave out, because it does not appear that explanations were demanded."

As the Secretary wrote the second sentence, it read: "It is due, however, to Mr. Dallas to say that our instructions had been given only to you, not to him, and that his loyalty and fidelity, too rare in these times *among our representatives abroad*, are *confessed and* appreciated." The President wrote "Leave out" against the words italicized.

In the last complete sentence on this page, also, the President substituted the word "hurtful" for "wrongful."

unofficial intercourse is useless and meaningless if it is not expected to ripen into official intercourse and direct recognition. It is left doubtful, here, whether the proposed unofficial intercourse has yet actually begun. Your own antecedent instructions are deemed explicit enough and it is hoped that you have not misunderstood them. You will, in any event, desist from all intercourse whatever, unofficial as well as official, with the British Government, so long as it shall continue intercourse of either kind with the domestic enemies of this country.

When intercourse shall have been arrested for this cause, you will communicate with this department and receive further directions. [*Page* 5.

After the words "domestic enemies of this country" the Secretary had added "confining yourself simply to a delivery of a copy of this paper to the Secretary of State." "Leave out," wrote the President.

"After doing this, you will communicate with this department," was the language of Mr. Seward. "When communication shall have been arrested for this cause, you will communicate with this department," was the President's emendation.

Lord John Russell has informed us of an understanding between the British and French Govern-

ments that they will act together in regard to our affairs. This communication, however, loses something of its value from the circumstance that the communication was withheld until after knowledge of the fact had been acquired by us from other sources. We know, also, another fact that has not yet been officially communicated to us, namely, that other European States are apprised by France and England of their agreement, and are expected to concur with or follow them in whatever measures they adopt on the subject of recognition. The United States have been impartial and just in all their conduct towards the several nations of Europe. They will not complain, however, of the combination now announced by the two leading powers, although they think they had a right to expect a more independent if not a more

[*Page* 6.

friendly course from each of them. You will take no notice of that or any other alliance. Whenever the European governments shall see fit to communicate directly with us, we shall be, as heretofore, frank and explicit in our reply.

As to the blockade, you will say that, by our own laws, and the laws of nations, this Government has a clear right to suppress insurrection. An exclusion of commerce from national ports, which have been seized by the insurgents, in the equitable form of blockade, is a proper means to that end. You will not insist that our blockade is to be respected if it be not maintained by a competent force, but passing by that question as not now a practical, or at least an urgent one, you will add that the blockade is now and it will continue to be so maintained, and therefore we expect it to be respected by Great Britain. You will add that we have.

[*Page* 7.

"As to the blockade," wrote the Secretary, "you will say that, by the laws of nature and the laws of nations, this Government has a clear right to suppress insurrections." For the phrase "the laws of nature," the President wrote "our own laws."

already revoked the *exequatur* of a Russian consul who had enlisted in the military service of the insurgents, and we shall dismiss or demand the recall of every foreign agent, consular or diplomatic, who shall either disobey the Federal laws or disown the Federal authority.

As to the recognition of the so-called Southern Confederacy it is not to be made a subject of technical definition. It is, of course, direct recognition to publish an acknowledgment of the sovereignty and independence of a new power. It is direct recognition to receive its ambassadors, ministers, agents, or commissioners officially. A concession of belligerent rights is liable to be construed as a recognition of them. No one of these proceedings will pass unquestioned by the United States in this case.

Hitherto recognition has been moved only on the assumption that the so-called Confederate States are *de facto* a self-sustaining power. Now, after long forbearance, designed to soothe discontent and avert the need of civil war, [*Page* 8.

"No one of these proceedings," wrote the Secretary, "will be borne by the United States in this case." The President first substituted "unnoticed" for "borne," and then corrected his own word by writing "will pass unquestioned."

the land and naval forces of the United States have been put in motion to repress the insurrection. The true character of the pretended new State is at once revealed. It is seen to be a power existing in pronunciamento only. It has never won a field. It has obtained no forts that were not virtually betrayed into its hands or seized in breach of trust. It commands not a single port on the coast nor any highway out from its pretended Capital by land. Under these circumstances, Great Britain is called upon to intervene and give it body and independence by resisting our measures of suppression. British recognition would be British inter- [*Page* 9.

vention to create, within our territory, a hostile State by overthrowing this Republic itself. * * *

As to the treatment of privateers in the insurgent service you will say that this is a question exclusively our own. We treat them as pirates. They are our own citizens, or persons employed by our citizens, preying on the commerce of our country. If Great Britain shall choose to recognize them as lawful belligerents, and give them shelter from our pursuit and punishment, the laws of nations afford an adequate and proper remedy. [*Page* 10.

After the words "overthrowing this Republic itself," Mr. Seward added this sentence, which Lincoln eliminated: "When this act of intervention is distinctly performed, we, from that hour, shall cease to be friends, and (*become once more as we have twice before been*), be forced to be enemies of Great Britain." Here the President seems at first to have decided to strike out only the words

that are italicized, but subsequently he erased the entire sentence.

After the last sentence on the page, following the words "proper remedy," the Secretary had written "and we shall avail ourselves of it. And while you need not say this in advance, be sure that you say nothing inconsistent with it." "*Out*," wrote the President.

Happily, however, her Britannic Majesty's Government can avoid all these difficulties. It invited us, in 1856, to accede to the declaration of the Congress of Paris, of which body Great Britain was herself a member, abolishing privateering everywhere, in all cases and forever. You already have our authority to propose to her our accession to that declaration. If she refuse to receive it, it can only be because she is willing to become the patron of privateering when aimed at our devastation.

These positions are not elaborately defended now, because to vindicate them would imply a possibility of our waiving them. * * *

We are not insensible of the grave importance of this occasion. We see how, upon the result of the debate in which we are engaged, a war may

[*Page* 11.

After the second paragraph on this page the President wrote: "Drop all from this line to the end, and in lieu of it write 'This paper is for your own guidance only, and not to be read or shown to any one.'"

ensue between the United States and one, two, or even more, European nations. War in any case is as exceptionable from the habits, as it is revolting from the sentiments, of the American people. But if it come, it will be fully seen that it results from the action of Great Britain, not our own; that Great Britain will have decided to fraternize with our domestic enemy either without waiting to hear, from you, our remonstrances and our warnings, or after having heard them. War in defence of national life is not immoral, and war in defence of independence is an inevitable part of the discipline of nations.

The dispute will be between the European and the American branches of the British race. All who belong to that race will especially deprecate it, as they ought. It may well be believed that men of every race and kindred will deplore it. A war not unlike it, between the same parties, occurred at the close of the last century. Europe atoned by forty years of suffering for the error that Great Britain committed in provoking that contest. [*Page* 12.

For our "remonstrances and wrongs," on this page, the President substituted "our remonstrances and our warnings."

"Europe atoned by forty years of suffering for the crime," wrote Mr. Seward; "forty years of suffering for the error," wrote Lincoln.

If that nation shall now repeat the same great error, the social convulsions which will follow may not be so long, but they will be more general. When they shall have ceased it will, we think, be seen, whatever may have been the fortunes of other nations, that it is not the United States that will have come

out of them with its precious constitution altered, or its honestly obtained dominion in any way abridged. Great Britain has but to wait a few months and all her present inconveniences will cease with all our own troubles. If she take a different course, she will calculate for herself the ultimate as well as the immediate consequences, and will consider what position she will hold when she shall have forever lost the sympathies and the affections of the only nation on whose sympathies and affections she has a natural claim. In making that calculation, she will do well to remember that, in the controversy she proposes to open, we shall be actuated by neither pride, nor passion, nor cupidity, nor ambition, but we shall stand simply on the principle of self-preservation, and that our cause will involve the independence of nations, and the rights of human nature.

I am, sir, respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, ESQ., &c., &c., &c.

[*Page* 13.

The subtile corrections on this page have already been noted.

in our policy and so lead them into error

~~This Government~~

The paper itself is not to be read or shown to the British Secretary of State nor are any of its positions to be prematurely ~~unnecessarily~~ unnecessarily or indiscreetly made known. ~~and~~ But its spirit will be your guide. You will keep back nothing when the time arrives ~~that it~~ for its being said with dignity, prosperity and effect, and you will all the while be careful to say nothing that will be incorrect, or inconsistent with the views which it contains.

~~No. [illegible]~~ ~~Department of State,~~
~~Washington May 21st 1861~~

~~Sir~~ X

Mr. Dallas in a brief dispatch of May 2d (No. 333) tells us that Lord John Russell recently requested an interview with him on account of the solicitude which His Lordship felt concerning the effect of certain measures represented as likely to be adopted by the President. In that conversation the British Secretary told Mr. Dallas that the three Representatives of the Southern Confederacy were then in London, that Lord John Russell had not yet seen them, but that he was not unwilling to see them unofficially. He farther informed Mr. Dallas that an understanding exists between the British and French Governments which would lead both to take one and the same course as to recognition. His Lordship then referred to the

~~C. F. Adams Esqr.~~

&c. &c. &c.

the rumor of a meditated blockade by us of Southern ports and a discontinuance of them as ports of entry Mr. Dallas answered that he knew nothing on those topics and therefore could say nothing. He added that you were expected to arrive in two weeks. Upon this statement Lord John Russell acquiesced in the expediency of waiting for the full knowledge you were expected to bring.

Mr. Dallas transmitted to us some newspaper reports of Ministerial explanations made in Parliament.

You will base no proceedings on parliamentary debates farther than to seek explanations when necessary and communicate them to this Department. ~~We intend to have a clear and simple record of whatever issue may arise between us and Great Britain.~~

Seaworth.

The President regrets ~~is surprised and~~ grieved

~~grieved~~ that Mr. Dallas did not protest against the proposed un-official intercourse between the British Government and the musicians of the insurgents, ~~as well as~~ as ~~against the demand for explanations made by the British Government.~~ It is due however to Mr. Dallas to say that our instructions had been given only to you and not to him, and that his loyalty and fidelity, too rare in these times, ~~[illegible]~~ ~~[illegible]~~ are ~~[illegible]~~ ~~and~~ appreciated.

[Intercourse of any kind with the so-called Commissioners is liable to be construed as a recognition of the authority which appointed them. Such intercourse would be none the less hurtful ~~[illegible]~~ to us, for being called unofficial, and it might be even more injurious, because we should have no means of knowing what point might be resolved by it. Moreover,

unofficial

unofficial intercourse is useless and meaningless, if it is not expected to ripen into official intercourse and direct recognition. It is left doubtful here whether the proposed unofficial intercourse has yet actually begun. Your own ~~[illegible]~~ present instructions are deemed explicit enough, and it is hoped that you have not misunderstood them. You will in any event desist from all intercourse whatever, unofficial as well as official with the British Government, so long as it shall continue intercourse of either kind with the domestic enemies of this country.

~~confining yourself simply to a delivery of a copy of this paper to the Secretary of State.~~

*After doing this you will communicate with this Department and receive farther directions.

Dear Sir,

* When intercourse shall have been a notion for the cause

Lord John Russell has informed us of an understanding between the British and French Governments that they will act together in regard to our affairs. This communication however loses something of its value from the circumstance that the communication was withheld until after our knowledge of the fact had been acquired by us from other sources We know also another fact that has not yet been officially communicated to us namely that other European States are apprized by France and England of their agreement and are expected to concur with or follow them in whatever measures they adopt on the subject of recognition. The United States have been impartial and just in all their conduct towards the several nations of Europe. They will not complain however of the combination now animated by the two leading powers, although they think they had a right to expect a more independent if not a more

friendly course from each of them. You will take no notice of that or any other alliance. Whenever the European governments shall see fit to communicate directly with us we shall be as heretofore frank and explicit in our reply.

As to the blockade, you will say that by the laws of nations this government has a clear right to suppress insurrection. An exclusion of commerce from national ports which have been seized by the insurgents, in the equitable form of blockade, is a proper means to that end. You will not urge that our blockade is to be respected if it be not maintained by a competent force — but you will add that it is now and it will continue to be so maintained, and therefore we expect it to be respected by Great Britain. You will add that we have

that question as not now a practical one or at least an urgent or

already revoked the exequatur of a Russian Consul who had enlisted in the Military service of the insurgents and we shall dismiss or demand the recall of every foreign agent, Consular or Diplomatic who shall either disobey the Federal laws or disown the Federal authority

As to the recognition of the so called Southern Confederacy it is not to be made a subject of technical definition. It is of course ~~quasi~~ direct recognition to publish an acknowledgment of the sovereignty and independence of a new power. It is ~~quasi~~ direct recognition to receive its ambassadors Ministers agents or commissioners officially. A concession of belligerent rights is liable to be construed as a recognition of them. No one of these proceedings will ~~be borne~~ pass ~~[illegible]~~ unpersuaded by the United States in this case

Hitherto recognition has been moved only on the assumption that the so-called Confederate States are de facto a self sustaining power. Now after long forbearance, designed to soothe discontent and avert the need of civil war,

the

the land and naval forces of the United States have been put in motion to repress the insurrection. The true character of the pretended new State is at once revealed. It is seen to be a Power existing in pronunciamento only. It has never won a field. It has obtained no forts that were not virtually betrayed into its hands or seized in breach of trust. It commands not a single port on the coast nor any highway out from its pretended Capital by land. Under these circumstances Great Britain is called upon to intervene and give it body and independence resting by counting our measures of suppression. British recognition would be British intervention

vention to create within our own territory a hostile State by overthrowing this Republic itself. When this act of intervention is distinctly performed, we from that hour shall cease to be friends and become once more, as we have twice before been, forced to be enemies of Great Britain.

As to the treatment of privateers in the insurgent service you will say that this is a question exclusively our own. We treat them as pirates. They are our own citizens or persons employed by our citizens, preying on the commerce of our country. If Great Britain shall choose to recognise them as lawful belligerents, and give them shelter from our pursuit and punishment, the laws of nations afford an adequate and proper remedy, and we shall avail ourselves of it. And while you cause not to say this in advance, be sure that you say nothing inconsistent with it.

Happily, however Her Britannic Majesty's Government can avoid all these difficulties. It invited us in 1856 to accede to the declaration of the Congress of Paris, of which body Great Britain was herself a member, abolishing privateering everywhere in all cases and for ever. You always have our authority to propose to her our accession to that declaration. If she refuse to receive it it can only be because she is willing to become the patron of privateers when armed at our devastation.

These positions are not elaborately defended now, because to vindicate them would imply a possibility of our waiving them.

We are not insensible of the grave importance of this occasion. We see how upon the result of the debate in which we are engaged, a war may

Dropped after this. Divide the [illegible] in the [illegible] of it, [illegible]

"This paper is for your own guidance only, never not be read, or shown to any one.

event, between the United States and one, two, or even more European nations War in any case is an exceptionable form. the habits as it is revolting to the sentiments of the American people. But if it come it will be fully seen that it results from the action of Great Britain, not our own, that Great Britain will have decided to fraternize with our domestic enemy either without waiting to hear from you on remonstrances and our warning or after having having heard them. War in defence of national life is not immoral, and war in defence of independence is an inevitable part of the discipline of nations.

The dispute will be between the European and the American branches of the British race. All who belong to that race will especially deprecate it: as they ought. It may well be believed that men of every race and kindred will deplore it. A war not unlike it between the same parties occurred at the close of the last century Europe atoned by forty years of suffering for the error that Great Britain committed in provoking that contest

If that nation ~~will~~ shall now repeat the same great ~~crime~~ error the social ~~calamities~~ convulsions which will follow may not be so long but they will be more general. When they shall have ceased it will, we think, be seen, whatever may have been the fortunes of other nations that it ~~will not be~~ is not the United States that will have come out of them with its precious constitution altered or its honestly obtained dominion in any degree abridged. Great Britain has but to wait a few months and all her present inconveniences will cease with all our own troubles. If she take a different course she will calculate for herself the ultimate as well as the immediate consequences, and will consider what position she will hold when she shall have forever lost the sympathies and the affections of the only nation in whose sympathies and affections she has a natural claim. In making that calculation she will do well to remember that in the controversy she proposes to open we shall be actuated by neither pride, nor passion, nor cupidity, nor ambition; but we shall stand simply on the principle of self preservation and that our cause will involve the independence of nations and the rights of human nature.

I am, Sir, respectfully your obedient servant
W. H. D.

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF TEXAS

LIEUT.-GENERAL.

THE
BOSTON LIBRARY
SOCIETY

I.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

NEW YORK, *Oct.* 26, 1885.

DEAR SIR:

In the first draft of his book, Gen. Grant had fixed upon quite a large number of anecdotes which were afterward omitted. Among the number I find the following, for which, as will be seen, he was indebted to President Lincoln.

Respectfully,

F. D. GRANT.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE, ESQ.

I.

JUST after receiving my commission as lieutenant-general, the President called me aside to speak to me privately. After a brief reference to the military situation, he said he thought he could illustrate what he wanted to say by a story, which he related as follows: "At one time there was a great war among the animals, and one side had great difficulty in getting a commander who had sufficient

confidence in himself. Finally, they found a monkey, by the name of Jocko, who said that he thought he could command their army if his tail could be made a little longer. So they got more tail and spliced it on to his caudal appendage. He looked at it admiringly, and then thought he ought to have a little more still. This was added, and again he called for more. The splicing process was repeated many times, until they had coiled Jocko's tail around the room, filling all the space. Still he called for more tail, and, there being no other place to coil it, they began wrapping it around his shoulders. He continued his call for more, and they kept on winding the additional tail about him until its weight broke him down."

I saw the point, and, rising from my chair, replied: "Mr. President, I will not call for more assistance unless I find it impossible to do with what I already have."

II.

Upon one occasion, when the President was at my head-quarters at City Point, I took him to see the work that had been done on the Dutch Gap Canal. After taking him around and showing him all the points of interest, explaining how, in blowing up one portion of the work that was being excavated, the explosion had thrown the material back into, and

filled up, a part already completed, he turned to me and said: "Grant, do you know what this reminds me of? Out in Springfield, Illinois, there was a blacksmith named ——. One day, when he did not have much to do, he took a piece of soft iron that had been in his shop for some time, and for which he had no special use, and, starting up his fire, began to heat it. When he got it hot he carried it to the anvil and began to hammer it, rather thinking he would weld it into an agricultural implement. He pounded away for some time until he got it fashioned into some shape, when he discovered that the iron would not hold out to complete the implement he had in mind. He then put it back into the forge, heated it up again, and recommenced hammering, with an ill-defined notion that he would make a claw hammer, but after a time he came to the conclusion that there was more iron there than was needed to form a hammer. Again he heated it, and thought he would make an axe. After hammering and welding it into shape, knocking the oxydized iron off in flakes, he concluded there was not enough of the iron left to make an axe that would be of any use. He was now getting tired and a little disgusted at the result of his various essays. So he filled his forge full of coal, and, after placing the iron in the center of the heap, took the bellows and worked up a tremendous blast, bringing the iron to a white heat. Then with his

tongs he lifted it from the bed of coals, and thrusting it into a tub of water near by, exclaimed with an oath, 'Well, if I can't make anything else of you, I will make a fizzle, anyhow.'"

I replied that I was afraid that was about what we had done with the Dutch Gap Canal.

ULYSSES S. GRANT.

THE
PRINCETON LIBRARY
COPY

THE
BOSTON-LIBRARY
SOCIETY

II.

ELIHU B. WASHBURNE.

MR. LINCOLN was nearly eight years my senior, and settled in Illinois ten years before I did. We first find him in the State splitting rails with Thomas Hanks, in Macon County, in 1830. Not long afterward he made his way to New Salem, an unimportant and insignificant village on the Sangamon River, in the northern part of Sangamon County, fourteen miles from Springfield. In 1839 a new county was laid off, named "Ménard," in honor of the first lieutenant-governor of the State, a French Canadian, an early settler of the State and a man whose memory is held in reverence by the people of Illinois, for his enterprise, benevolence and the admirable personal traits which adorned his character. A distinguished and wealthy citizen of St. Louis, allied to him by marriage, Mr. Charles Pierre Chouteau, is now erecting a monument to him, to be placed in the State-house grounds at Springfield. The settlement of New Salem, now immortalized as the early home of Lincoln, fell within the new county of "Ménard." Remaining there "as a sort

of clerk in a store," to use his own language, he then went into the Black Hawk war and was elected captain of a company of mounted volunteers. In one of the great debates between Lincoln and Douglas, at Ottawa, in 1858, he, in a somewhat patronizing manner and in a spirit of badinage, spoke of having known Lincoln for "twenty-four years" and when a "flourishing grocery-keeper" at New Salem. The occasion was too good a one not to furnish a repartee, and the people insisted that while Lincoln denied that he had been a flourishing "grocery-keeper" as stated, yet added that, if he had been, it was "certain that his friend, Judge Douglas, would have been his best customer." The Black Hawk war over, Mr. Lincoln returned to New Salem to eke out a scanty existence by doing small jobs of surveying and by drawing up deeds and legal instruments for his neighbors. In 1834, still living in New Salem, he was one of nine members elected from Sangamon County to the lower house of the Legislature.

I landed at Galena by a Mississippi River steamboat, on the first day of April, 1840, ten years after Hanks and Lincoln were splitting rails in Macon County.

The country was then fairly entered on that marvelous Presidential campaign between Van Buren and Harrison, by far the most exciting election the country has ever seen, and which, in my judgment,

will never have a parallel, should the country have an existence for a thousand years. Illinois was one of the seven States that voted for Van Buren, but the Whigs contested the election with great zeal and most desperate energy. Galena, theretofore better known as the Fevre River Lead Mines, still held its importance as the center of the lead mining region, and was regarded as one of the principal towns in the State in point of population, wealth and enterprise. But the bulk of population of the State at that time, as well as the weight of political influence, was south of Springfield.

Mr. Lincoln was first elected to the lower branch of the Legislature (then sitting at Vandalia), from Sangamon County, in 1834; and that was his first appearance in public life. He was re-elected in 1836, 1838 and 1840, having served in all four terms—eight years. He then peremptorily declined a further election.

Before his election to the Legislature, Mr. Lincoln had read law in a fugitive way at New Salem, but arriving at Vandalia, as a member of the Legislature, a new field was open to him in the State law library, as well as in the miscellaneous library at the capital. He then devoted himself most diligently not only to the study of law, but to miscellaneous reading. He always read understandingly, and there was no principle of law but what he mastered, and such was the way in which he always impressed his miscellaneous

readings on his mind, that people in his later life were amazed at his wonderful familiarity with books, even those so little known by the great mass of readers. The seat of government of Illinois having been removed from Vandalia to Springfield, in 1839, the latter place then became the center of political influence in the State.

Mr. Lincoln was not particularly distinguished in his legislative service. He participated in the discussion of the ordinary subjects of legislation, and was regarded as a man of good sense, and a wise and practical legislator. His uniform fairness was proverbial. But he never gave any special evidence of that masterly ability for which he was afterward distinguished, and which stamped him, as by common consent, the foremost man of all the century. He was a prominent Whig in politics, and took a leading part in all political discussions. There were many men of both political parties in the lower house of Legislature during the service of Mr. Lincoln, who became afterward distinguished in the political history of the State, and among them might be mentioned Orlando B. Ficklin, John T. Stuart, William A. Richardson, John A. McClernand, Edward D. Baker, Lewis W. Ross, Samuel D. Marshall, Robert Smith, William H. Bissell, and John J. Hardin, all subsequently members of Congress, and James Semple, James Shields, and Lyman

Trumbull, United States Senators. There were also many men of talent and local reputation, who held an honorable place in the public estimation and made their mark in the history of the State. Springfield was the political center for the Whigs of Illinois in 1840.

Lincoln had already acquired a high reputation as a popular speaker, and he was put on the Harrison electoral ticket with the understanding he should canvass the State.

Edward D. Baker was also entered as a campaign orator, and wherever he spoke he carried his audiences captive by the power of his eloquence and the strength of his arguments. He was one of the most effective stump speakers I ever listened to. It was his wonderful eloquence and his power as a stump speaker that elected him to Congress from Illinois in a district to which he did not belong, and made him a United States Senator from Oregon when he was a citizen of California.

John T. Stuart was already known by his successful canvass with Douglas, in 1838, as an able speaker and a popular man; and John J. Hardin, of Jacksonville, (killed at Buena Vista) was widely known as a popular and successful orator. These Springfield Whigs led off in canvassing the State for Harrison in 1840.

Lincoln and Baker were assigned to the "Wabash

Country," where, as Baker once told me, they would make speeches one day and shake with the ague the next. It is hard to realize at this day what it was to make a political canvass in Illinois half a century gone by. There were no railroads and but few stage lines. The speakers were obliged to travel on horseback, carrying their saddle-bags filled with "hickory" shirts and woolen socks. They were frequently obliged to travel long distances, through swamps and over prairies, to meet their appointments. The accommodations were invariably wretched, and no matter how tired, jaded and worn the speaker might be, he was obliged to respond to the call of the waiting and eager audiences.

In 1840, Stephen T. Logan, then a resident of Springfield, was one of the best known and most prominent men in the State. Though a Whig, he was not so much a politician as a lawyer. In 1841, he and Mr. Lincoln formed a law partnership which continued until 1843, and there was never a stronger law firm in the State. Like Lincoln, Logan was a Kentuckian, and a self-made man. Though a natural born lawyer, he had yet studied profoundly the principles of the common law. He was elected a circuit judge in 1835, and held the office until 1837. He displayed extraordinary qualities as a *nisi prius* judge. In 1842 he consented to serve in the lower branch of the Legislature from Sangamon County.

He had even more simplicity of character, and was more careless in his dress than Mr. Lincoln. I shall never forget the first time I ever saw him. It was in the Hall of the House of Representatives, on February 10, 1843, and when he was a member of that body. He had a reputation at that time as a man of ability and a lawyer second to no man in the State. I was curious to see the man of whom I had heard so much, and I shall never forget the impression he made on me. He was a small, thin man, with a little wrinkled and weazened face, set off by an immense head of hair, which might be called "frowzy." He was dressed in linsey-woolsey, and wore very heavy shoes. His shirt was of unbleached cotton, and unstarched, and he never encumbered himself with a cravat or other neck wear. His voice was shrill, sharp and unpleasant, and he had not a single grace of oratory—but yet, when he spoke, he always had interested and attentive listeners. Underneath this curious and grotesque exterior there was a gigantic intellect. When he addressed himself to a jury or to a question of law before the courts, or made a speech in the Legislature or at the hustings, people looked upon him and listened with amazement. His last appearance in any public position was as a delegate to the "Peace Convention" at Washington, in the spring of 1861. In his later years he lived the life of a retired gentleman in his

beautiful home in the environs of Springfield. His memory has been honored by placing his portrait, one of the most admirable ever painted by Healy, in the magnificent room of the Supreme Court at Springfield.

I never met Mr. Lincoln till the first time I attended the Supreme Court at Springfield, in the winter of 1843 and 1844. He had already achieved a certain reputation as a public speaker, and was rapidly gaining distinction as a lawyer. He had already become widely known as a Whig politician, and his advice and counsel were much sought for by members of the party all over the State. One of the great features in Illinois, nearly half a century gone by, was the meeting of the Supreme Court of the State. There was but one term of the court a year, and that was held first at Vandalia and then at Springfield. The lawyers from every part of the State had to follow their cases there for final adjudication, and they gathered there from all the principal towns of the State. The occasion served as a reunion of a large number of the ablest men in the State. Many of them had been dragged for hundreds of miles over horrible roads in stage-coaches or by private conveyance. For many years I traveled from Galena, one of the most remote parts of the State, to Springfield, in a stage-coach, occupying usually three days and four nights, traveling incessantly, and arriving at the end of the journey

more dead than alive. The Supreme Court library was in the court-room, and there the lawyers would gather to look up their authorities and prepare their cases. In the evening it was a sort of rendezvous for general conversation, and I hardly ever knew of an evening to pass without Mr. Lincoln putting in his appearance. He was a man of the most social disposition and was never so happy as when surrounded by congenial friends. His penchant for story-telling is well known, and he was more happy in that line than any man I ever knew. But many stories have been invented and attributed to him that he never heard of. Never shall I forget him as he appeared almost every evening in the court-room, sitting in a cane-bottom chair leaning up against the partition, his feet on a round of the chair, and surrounded by many listeners. But there was one thing, he never pressed his stories on unwilling ears nor endeavored to absorb all attention to himself. But his anecdotes were all so droll, so original, so appropriate and so illustrative of passing incidents that one never wearied. He never repeated a story or an anecdote, nor vexed the dull ears of a drowsy man by thrice-told tales; and he enjoyed a good story from another as much as any person.

There were many good story-tellers in that group of lawyers that assembled evenings in that Supreme Court-room, and among them was the Hon. Thomp-

son Campbell, Secretary of State under Gov. Ford from 1843 to 1846. Mr. Campbell was a brilliant man and a celebrated wit. Though differing in politics, until the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he and Mr. Lincoln were strong personal friends, and many of his stories, like those of Mr. Lincoln, have gone into the traditions of the State. They were never so happy as when together and listening to the stories of each other. Mr. Campbell was elected to Congress from the Galena district in 1850, and served one term. In 1853 President Pierce appointed him a judge of the United States Land Court of California.

Mr. Lincoln was universally popular with his associates. Of an even temper, he had a simplicity and charm of manner which took hold, at once, on all persons with whom he came in contact. He was of the most amiable disposition, and not given to speak unkindly of any person, but quick to discover any weak points that person might have. He was always the center of attraction in the court-room at the evening gatherings, and all felt there was a great void when, for any reason, he was kept away.

The associates of Mr. Lincoln at the bar, at this time, were, most of them, men of ability, who gave promise of future distinction both at the bar and in the field of politics. The lawyers of that day were brought much closer together than they ever have

been since, and the "*esprit du corps*" was much more marked. Coming from long distances and suffering great privations in their journeys, they usually remained a considerable time in attendance upon the court.

Among the noted lawyers at this time, the friends and associates of Mr. Lincoln, who subsequently reached high political distinction, were John J. Hardin, falling bravely at the head of his regiment at Buena Vista; Lyman Trumbull, for eighteen years United States Senator from Illinois; James A. McDougall, Attorney-General of Illinois, and subsequently member of Congress and United States Senator from California; Stephen A. Douglas, Edward D. Baker, Thompson Campbell, Joseph Gillespie, O. B. Ficklin, Archibald Williams, James Shields, Isaac N. Arnold (who was to become Mr. Lincoln's biographer); Norman H. Purple, O. H. Browning, subsequently United States Senator and Secretary of the Interior, Judge Thomas Drummond, of the United States Circuit Court, and many others, all the contemporaries of Mr. Lincoln, and always holding with him the most cordial and friendly relations.

In the Presidential campaign of 1844, Mr. Lincoln canvassed the State very thoroughly for Mr. Clay, and added much to his already well-established reputation as a stump speaker. His reputation also as a

lawyer had steadily increased. In August, 1846, he was elected to Congress as a Whig from the Springfield district.

Ceasing to attend the courts at Springfield, I saw but little of Mr. Lincoln for a few years. We met at the celebrated River and Harbor Convention at Chicago, held July 5, 6 and 7, 1847. He was simply a looker on, and took no leading part in the convention. His dress and personal appearance on that occasion could not well be forgotten. It was then for the first time I heard him called "*Old* Abe." Old Abe, as applied to him, seems strange enough, as he was then a young man, only thirty-six years of age. One afternoon, several of us sat on the sidewalk under the balcony in front of the Sherman House, and among the number the accomplished scholar and unrivaled orator, Lisle Smith. He suddenly interrupted the conversation by exclaiming, "There is Lincoln on the other side of the street. Just look at 'Old Abe,'" and from that time we all called him "Old Abe." No one who saw him can forget his personal appearance at that time. Tall, angular and awkward, he had on a short-waisted, thin swallow-tail coat, a short vest of same material, thin pantaloons, scarcely coming down to his ankles, a straw hat and a pair of brogans with woolen socks.

Mr. Lincoln was always a great favorite with young men, particularly with the younger members

of the bar. It was a popularity not run after, but which followed. He never used the arts of the demagogue to ingratiate himself with any person. Beneath his ungainly exterior he wore a golden heart. He was ever ready to do an act of kindness whenever in his power, particularly to the poor and lowly.

Mr. Lincoln took his seat in Congress on the first Monday in December, 1847. I was in attendance on the Supreme Court of the United States at Washington that winter, and as he was the only member of Congress from the State who was in harmony with my own political sentiments, I saw much of him and passed a good deal of time in his room. He belonged to a mess that boarded at Mrs. Spriggs, in "Duff Green's Row" on Capitol Hill. At the first session, the mess was composed of John Blanchard, John Dickey, A. R. McIlvaine, James Pollock, John Strohm, of Pennsylvania; Elisha Embree, of Indiana; Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio; A. Lincoln, of Illinois, and P. W. Tompkins, of Mississippi. The same members composed the mess at Mrs. Spriggs' the short session, with the exception of Judge Embree and Mr. Tompkins. Without exception, these gentlemen are all dead. He sat in the old hall of the House of Representatives, and for the long session was so unfortunate as to draw one of the most undesirable seats in the hall. He par-

ticipated but little in the active business of the House, and made the personal acquaintance of but few members. He was attentive and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and followed the course of legislation closely. When he took his seat in the House, the campaign of 1848 for President was just opening. Out of the small number of Whig members of Congress who were favorable to the nomination of General Taylor by the Whig Convention, he was one of the most ardent and outspoken. The following letter addressed to me on the subject will indicate the warmth of his support of General Taylor's nomination:

WASHINGTON, *April* 30, 1848.

DEAR WASHBURNE:

I have this moment received your very short note asking me if old Taylor is to be used up, and who will be the nominee. My hope of Taylor's nomination is as high—a little higher than when you left. Still the case is by no means out of doubt. Mr. Clay's letter has not advanced his interests any here. Several who were against Taylor, but not for anybody particularly before, are since taking ground, some for Scott and some for McLean. Who will be nominated, neither I nor any one else can tell. Now, let me pray to you in turn. My prayer is, that you let nothing discourage or baffle you, but that in spite

of every difficulty you send us a good Taylor delegate from your circuit. Make Baker, who is now with you I suppose, help about it. He is a good hand to raise a breeze. General Ashley, in the Senate from Arkansas, died yesterday. Nothing else new, beyond what you see in the papers.

Yours truly,

A. LINCOLN.

I was again in Washington part of the winter of 1849 (after the election of General Taylor), and saw much of Mr. Lincoln. A small number of mutual friends—including Mr. Lincoln—made up a party to attend the inauguration ball together. It was by far the most brilliant inauguration ball ever given. Of course Mr. Lincoln had never seen anything of the kind before. One of the most modest and unpretending persons present—he could not have dreamed that like honors were to come to him, almost within a little more than a decade. He was greatly interested in all that was to be seen, and we did not take our departure until three or four o'clock in the morning. When we went to the cloak and hat room, Mr. Lincoln had no trouble in finding his short cloak, which little more than covered his shoulders, but, after a long search, was unable to find his hat. After an hour he gave up all idea of finding it. Taking his cloak on his arm, he walked out into Judiciary

Square, deliberately adjusting it on his shoulders, and started off bareheaded for his lodgings. It would be hard to forget the sight of that tall and slim man, with his short cloak thrown over his shoulders, starting for his long walk home on Capitol Hill, at four o'clock in the morning, without any hat on.

And this incident is akin to one related to me by the librarian of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Lincoln came to the library one day for the purpose of procuring some law books which he wanted to take to his room for examination. Getting together all the books he wanted, he placed them in a pile on a table. Taking a large bandana handkerchief from his pocket, he tied them up, and putting a stick which he had brought with him through a knot he had made in the handkerchief, adjusting the package of books to his stick he shouldered it, and marched off from the library to his room. In a few days he returned the books in the same way.

Mr. Lincoln declined to run for Congress for a second term, 1848. His old partner and friend, Judge Stephen T. Logan, was the Whig candidate, and, to the amazement of every one, was defeated by a Democrat, Colonel Thomas L. Harris, of "Ménard" County.

From 1849, on returning from Congress, until 1854, he practiced law more assiduously than ever

before. In respect to that period of his life he once wrote to a friend:

"I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again."

There was a great upturning in the political situation in Illinois, brought about by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854. In the fall of that year an election was to be held in Illinois for members of Congress and for members of the Legislature which was to elect a successor to General Shields, who had committed what was to the people of Illinois, the unpardonable sin of voting for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. There was something in that legislation which was particularly revolting to Mr. Lincoln, as it outraged all his ideas of political honesty and fair dealing.

There was an exciting canvass in the State, and Mr. Lincoln entered into it with great spirit, and accomplished great results by his powerful speeches. From his standing in the State and from the great service he had rendered in the campaign, it was agreed that if the Republicans and anti-Nebraska men should carry the Legislature, Mr. Lincoln would succeed General Shields. I know that he himself expected it. There is a long and painful history of that Senatorial contest yet to be written, and when the whole truth is disclosed it will throw a flood of new light on the character of Mr. Lincoln, and will

add new luster to his greatness, his generosity, his magnanimity and his patriotism. There is no event in Mr. Lincoln's entire political career that brought to him so much disappointment and chagrin as his defeat for United States Senator in 1855, but he accepted the situation uncomplainingly, and never indulged in reproaches or criticism upon any one; but, on the other hand, he always formed excuses for those who had been charged with not acting in good faith toward him and to those with whom he was associated. He never forgot the obligations he was under to those who had faithfully stood by him in his contest, through good and evil report.

Allied to him by the strongest ties of personal and political friendship, I did all in my power to secure for him, which I did, the support of the members of the Legislature from my Congressional District. The day after the election for Senator he addressed to me a long letter, several pages of letter-paper, giving a detailed account of the contest and the reasons of his action in persuading his friends to vote for and elect Judge Trumbull, and expressing the opinion that I would have acted in the same way if I had been in his place. He then says:

"I regret my defeat moderately, but am not nervous about it. * * * Perhaps it is as well for our grand cause that Trumbull is elected."

He then closes his letter as follows:

"With my grateful acknowledgments for the kind, active, and continual interest you have taken for me in this matter, allow me to subscribe myself,

"Yours, forever,

"A. LINCOLN."

On the last day of the balloting in the Legislature, it seemed inevitable that a Nebraska Democrat would be elected United States Senator. Judge Trumbull had the votes of five anti-Nebraska Democrats. And of this crisis Mr. Lincoln writes to me:

"So I determined to strike at once, and accordingly advising my friends to go for him, which they did, and elected him on that, the 10th ballot."

Though the failure to elect Mr. Lincoln brought grief to many hearts, yet the election of Judge Trumbull was well received by the entire anti-Nebraska party in the State. He proved himself an able, true and loyal Senator, rendered great services to the Union cause, and proved himself a worthy representative of a great, loyal and patriotic State.

Notwithstanding the great satisfaction with which Judge Trumbull's election had been received, there was a deep and profound feeling among the old Whigs, the Republicans and many anti-Nebraska Democrats, that Mr. Lincoln should have had the position, and that he had not been fairly treated. But never a complaint or a suggestion of that

kind escaped the lips of Mr. Lincoln. Cheerily and bravely and contentedly he went back to his law office, and business poured in upon him more than ever.

In stepping one side and securing the election of Judge Trumbull, he "builded better than he knew." Had Mr. Lincoln been elected Senator at that time, he would never have had the canvass with Judge Douglas in 1858, never been elected President in 1860, to leave a name that will never die.

From 1855 to 1858, Mr. Lincoln was absorbed in the practice of his profession, though he took an active part in the canvass of 1856, when the gallant Colonel Bissell was elected Governor. But what was somewhat remarkable, in all this time, without the least personal effort, and without any resort to the usual devices of politicians, Mr. Lincoln's popularity continued to increase in every portion of the State.

In the fall of 1858, there was to be an election of a Legislature which would choose a successor to Judge Douglas, whose term of service was to expire March 3, 1859. The Republican party by this time, had become completely organized and solidified, and in Illinois the Republican and Democratic parties squarely confronted each other. Everywhere, by common consent, no Republican candidate for Senator was spoken of except Mr.

Lincoln. In the Republican State Convention in the summer of 1858, a resolution was unanimously passed designating Mr. Lincoln as the unanimous choice of the Republicans of the State, as the candidate for United States Senator, to succeed Judge Douglas. That action is without precedent in the State, and shows the deep hold Mr. Lincoln had on his party.

Without being designated by any authorized body of Democrats, yet by common consent of the party, Judge Douglas became the candidate of the Democratic party. No other candidates were mentioned on either side, either directly or indirectly.

The seven joint discussions which the candidates had in different parts of the State have become a part of the political history of the country. It was a battle of the giants. The parties were rallied, as one man, to the enthusiastic support of their respective candidates, and it is hard for any one not in the State at the time to measure the excitement which everywhere prevailed. There was little talk about Republicanism and Democracy, but it was all "Lincoln and Douglas," or "Douglas and Lincoln." I attended only one of these joint discussions. It was at Freeport, in my Congressional District, which was the bulwark of Republicanism in the State. Two years later it gave Mr. Lincoln a majority for President of nearly fourteen thousand, and my own

majority for member of Congress was about the same. The Freeport discussion was held in August. The day was bright, but the wind sweeping down the prairies gave us a chilly afternoon for an out-of-door gathering. In company with a large number of Galena people, we reached Freeport by train, about ten o'clock in the morning. Mr. Lincoln had come in from the south the same morning, and we found him at the Brewster House, which was a sort of rallying-point for the Republicans. He had stood his campaign well, and was in splendid condition. He was surrounded all the forenoon by sturdy Republicans, who had come long distances, not only to hear him speak, but to see him, and it was esteemed the greatest privilege to shake hands with "Honest Old Abe." He had a kind word or some droll remark for every one, and it is safe to say that no one who spoke to him that day will ever have the interview effaced from memory. The meeting was held on a vacant piece of ground, not far from the center of the town. The crowd was immense and the enthusiasm great. Each party tried to outdo the other in the applause for its own candidate. The speaking commenced, but the chilly air dampened the ardor of the audience. Mr. Lincoln spoke deliberately, and apparently under a deep sense of the responsibility which rested upon him. The questions he propounded to Mr. Douglas

he had put in writing (and the answers to which sounded the political death-knell of Mr. Douglas); he read slowly, and with great distinctness. The speech of Mr. Douglas was not up to his usual standard. He was evidently embarrassed by the questions, and floundered in his replies. The crowd was large, the wind was chilly, and there was necessarily much "noise and confusion," and the audience did not take in the vast importance of the debate. On the whole, it may be said that neither party was fully satisfied with the speeches, and the meeting broke up without any display of enthusiasm.

It is not my purpose in this essay to follow the incidents of the Presidential campaign of 1860. The great event in Illinois was the monster Republican mass meeting held at Springfield during the canvass. It was a meeting for the whole State, and more in the nature of a personal ovation to Mr. Lincoln than merely a political gathering. It was one of the most enormous and impressive gatherings I had ever witnessed.

Mr. Lincoln, surrounded by some intimate friends, sat on the balcony of his humble home. It took hours for all the delegations to file before him, and there was no token of enthusiasm wanting. He was deeply touched by the manifestations of personal and political friendship, and returned all his salutations in that off-hand and kindly manner which belonged

to him. I know of no demonstration of a similar character that can compare with it except the review by Napoleon of his army for the invasion of Russia, about the same season of the year in 1812.

Mr. Lincoln remained quietly at his own home in Springfield during the Presidential canvass of 1860, but he watched narrowly all the incidents of the campaign. On the 26th of May he wrote me as follows:

"* * * I have your letters written since the nominations, but till now I have found no moment to say a word by way of answer. Of course I am glad that the nomination is well received by our friends, and I sincerely thank you for so informing me. So far as I can learn, the nominations take well everywhere, and if we get no back-set, it would seem as if they were going through.

"I hope you will write often; and as you write more rapidly than I do, don't make your letters so short as mine.

"Yours, very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

Mr. Lincoln had his periods of anxiety and deep concern during the canvass. As chairman of the House Congressional (Republican) Committee, I was engaged at Washington during the campaign. On the 9th of September Mr. Lincoln wrote me as follows from Springfield:

"Yours of the 5th was received last evening. I was right glad to get it. It contains the latest 'posting' which I now have. It relieves me some from a little anxiety I had about Maine. Jo. Medill, on August 30th, wrote me that Colfax had a letter from Mr. Hamlin, saying we were in great danger of losing two members of Congress in Maine, and that your brother would not have exceeding six thousand majority for Governor. I addressed you at once, at Galena, asking for your latest information. As you are at Washington, that letter you will receive some time after the Maine election.

"Yours, very truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

Though the election was over there came gloomy days for Mr. Lincoln, but he pondered well on the great problem before him. He had weighed well all the important questions which had arisen, and in him there was neither change nor shadow of turning. On the 13th day of December he wrote to me as follows:

"HON. E. B. WASHBURNE:

"*My dear Sir:*—Your long letter received. Prevent as far as possible any of our friends from demoralizing themselves and our cause by entertaining propositions for compromise of any sort on slavery extension. There is no possible compromise

upon it, but which puts us under again, and all our work to do over again. Whether it be a Missouri line or Eli Thayer's Popular Sovereignty, it is all the same.—Let either be done, and immediately filibustering and extending slavery recommences. On that point hold firm as a chain of steel.

"Yours, as ever,

"A. LINCOLN."

As the time of inauguration drew near there was an intense anxiety, not unmingled with trepidation, all over the loyal North as to how Mr. Lincoln might meet the approaching crisis. Many and varied were the speculations as to what course he would take. Looking at his character and life, many feared he had not fully comprehended the gravity of the situation. On the contrary, Mr. Lincoln had weighed the whole matter and fully determined in his own mind what course he would pursue. In December, 1860, he wrote me the following letter:

"*Confidential.*

"SPRINGFIELD, *Dec.* 21, 1860.

"HON. E. B. WASHBURNE:

"*My dear Sir*:—Last night I received your letter, giving an account of your interview with General Scott, and for which I thank you. Please present my respects to the General and tell him confidentially

I shall be obliged to him to be as well prepared as he can to either *hold*, or retake, the forts, as the case may require, at and after the inauguration.

"Yours, as ever,

"A. LINCOLN."

On the 13th of February, 1861, the two Houses of Congress met in joint session to count and declare the electoral vote. As in all times of great excitement, the air was filled with numberless and absurd rumors; a few were in fear that in some unforeseen way the ceremony of the count might be interrupted and the result not declared. And hence all Washington was on the *qui vive.* The joint meeting was to take place in the Hall of the House of Representatives at high noon. An immense throng filled the House end of the Capitol. All the gilded corridors leading to the Hall of the House were crowded, and the galleries packed. Beautiful and gorgeously dressed ladies entered the Hall, found their way into the cloak rooms, and many of them occupied the seats of the members, who gallantly surrendered them for the occasion.

At twenty minutes after twelve, the door-keeper announced the Senate of the United States. The Senators entered, headed by their President, Hon. John C. Breckenridge, the members of the House rising to receive them. The Vice-President took his

seat on the right of the Speaker of the House of Representatives (the Hon. William Pennington, of New Jersey). The joint convention of the two Houses was presided over by Mr. Breckenridge, who served out his term of Vice-President, till March 4, 1861. The Hon. Lyman Trumbull was appointed teller on the part of the Senate, and Messrs. Phelps, of Missouri, and Washburne, of Illinois, on the part of the House. The count proceeded without incident, and the Vice-President announced the election of Lincoln and Hamlin. Mr. Sherman, of Ohio, then offered the ordinary resolution of notification to the President elect, by a committee of two members from the House, to be joined by one member from the Senate. Mr. Hindman, of Arkansas, one of the most violent and vindictive secessionists, insisted that the same committee "inform General Scott that there was no more use for his janizaries about the Capitol, the votes being counted and the result proclaimed." Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, responded that gentlemen seemed to trouble themselves a good deal about General Scott on all occasions.

There was a certain feeling of relief among the loyal people of the country that Mr. Lincoln had been declared to be duly elected President, without the least pretense of illegality or irregularity.

The second session of the Thirty-seventh Congress convened on the first Monday of December, 1861.

The Senators and Representatives of the rebellious States were no longer with us. The rumblings of treason, deep and significant, were everywhere heard. What was to be the outcome no one could tell. Anxiety and sadness sat enthroned in both Houses, but there was faith unshaken and courage unsubdued. A state of things existed well calculated to shake the stoutest hearts.

The loyal members of both Senate and House were closely organized to concert measures to meet the appalling emergencies that confronted them. It was determined that each House should appoint one of its members to form a committee to watch the current of events and discover as far as possible the intentions and acts of the rebels. This committee of "Public Safety," as it might be called, was a small one, only two members, Governor Grimes, the Senator from Iowa, on the part of the Senate, and myself on the part of the House. Clothed with full powers, we at once put ourselves in communication with General Scott, the head of the army, with headquarters at Washington, and Chief of Police Kennedy, of New York City, a loyal and true man with a skill unsurpassed by a Fouché or a Vidocq. He at once sent us some of his most skillful and trusted detectives; and earnestly, loyally, and courageously they went to work to unravel the plots and schemes set on foot to destroy us. And never was detective

work more skillfully and faithfully done, not only in Washington, but in Baltimore and Richmond and Alexandria. They were all good rebels; they had long beards and wore slouched hats and seedy coats; they chewed tobacco and smoked cheap cigars; damned the Yankees and drank bad whisky; and they obtained a great deal of valuable information in respect to hostile plans and schemes.

As the 4th of March drew near, what occupied our most anxious thought was, how Mr. Lincoln could get to Washington and be inaugurated. Another committee was formed, one from each House, to look after that matter. Governor Seward was the Senate member, and I was put on on the part of the House, for the reason, perhaps, that I was from Illinois, a known personal friend of the President who had been in close correspondence with him all winter. Associating ourselves together, we came to the conclusion that everything must be done with the most profound secrecy. Governor Seward, his son Frederic W. Seward, subsequently his Assistant Secretary of State, and myself were the only persons in Washington who had any knowledge whatever of Mr. Lincoln's proposed movements. That there was a conspiracy in Baltimore to assassinate him as he should pass through, there can be no reasonable doubt. We hoped he might be able to come through in the daytime from Philadelphia, taking a train secretly and

cutting the wires, so that his departure could not be known. But General Scott's detectives in Baltimore had developed such a condition of things, that Governor Seward thought that the President-elect and his friends in Philadelphia should be advised in regard thereto, and on the night of the 22d of February he sent his son, Frederic W., over to Philadelphia to consult with them. Till now we had believed the President would come over from Philadelphia on the train leaving there at noon of the 23d. In the mean time the President had promised to run up to Harrisburg to attend a reception of the Pennsylvania Legislature at twelve o'clock on that day. Up to this time the situation had been fully discussed by the friends of Mr. Lincoln in the light of all the information received, but no particular programme agreed upon. It was not until the party started for Harrisburg the next morning that the best method of getting to Washington was finally talked over. Mr. Lincoln had previously had a conversation with the detective Pinkerton and Mr. Frederic W. Seward in regard to the condition of things at Baltimore. The Hon. Norman B. Judd, of Chicago, one of the most conspicuous and trusted friends of Mr. Lincoln, who had accompanied the party from Springfield, suggested a plan which, after full discussion by Mr. Lincoln and all his friends present, was agreed upon and successfully carried out. This plan, as is generally known, was that

after the dinner which Governor Curtin had tendered to him had been finished, at six o'clock in the afternoon, he should take a special car and train from Harrisburg for Philadelphia to intercept the night train from New York to Washington. The telegraph wires from Harrisburg were all cut, so there could be no possible telegraphic connection with the outside world.

The connection was made at Philadelphia. Mr. Lincoln was transferred to the Washington train without observation, to arrive at his destination on time the next morning without the least miscarriage, as will be stated hereafter. On the afternoon of the 23d, Mr. Seward came to my seat in the House of Representatives, and told me he had no information from his son nor any one else in respect of Mr. Lincoln's movements, and that he could have none, as the wires were all cut, but he thought it very probable he would arrive in the regular train from Philadelphia, and he suggested that we would meet at the depot to receive him. We were promptly on hand; the train arrived in time, and with strained eyes we watched the descent of the passengers. But there was no Mr. Lincoln among them; though his arrival was by no means certain, yet we were much disappointed. But as there was no telegraphic connection, it was impossible for us to have any information. It was no use to speculate—sad, disap-

pointed, and under the empire of conflicting emotions we separated to go to our respective homes, but agreeing to be at the depot on the arrival of the New York train the next morning before daylight, hoping either to meet the President or get some information as to his movements. I was on hand in season, but to my great disappointment Governor Seward did not appear. I planted myself behind one of the great pillars in the old Washington and Baltimore depot, where I could see and not be observed. Presently the train came rumbling in on time. It was a moment of great anxiety to me.

There has been a great deal printed in the newspapers about Mr. Lincoln's arrival in Washington and about the "Scotch cap" and "big shawl" he wore through Baltimore, etc., etc., most of which is mere stuff. I propose now to tell about his arrival at Washington, from my own personal knowledge—what I saw with my own eyes and what I heard with my own ears, not the eyes and ears of some one else.

As I have stated, I stood behind the pillar awaiting the arrival of the train. When it came to a stop I watched with fear and trembling to see the passengers descend. I saw every car emptied, and there was no Mr. Lincoln. I was well-nigh in despair, and when about to leave I saw slowly emerge from the last sleeping car three persons. I could not mistake the long, lank form of Mr. Lincoln, and

my heart bounded with joy and gratitude. He had on a soft low-crowned hat, a muffler around his neck, and a short bob-tailed overcoat. Any one who knew him at that time could not have failed to recognize him at once, but, I must confess, he looked more like a well-to-do farmer from one of the back towns of Jo Daviess County coming to Washington to see the city, take out his land warrant and get the patent for his farm, than the President of the United States.

The only persons that accompanied Mr. Lincoln were Pinkerton, the well-known detective, recently deceased, and Ward H. Lamon. When they were fairly on the platform and a short distance from the car, I stepped forward and accosted the President: "How are you, Lincoln?"

At this unexpected and rather familiar salutation the gentlemen were apparently somewhat startled, but Mr. Lincoln, who had recognized me, relieved them at once by remarking in his peculiar voice:

"This is only Washburne!"

Then we all exchanged congratulations and walked out to the front of the depot, where I had a carriage in waiting. Entering the carriage (all four of us) we drove rapidly to Willard's Hotel, entering on Fourteenth Street, before it was fairly daylight. The porter showed us into the little receiving room at the head of the stairs, and at my direction went to the office to have Mr. Lincoln assigned a room.

We had not been in the hotel more than two minutes before Governor Seward hurriedly entered, much out of breath and somewhat chagrined to think he had not been up in season to be at the depot on the arrival of the train. The meeting of those two great men under the extraordinary circumstances which surrounded them was full of emotion and thankfulness. I soon took my leave, but not before promising Governor Seward that I would take breakfast with him at eight o'clock; and as I passed out the outside door the Irish porter said to me with a smiling face:

"And by faith it is you who have brought us a Prisidint."

At eight the Governor and I sat down to a simple and relishing breakfast. We had been relieved of a load of anxiety almost too great to bear. The President had reached Washington safely and our spirits were exalted, and with a sense of great satisfaction we sipped our delicious coffee and loaded our plates with the first run of Potomac shad.

Mr. Blaine, in his *Twenty Years of Congress*, has been led into an error in speaking of the manner in which Lincoln reached Washington. He says:

"He reached Washington by a night journey taken secretly, much against his own will and to his subsequent chagrin and mortification, but urged

upon him by the advice of those in whose advice and wisdom he was forced to confide."

The only truth in the statement is that he "reached Washington by a night journey taken secretly."

I was the first man to see him after his arrival in Washington and talk with him of the incidents of his journey, and I know he was neither "mortified" nor "chagrined" at the manner in which he reached Washington. He expressed to me in the warmest terms his satisfaction at the complete success of his journey; and I have it from persons who were about him in Philadelphia and Harrisburg that the plan agreed upon met his hearty approval, and he expressed a cheerful willingness to adapt himself to the novel circumstances. I do not believe that Mr. Lincoln ever expressed a regret that he had not, "according to his own desire, gone through Baltimore in open day," etc. It is safe to say he never had any such "desire." His own detective, Pinkerton, a man who had his entire confidence, had been some time in Baltimore, with several members of his force, in unraveling rebel plots, produced to him the most conclusive evidence of a conspiracy to assassinate him. General Scott's detectives had discovered the same thing, and there was a great deal of individual testimony tending to establish the same fact. While Mr. Lincoln would have confronted any

danger in the performance of duty, he was not a man given to bravado and quixotic schemes, and what he subsequently stated touching this matter comprises really all there is in it. He declared:

"I did not believe then, nor do I now believe I should have been assassinated had I gone through Baltimore as first contemplated, but *I thought it wise to run no risk where no risk was necessary.*"*

In the same paragraph Mr. Blaine says, that "it must be creditable to the administration of Mr. Buchanan that ample provision had been made for the protection of the rightful ruler of the nation" (p. 240). If Mr. Blaine means by this that Mr. Buchanan, driven by public indignation, had ordered a few straggling companies of regular infantry to Washington, that is one thing; but if he referred to the protection of the "rightful ruler" of the nation in getting to Washington, his good faith was imposed upon. I was in a position to know all that was going on in relation to Mr. Lincoln's journey to Washington, and I never heard it suggested or hinted that Mr. Buchanan occupied himself with that matter. I am satisfied he had no more knowledge of Mr. Lincoln's movements than those of "the man in the moon."

I cannot here recount all Mr. Lincoln's acts of kindness to me while President. He always seemed anxious to gratify me, and I can recollect of no

* Lossing's *Pictorial History of the Rebellion*, vol. i., p. 279.

single favor that I asked of him that he did not cheerfully accord. I will mention a simple incident. In the fall of 1863, my brother, Gen. Washburne, of Wisconsin, was stationed at a most unhealthy camp at Helena, Arkansas. He was taken dangerously sick with malarial dysentery, and there was little prospect of his recovery unless he could be removed to some healthier location. I wrote to Mr. Lincoln, briefly, asking for a leave of absence for him for cause of health, and in due time I received the following reply:

"*Private and Confidential.*

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, *Oct.* 26, 1863.

"HON. E. B. WASHBURNE:

"*My dear Sir*:—Yours of the 12th has been in my hands several days. Inclosed I send a leave of absence for your brother, in as good form as I think I can safely put it. Without knowing whether he would accept it, I have tendered the collectorship of Portland, Maine, to your other brother, the Governor.

"Thanks to both you and our friend Campbell for your kind words and intentions. A second term would be a great honor, and a great labor, which together, perhaps, I would not decline, if tendered.

"Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

This last paragraph refers to a letter of the Hon. Thompson Campbell, whom I have before referred to in this essay, and in which we asked permission to bring him forward as a candidate for a re-election.

But I must bring my contribution to a close. The rebellion, in April, 1865, was fast approaching an end. Having expressed a desire to be at the front, wherever that might be, when the hour of its final collapse might come finally to strike, General Grant had given me a pass of the broadest character, to go anywhere in the Union lines.

The news of the fall of Richmond reached Galena at eleven o'clock Monday morning, April 3, 1865. I took the train "for the front" at five P.M., and arrived in Washington Thursday morning, April 6th. I found that the President, Mrs. Lincoln, and a party of friends had left on an excursion for Fortress Monroe, City Point, and Richmond. Mr. Blaine joined me, and we made the trip together to City Point. On arriving there, late Friday afternoon, we found the President and party had returned from Richmond, and were on their steamer, the *River Queen*, which was to remain at City Point over night. In the evening Mr. Blaine and myself went on board the steamer to pay our respects to the President. I never passed a more delightful evening. Mr. Lincoln was in perfect health and in exuberant spirits. His relation of his experiences

and of all he saw at Richmond had all of that quaintness and originality for which he was distinguished. Full of anecdote and reminiscence, he never flagged during the whole evening. His son Robert was in the military service and with the advancing army, and knowing that I was bound for the "front" the next morning, he said to me:

"I believe I will drop Robert a line if you will take it. I will hand it to you in the morning before you start."

I went to the wharf the next morning, and soon Mr. Lincoln came ashore from his steamer, with the letter in his hand. He was erect and buoyant, and it seemed to me that I had never seen him look so great and grand. After a few words of conversation, he handed me the letter, and I bid him what proved to be, alas! a *final adieu.* I made my way with all diligence and through much tribulation to the "front," and arrived at Appomattox in season to see the final surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, and General Lee and his associate generals prisoners of war.

Returning to City Point, I found awaiting me there a small Government steamer which was to take me to Washington. On arriving there I met the most terrible news that had ever shocked the civilized world: *Mr. Lincoln had been assassinated.* That was Saturday night, April 15, 1865. I gave directions

to have the steamer proceed directly to Washington, where I arrived early Monday morning, April 17th, and in season to participate in the stupendous preparations to do honor to the memory of the dead President.

I was on the Congressional Committee to escort his remains to Springfield, Illinois, where I followed his colossal hearse to the grave.

E. B. WASHBURNE.

III.

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

MY first meeting with Mr. Lincoln was in January, 1861, when I visited him at his home in Springfield.

I had a curiosity to see the famous "rail-splitter," as he was then familiarly called, and as a member-elect of the Thirty-seventh Congress I desired to form some acquaintance with the man who was destined to play a conspicuous part in the impending national crisis. Although I had zealously supported him in the canvass, and was strongly impressed by the grasp of thought and aptness of expression which marked his great debate with Douglas, yet, as a thorough-going Free Soiler and a member of the Radical wing of Republicanism, my prepossessions were against him. He was a Kentuckian, and a conservative Whig, who had supported General Taylor in 1848, and General Scott four years later, when the Whig party finally sacrificed both its character and its life on the altar of slavery. His nomination, moreover, had been secured through the diplomacy of conservative Republicans, whose mor-

bid dread of "abolitionism" unfitted them, as I believed, for leadership in the battle with slavery which had now become inevitable, while the defeat of Mr. Seward had been to me a severe disappointment and a real personal grief. Still, I did not wish to do Mr. Lincoln the slightest injustice, while I hoped and believed his courage and firmness would prove equal to the emergency.

On meeting him, I found him far better-looking than the campaign pictures had represented. These, as a general rule, were wretched caricatures. His face, when lighted up in conversation, was not unhandsome, and the kindly and winning tones of his voice pleaded for him, as did the smile which played about his rugged features. He was full of anecdote and humor, and readily found his way to the hearts of those who enjoyed a welcome to his fireside. His face, however, was sometimes marked by that touching expression of sadness which became so generally noticeable in the following years. I was much pleased with our first Republican Executive, and returned home more fully inspired than ever with the purpose to sustain him to the utmost in facing the duties of his great office.

The chief purpose of this visit, however, related to another matter. The rumor was then current and generally credited, that Simon Cameron and Caleb B. Smith were to be made Cabinet ministers, and I

desired to enter my protest against such a movement. Mr. Lincoln heard me patiently, but made no committal; and the subsequent selection of these representatives of Pennsylvania and Indiana Republicanism, along with Seward and Chase, illustrated the natural tendency of his mind to mediate between opposing forces. This was further illustrated a little later when some of his old Whig friends pressed the appointment of an incompetent and unfit man for an important position. When I remonstrated against it, Mr. Lincoln replied: "There is much force in what you say, but, in the balancing of matters, I guess I shall have to appoint him." This "balancing of matters" was a source of infinite vexation during his administration, as it has been to his successors; but it was then easier to criticise this policy than to point the way to any practicable method of avoiding it.

I did not see Mr. Lincoln again till the day of his inauguration, when he entered the Senate-chamber arm-in-arm with Mr. Buchanan. The latter was so withered and bowed with age that in contrast with the towering form of his successor he seemed little more than half a man. The public curiosity to see the President-elect reached its climax as he made his appearance on the east portico of the Capitol. All sorts of stories had been told and believed about his personal appearance. His character had been

grossly misrepresented and maligned in both sections of the Union; and the critical condition of the country naturally whetted the appetite of men of all parties to see and hear the man who was now the central figure of the Republic. The tone of moderation, tenderness, and good-will which breathed through his inaugural speech made a profound impression in his favor; while his voice, though not very strong or full-toned, rang out over the acres of people before him with surprising distinctness, and, I think, was heard in the remotest parts of his audience.

The pressure for office during the first few months of the new administration was utterly unprecedented and beggared all description. It was a sort of epidemic, and Mr. Lincoln, at times, was perfectly appalled by it. It gave him no pause, but pursued him remorselessly night and day; and there were moments when his face was the picture of an indescribable weariness and despair. It jarred upon his sentiment of patriotism, when the country was just entering upon the awful struggle for its life, and seemed to make him sick at heart. Sometimes he lost his temper. An instance of this occurred soon after his inauguration, which also illustrates his fidelity to his friends. A delegation of California Republicans called on him with a proposed political slate covering the chief offices on the Pacific coast. Their programme was opposed, in part, by Senator

Baker, of Oregon, who quite naturally claimed the right to be consulted respecting the patronage of his section of the Union. Some of the Californians very unwisely sought the accomplishment of their purpose by assailing both the public and private character of the Oregon Senator, who was an old-time friend of the President. The anger of Mr. Lincoln was kindled instantly, and blazed forth with such vehemence and intensity that everybody present quailed before it. His wrath was simply terrible, as he put his foot down and told the delegation that Senator Baker was his friend; that he would permit no man to assail him in his presence; and that it was not possible for them to accomplish their purpose by any such methods. The result was that the charges against Senator Baker were summarily withdrawn and apologized for, and such a disposition of the offices on the Pacific slope finally made as proved satisfactory to all parties. These facts I learned at the time from an intimate personal friend who formed a part of the delegation, and who was afterward honored by an important appointment in his State.

This is not the only case in which Mr. Lincoln lost his habitual good temper. After my nomination for re-election in the year 1864, Mr. Holloway, who was holding the position of Commissioner of Patents, and was one of the editors of a Republican newspaper in my district, refused to recognize me as the party can-

didate, and kept the name of my defeated competitor standing in his paper. It threatened discord and mischief, and I went to the President with these facts, and on the strength of them asked for Mr. Holloway's removal from office.

"Your nomination," said Mr. Lincoln, "is as binding on Republicans as mine, and you can rest assured that Mr. Holloway shall support you, openly and unconditionally, or lose his head."

This was entirely satisfactory, but after waiting a week or two for the announcement of my name, I returned to the President with the information that Mr. Holloway was still keeping up his fight, and that I had come to ask of him decisive measures. I saw in an instant that his ire was roused. He rang the bell for his messenger, and said to him in a very excited and emphatic way,

"Tell Mr. Holloway to come to me!"

The messenger hesitated, looking somewhat surprised and bewildered, when Mr. Lincoln said in a tone still more emphatic,

"*Tell Mr. Holloway to come to me!*"

It was perfectly evident that the business would now be attended to, and in a few days my name was duly announced, and the work of party insubordination ceased.

But the temper of the President was far more seriously tried early in the year 1862, touching the con-

duct of the war. General McClellan had disregarded the general order of the President, dated the 19th of January, for a movement of all our forces. He had protested against the order of January 31st, directing an expedition for the purpose of seizing upon the railroad south-west of Manassas Junction. He had opposed all forward movements of the Army of the Potomac, and again and again refused to co-operate with the Navy in breaking up the blockade of that river. And his movement early in March in the direction of the enemy at Centreville and Manassas was undertaken with very great reluctance, and after the enemy had evacuated these positions. Mr. Lincoln had clung to General McClellan with great pertinacity and in the face of much popular clamor, but his patience was now completely exhausted, and his passions carried him by storm. According to Senator Chandler, from whom I obtained my information, the scene strikingly suggested that described by Colonel Lear, when General Washington received the news of St. Clair's defeat by the Indians in 1791. I well remember the delight and exultation of the Michigan Senator as he related the circumstances to me, and predicted the victory for our arms which he believed it foreshadowed. "Old Abe," said he, "is mad, and the war will now go on."

During the month of January, 1863, I called with the Indiana delegation to see the President respect-

ing the appointment of Judge Otto, of Indiana, as Assistant Secretary of the Interior. He was soon after appointed, but Mr. Lincoln then only responded to our application by treating us to four anecdotes.

Senator Lane told me that when he heard a story that pleased him he took a memorandum of it, and filed it away among his papers. This was probably true. At any rate, by some method or other, his supply seemed inexhaustible, and always aptly available. He entered into the enjoyment of his stories with all his heart, and completely lived over again the delight he had experienced in telling them on previous occasions. When he told a particularly good story, and the time came to laugh, he would sometimes throw his left foot across his right knee, and clenching his foot with both hands and bending forward, his whole frame seemed to be convulsed with the effort to give expression to his sensations. His laugh was like that of the hero of *Sartor Resartus*, "a laugh of the whole man, from head to heel." I believe his anecdotes were his great solace and safeguard in seasons of severe mental depression. I remember that when I called on him on the 2d of July, 1862, at the time our forces were engaged in a terrific conflict with the enemy near Richmond, and everybody was anxious as to the result, he seemed quite as placid as usual, and at once yielded to his

ruling passion for story-telling. If I had not known his peculiarities, I should have pronounced him incapable of any deep earnestness of feeling; but his manner was so kindly, and so free from the ordinary crookedness of the politician and the vanity and self-importance of official position, that nothing but good will was inspired by his presence.

In March following I called on the President respecting the appointments I had recommended under the conscription law, and took occasion to refer to the failure of General Fremont to obtain a command. He said he did not know where to place him, and that it reminded him of the old man who advised his son to take a wife, to which the young man responded, "Whose wife shall I take?" He proceeded to point out the practical difficulties in the way by referring to a number of important commands which might suit Fremont, but which could only be reached by removals he did not wish to make. I remarked that I was very sorry if this was true, and that it was unfortunate for our cause, as I believed his restoration to duty would stir the country as no other appointment could. He said:

"It would stir the country favorably on one side, and stir it the other way on the other. It would please Fremont's friends, and displease the conservatives; and that is all I can see in the *stirring* argument. My proclamation," he added, "was to stir

the country; but it has done about as much harm as good."

These observations were characteristic, and showed how reluctant he still was to turn away from the conservative counsels he had so long heeded.

It has often been asserted that Secretary Stanton ruled Mr. Lincoln. This is a mistake. The Secretary would frequently overawe and sometimes browbeat others, but he was never imperious in dealing with the President. This I have from Mr. Watson, for some time Assistant Secretary of War, and Mr. Whiting, while Solicitor of the War Department. Lincoln, however, had the highest opinion of Stanton, and their relations were always most kindly. The following anecdote illustrates the character of the two men, and Mr. Lincoln's method of dealing with a dilemma. It is related that a committee of Western men, headed by Mr. Lovejoy, procured from the President an important order looking to the exchange of Eastern and Western soldiers, with a view to more effective work. Repairing to the office of the Secretary, Mr. Lovejoy explained the scheme, as he had done before to the President, but was met by a flat refusal.

"But we have the President's order, sir," said Lovejoy.

"Did Lincoln give you an order of that kind?" said Stanton.

"He did, sir."

"Then he is a d——d fool," said the irate Secretary.

"Do you mean to say the President is a d——d fool?" asked Lovejoy, in amazement.

"Yes, sir, if he gave you such an order as that."

The bewildered Congressman from Illinois betook himself at once to the President, and related the result of his conference.

"Did Stanton say I was a d——d fool?" asked Lincoln, at the close of the recital.

"He did, sir; and repeated it."

After a moment's pause, and looking up, the President said:

"If Stanton said I was a d——d fool, then I must be one, for he is nearly always right, and generally says what he means. I will step over and see him."

Notwithstanding Mr. Lincoln's proverbial caution and diplomacy in dealing with difficult problems, he was completely armed with the courage of his convictions, after his conclusions had been carefully matured. No man was more ready to take the responsibility when his sense of duty commanded him. This was strikingly illustrated in the summer of 1862, when he refused to sign the confiscation act of the 17th of July, without a modification first made exempting the fee of rebel land-owners from its operation. Congress was obliged to make the modifi-

cation required as the only means of securing the important advantages of other features of the measure; but the action of the President was inexpressibly provoking to a large majority of Congress. It was bitterly denounced as an anti-Republican discrimination between real and personal property, when the nation was struggling for its life against a rebellious aristocracy founded on the monopoly of land and the ownership of negroes. The President was charged with thus prolonging the war and aggravating its cost by paralyzing one of the most potent means of putting down the rebellion, and purposely leaving the owners of large estates in full possession of their lands at the end of the struggle. He was arraigned as the deliberate betrayer of the freedmen and poor whites, who had been friendly to the Union, while the confiscation of life-estates as a war measure could prove of no practical advantage to the government or disadvantage to the enemy.

The popular hostility to the President at this time cannot be described, and was wholly without precedent, and the opposition to him in Congress was still more intense. But Mr. Lincoln accepted the situation, and patiently abode his time.

Two years later, when the fortunes of the war and his own reflections had wrought a change in his opinion, his frankness and courage in avowing it were as creditable to him as had been his firmness in fac-

ing a hostile public. Having heard of this change, I called to see him on the 2d of July, 1864, and asked him if I might say to the people that what I had learned on this subject was true, assuring him that I would make a far better fight for our cause if he would permit me to do so. He replied that when he prepared his veto of our law on the subject two years before he had not examined the matter thoroughly, but that on further reflection, and on reading Solicitor Whiting's law argument, he had changed his view, and would now sign a bill striking at the fee of rebel land-holders, if we would send it to him. I was much gratified by this statement, which was of great service to the cause in the canvass; but, unfortunately, constitutional scruples respecting such legislation had gained ground, and although both houses of Congress at different times endorsed the measure, it never became a law, owing to unavoidable differences between the President and Congress on the question of reconstruction.

Perhaps the most charming trait in the character of Mr. Lincoln was his geniality. With the exception of occasional seasons of deep depression, his nature was all sunshine. His presence seemed a message of peace and good-will. Early in the war, after the Hutchinson family had been ordered out of the Army of the Potomac by General McClellan for the offense of singing Whittier's songs, he repeated-

ly welcomed them to the White House and listened to the music which had been considered detrimental to the service. He was delighted with it, selecting his favorite songs, and testifying his satisfaction by alternate laughter and tears. He said that if these were the songs they had been singing, he wished them to continue in the business, and that they should have a pass wherever they desired to go.

Mr. Lincoln used to attend the rousing anti-slavery meetings that were held in the Smithsonian Institute, in the fall and winter of 1861–2, which were addressed by several of the leading orators of Abolitionism. At one of these meetings, Horace Greeley delivered a written address, which Mr. Lincoln listened to and very greatly admired. I sat by his side, and at the conclusion of the discourse he said to me:

"That address is full of good thoughts, and I would like to take the manuscript home with me and carefully read it over some Sunday."

During the progress of the war, he and Mr. Greeley had some radical difference of opinion about its prosecution and the duty of the government in dealing with the question of slavery; but he had, I know, the most profound personal respect for Mr. Greeley, and placed the highest estimate upon his services as an independent writer and thinker.

Mr. Lincoln had no resentments. He had kind

words for men who bitterly assailed him. He joined in no outcry against men in civil or military life who went astray. When the Republicans were denouncing Andrew Johnson after his maudlin speech on the 4th of March, 1865, he only said, "Poor Andy," and expressed the charitable hope that he would profit by his dreadful mistake.

Few subjects have been more debated and less understood than the Proclamation of Emancipation. Mr. Lincoln was himself opposed to the measure, and when he very reluctantly issued the preliminary proclamation in September, 1862, he wished it distinctly understood that the deportation of the slaves was, in his mind, inseparably connected with the policy. Like Mr. Clay and other prominent leaders of the old Whig party, he believed in colonization, and that the separation of the two races was necessary to the welfare of both. He was at that time pressing upon the attention of Congress a scheme of colonization in Chiriqui, in Central America, which Senator Pomeroy espoused with great zeal, and in which he had the favor of a majority of the Cabinet, including Secretary Smith, who warmly indorsed the project. Subsequent developments, however, proved that it was simply an organization for land-stealing and plunder, and it was abandoned; but it is by no means certain that if the President had foreseen this fact his preliminary notice to the rebels would have

been given. There are strong reasons for saying that he doubted his right to emancipate under the war power, and he doubtless meant what he said when he compared an Executive order to that effect to "the Pope's Bull against the comet." In discussing the question, he used to liken the case to that of the boy who, when asked how many legs his calf would have if he called its tail a leg, replied, "Five," to which the prompt response was made that *calling* the tail a leg would not *make* it a leg.

But the right to emancipate by such an edict and the legal effect of it when issued were not the only questions with which the President was obliged to deal. The demand for it was wide-spread and rapidly extending in the Republican party. The popular current had become irresistible. The power to issue it was taken for granted. All doubts on the subject were consumed in the burning desire of the people, or forgotten in the travail of war. The anti-slavery element was becoming more and more impatient and impetuous. Opposition to that element now involved more serious consequences than offending the Border States. Mr. Lincoln feared that enlistments would cease, and that Congress would even refuse the necessary supplies to carry on the war, if he declined any longer to place it on a clearly defined antislavery basis. He finally yielded to this pressure, and in doing so he became

the liberator of the slaves through the triumph of our arms which it insured.

The authority to emancipate under the war power was therefore a side issue. It undoubtedly existed, but it could only be asserted over territory occupied by our armies. Each commanding general, as fast as our flag advanced, could have offered freedom to the slaves, as could the President himself. This was the view of Secretary Chase. A paper proclamation of freedom, as to States in the power of the enemy, could have no more validity than a paper blockade of their coast. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation did not apply to the Border States, which were loyal, and in which slavery was of course untouched. It did not pretend to operate upon the slaves in other large districts, in which it would have been effective at once, but studiously excluded them, while it applied mainly to States and parts of States within the military occupation of the enemy, where it was necessarily void.

But even if the proclamation could have given freedom to the slaves according to its scope, their permanent enfranchisement would not have been secured, because the *status* of slavery, as it existed under the local laws of the States prior to the war, would have remained the same after the re-establishment of peace. All emancipated slaves found in those States, or returning to them, would have been sub-

ject to slavery as before, for the simple reason that no military proclamation could operate to abolish their municipal laws. Nothing short of a constitutional amendment could at once give freedom to our black millions and make their re-enslavement impossible; and "this," as Mr. Lincoln declared in earnestly urging its adoption, "is a king's-cure for all evils. It winds the whole thing up." All this is now attested by very high authorities on international and constitutional law; and while it takes nothing from the glory of Mr. Lincoln as the great Emancipator, it shows how wisely he employed a splendid popular delusion in the salvation of his country. His proclamation had no present legal effect within territory not under the control of our arms; but as an expression of the spirit of the people and the policy of the administration, it had become both a moral and a military necessity. The simple truth should now be told, and the honor, due to Mr. Lincoln, be placed upon its just foundation.

But no picture of Abraham Lincoln which leaves out his private life can do him justice. Every lineament of his grand public career should have the setting of his rare personal worth. In all the qualities that go to make up character, he was a thoroughly genuine man. His sense of justice was perfect and ever present. His integrity was second only to that of Washington, and his ambition as stainless. His

sympathy for the unfortunate and the down-trodden earned for him the fitting title of "Father Abraham," and made him the idol of the common people. His devotion to wife and children was as abiding and unbounded as his love of country, and his happiest hours in the White House were spent in the companionship of his little boy "Tad," who used to gambol about his knees. When death entered his household his sorrow was so consuming that it could only be measured by the singular depth and intensity of his love. He was human in the best and highest sense of the word. The record of too many of our famous men has been marred by personal vices; but in him, were happily blended the qualities which adorn public station and dignify private life.

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

THE
BOSTON LIBRARY
SOCIETY

IV.

R. E. FENTON.

MY relations with President Lincoln were cordial. I was a member of the House of Representatives when he entered upon the duties of President, and remained in the House until December, 1864, when I resigned my seat for the office of Governor of New York.

In the summer and fall of 1864—during the Presidential canvass—there was great anxiety in respect to the decision of the people at the ballot-box, as well as to our varying success on the field of arms. The war for the Union had prospered slowly. Determining results had not been realized. Its frightful proportions were more apparent as the days increased. Patriotic people became restless. Many of our Republican friends thought the war was not prosecuted with sufficient vigor and wisdom. Party spirit was embittered by conflicting sympathies, and severe criticisms were ventured touching the conduct of the war. The Democratic party had in terms even declared it to be "a failure." To add intensity to the anxiety on

the Republican side at this condition of affairs, the government of New York State was in Democratic hands. Our principal commercial port, our great city and center of money and exchange, was within the boundary of the State, and State and local authorities, or the practices under them, might at any time seriously embarrass the General Government in the farther prosecution of the war. Hence, New York was a stake of mighty import. Each party was certain to exert itself to the utmost. And, even beyond the electoral vote of the State as a possible factor in merely deciding who should be President, the case was surrounded with the gravest concern, especially for those in charge of the government, and whose war purposes and policy were clearly defined.

On the 22d day of August, I received a telegram from Mr. John G. Nicolay, Private Secretary, saying that the President desired to see me. I arrived in Washington next day. The President, speaking to me said, in language as nearly as I can remember: "You are to be nominated by our folks for Governor of your State. Seymour of course will be the Democratic nominee. You will have a hard fight. I am very desirous that you should win the battle. New York should be on our side by honest possession. There is some trouble among our folks over there, which we must try and manage. Or, rather,

there is one man who may give us trouble, because of his indifference, if in no other way. He has great influence, and his feelings may be reflected in many of his friends. We must have his counsel and co-operation if possible. This, in one sense, is more important to you than to me, I think, for I should rather expect to get on without New York, but you can't. But in a larger sense than what is merely personal to myself, I am anxious for New York, and we must put our heads together and see if the matter can't be fixed."

In a word, Mr. Thurlow Weed was dissatisfied with the disposition of the federal patronage in the city of New York. Especially he felt that Mr. Simeon Draper, Collector of the Port, and Mr. Rufus F. Andrews, Surveyor, were unfriendly to him, and that he had no voice in those places of influence and power. Patronage had a welcome in the public service then. Removals and appointments were made upon the judgment or caprice of those at the head. The Republican convention in New York to place a candidate for Governor before the people was to come off early in September.

As a result of this consultation with Mr. Lincoln, in the evening of the day after my arrival in Washington, Mr. Nicolay and I left for New York, and in Room No. 11, Astor House, next forenoon, I had a talk with Mr. Weed. I need not speak of the par-

ticulars of that conference. It is enough to say that Mr. Nicolay returned to Washington with the resignation of Mr. Rufus F. Andrews, and that Mr. Abram Wakeman—zealous friend of Mr. Weed—at once became his successor as Surveyor. From that time forward Mr. Weed was earnest and helpful in the canvass. The small majority in New York in November—less than 7,000 for the Republican electoral ticket—justified the anxiety of Mr. Lincoln, and serves to illustrate his political sagacity and tact. He was always politician as well as statesman.

Mr. Lincoln was not a successful impromptu speaker. He required a little time for thought and arrangement of the thing to be said. I give an instance in point. After the election to which I have referred, just before I resigned my seat in Congress to enter upon my official duties as Governor at Albany, New Yorkers and others in Washington thought to honor me with a serenade. I was the guest of ex-Mayor Bowen. After the music and speaking usual upon such occasions, it was proposed to call on the President. I accompanied the committee in charge of the proceedings, followed by bands and a thousand people. It was full nine o'clock when we reached the Mansion. The President was taken by surprise, and said he "didn't know just what he could say to satisfy the crowd and himself." Going from

the library room down the stairs to the portico front, he asked me to say a few words first, and give him if I could "a peg to hang on." It was just when General Sherman was *en route* from Atlanta to the sea, and we had no definite news as to his safety or whereabouts. After one or two sentences, rather commonplace, the President farther said he had no war news other than was known to all, and he supposed his ignorance in regard to General Sherman was the ignorance of all; that "we all knew where Sherman went in, but none of us knew where he would come out." This last remark was in the peculiarly quaint, happy manner of Mr. Lincoln, and created great applause. He immediately withdrew, saying he "had raised a good laugh and it was a good time for him to quit." In all he did not speak more than two minutes, and, as he afterward told me, because he had no time to think of much to say.

A few days after I succeeded to the office of Governor I was led to an investigation in regard to the quota of men for New York for the field, under the President's call for 300,000 of December 19th just previous. My search led me to doubt the correctness of the assignment of quotas to several localities, and, as between several localities or districts, it was, to my mind, unequal and unjust. I do not mean that it was so intended. It was a difficult and perplexing matter; differences in respect to methods were liable to

arise and errors were likely to creep in. And, moreover, the total number, 61,000, for the State seemed to me clearly excessive. Thus impressed, accompanied by General George W. Palmer of my military staff, I went to Washington on the 21st of January.

My interviews with the Secretary of War and the Provost-marshal General did not end favorably to my views. The Secretary of War was more than firm. He was indeed rigid in adhering to the assignment for New York as then made. Not doubting the right and justice of my claim for reduction and re-assignment as to the districts, I called on Mr. Lincoln. He gave me time and listened attentively and patiently to all I had to say. At the close he remarked, "I guess you have the best of it, and I must advise Stanton and Fry to ease up a little." He wrote upon a card to Mr. Stanton, and gave it to me to carry to him, as follows:

> The Governor has a pretty good case. I feel sure he is more than half right. We don't want him to feel cross and we in the wrong. Try and fix it with him.
>
> A. LINCOLN.

I write from the card, which the gruff and great Stanton allowed me to retain.

Neither he nor General Fry could go over the matter with a view to the further precise adjustment during my sojourn. The Legislature of my State was in session and I could not tarry. I will only add that the quota as finally arranged was fully 9,000 less, and the equality between the several districts was in a great measure restored. It was mainly satisfactory to the people. And the State had the proud honor, as theretofore, of unhesitatingly and heroically meeting this further demand upon her patriotism.

Turning back out of the order of events to the fall and early winter of 1861, General McClellan, with an army which some authorities place at full 150,000 men, was then in camp and quarters around about Washington. It was said to be intended to move "on to Richmond," or at least toward the Confederate forces, some time before the rains of the winter months should set in. Congress convened the first week in December. The army seemed to be in good condition but impatient. The roads were exceptionally dry and good for the season of the year. The loyal people, through the press and otherwise, were calling for a forward movement, and the representatives of the people in Congress were ready to open upon General McClellan with wrathful eloquence because of the delay. One, two, and more weeks passed and the army did not move. It was felt that something must be done to avert the

threatened heated discussion at Washington; something to prevent further dissatisfaction and distrust among the soldiers and the people. Galusha A. Grow was Speaker of the House of Representatives.

About the 18th, the Speaker, the Hon. Schuyler Colfax, and myself called on Mr. Lincoln to plan with him if need be, or better to say, to have his judgment as to a way of escape from the danger of an aroused hostile public sentiment which then seemed imminent.

Mr. Lincoln was keenly alive to the situation. The character and opinions of this rugged-featured and intellectually great man always enforced respect and confidence whatever the pleasantry of his manner. He said Providence, with favoring sky and earth, seemed to beckon the army on, but General McClellan, he supposed, knew his business and had his reasons for disregarding these hints of Providence. "And," said Mr. Lincoln, "as we have got to stand by the General, I think a good way to do it may be for Congress to take a recess for several weeks, and by the time you get together again, if McClellan is not off with the army, Providence is very likely to step in with hard roads and force us to say, 'the army can't move.'" He continued: "You know Dickens said of a certain man that if he would always follow his nose he would never stick fast in the mud. Well, when the rains set in it will be im-

possible for even our eager and gallant soldiers to keep their noses so high that their feet will not stick in the clay mud of Old Virginia." I have given very nearly the words of Mr. Lincoln. His felicity in stating a case and his good sense always impressed me, and my memory loses nothing in vividness with the lapse of years.

The Congress was adjourned for the holiday period quite as early and quite as long as usual, notwithstanding pressing public affairs were requiring the attention of the law-making power. When it reassembled—January 5th, as I remember—the rain had come, the Virginia roads were well-nigh impassable, and the army was still in and around Washington. Verily, to move then was to stick fast in the mud, and the Congress and the country reluctantly became reconciled, in a measure, to the situation.

R. E. FENTON.

THE
BOSTON-LIBRARY
SOCIETY

J. P. Usher

THE
BOSTON LIBRARY
SOCIETY

V.

J. P. USHER.

"Without doubt the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period, was Abraham Lincoln." JAMES LONGSTREET.

MR. LINCOLN'S greatness was founded upon his devotion to truth, his humanity and his innate sense of justice to all.

In his career as a lawyer, he traversed a wide range of territory in Illinois; he attended many courts and had many professional engagements, some remunerative and others not. In all his conflicts at the bar, wherein it may be said he was successful in every case that he ought to have been, he never inflicted an unnecessary wound upon an adversary, and no one ever thought of uttering a rude word to him. He affected no superior wisdom over his fellows, yet he was often appealed to by the judge to say what rule of law ought to be applied in a given case, and what disposition the parties ought to make of it, and his opinion, when expressed, always seemed to be so reasonable, fair and just, that the parties accepted it. He was never known to re-

buke any one for intemperance, profanity, or other violation of social duty. While he professed nothing in these respects, people did not drink immoderately in his presence, neither were they vulgar nor profane. When he appeared, every one seemed to be happy; they wanted to hear him talk; he always had something to say that would amuse or instruct them—something that they had not heard before. He argued great causes, in which principle and property were involved, logically, and with wonderful ability. Trifling causes he met with ridicule, and often by an anecdote, in the use of which he was unsurpassed: the cause would be abandoned in a gale of merriment, the losing party being neither provoked nor angry.

A man endowed with such qualities was bound to be a successful politician; and, if he turned his attention in that direction, none who knew him could doubt upon which side he would be, or with which party he would unite. He was a Whig, because he believed the principles of that party best conduced to the welfare of his fellow-man. He believed that the true principles of government were those which Mr. Clay advocated. He believed in the protection of American industries. He believed that the slavery of men was wrong in principle, and impossible of justification, and he held in profound veneration and respect the founders of the State of

Illinois, who had, by constitutional provision, forever prevented the existence of that institution in the State.

His opinions upon this subject would have remained a sentiment only, for he manifested no disposition by word or act to interfere with slavery where it existed, but for the violent attempt to introduce slavery in Kansas and Nebraska upon the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Mr. Douglas, the author of the repeal, sought to justify his act by the claim that the Kansas-Nebraska act submitted the question of slavery to the people of those territories, when they should come to adopt a constitution and apply for admission into the Union as States. Upon the questions involved the debates between him and Mr. Lincoln occurred.

There were comparatively few Abolitionists, in the strict sense of the term, in the State of Illinois. Their doctrines and pretensions were very unpopular. But a few years had gone by since Lovejoy was mobbed and killed at Alton, his press thrown into the river, and his murder passed unavenged; and yet Lovejoy neither said nor published anything more hostile to slavery than Lincoln uttered in those debates. But Lovejoy was an avowed Abolitionist; Lincoln was not. Mr. Douglas said at Freeport, in the northern part of the State, that Mr. Lincoln would not dare to speak at Carlisle, in the southern

part of the State, where they were soon to appear, in the same terms he did at Freeport. When they reached Carlisle, Mr. Lincoln referred to Mr. Douglas's remark, and spoke in the same strain as before, and no one remonstrated. He could do this because the people believed he was entirely sincere. His earnest and gentle manners compelled them to respect and tolerate the freedom of speech. At Charleston he said: "Because I do not want and would not have a negro woman for a slave it does not follow that I want her for a wife." This expression illustrates his aptness in enforcing an argument. A committee from the convention sitting in Richmond, which finally passed the Virginia ordinance of secession, went to Washington with the request that the President should order the evacuation by Major Anderson of Fort Sumter. During the colloquy which occurred between Mr. Lincoln and this committee, Mr. Lincoln said:

"I understand you claim and believe yourselves to be Union men, that the Richmond Convention is opposed to a dissolution of the Union, and that you believe a majority of the people of the State want to remain in the Union."

They said: "Yes."

Then Mr. Lincoln replied:

"I can't understand it at all; Virginia wants to remain in the Union, and yet wants me to let South

Carolina go out and the Union be dissolved, in order that Virginia may stay in."

The masterly debates between Douglas and Lincoln made Lincoln the nominee of the Republican Party for President at the Chicago Convention in 1860, to the great disappointment of Mr. Seward and his supporters. The election came on, and resulted in the election of a majority of Republican electors; but these electors did not receive a majority of the public vote by nearly a million of votes, which fact Mr. Lincoln often referred to during his administration. The Republican Party, as such, stood pledged to the maintenance, inviolate, of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively. To that pledge Mr. Lincoln determined rigorously to adhere, and if, during his administration, there was any seeming digression from that resolve, it was brought about and compelled by the exigencies of the war. In his first inaugural address he expressed himself as follows:

"I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so."

This, he said, was quoted from one of his former speeches, and, further, that the same sentiment

would be found in nearly all his public speeches. In the course of his address he said:

"No State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void, and acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances."

Then followed a declaration that, in his view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union was unbroken, and that to the extent of his ability he would take care that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States; that there need be no bloodshed or violence in doing this, and that there would be none unless it was forced upon the national authority. It is needless to say that these pledges were kept.

The frankness of this inaugural address, and the pledges contained in it, inspired the devotees of the Union in the North with the hope that peace would finally prevail. It is plain that Mr. Lincoln entertained such hope, and he had ample reason for it if he considered the popular vote. It was but fair to assume that the votes cast for Messrs. Douglas and Bell, with the fusion vote of Pennsylvania for Breckinridge, were, with but few exceptions, the votes of Union men. They, with the votes cast for him, amounted to nearly 4,000,000 votes, leaving only

600,000 or 700,000 who voted for Breckinridge, who were for the most part disunionists. It was incredible that these Union voters would join in a rebellion for the dissolution of the Union over the express pledge in the inaugural address that "the government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors."

Mr. Bell was nominated as a Union man; his supporters were Unionists of the strictest order; at any rate they professed to be, and undoubtedly they were. But the mass of them were in the South, and more or less interested in the institution of slavery, and were inconsiderate enough to say during the canvass that if Mr. Lincoln should be elected, and should attempt to maintain the Union by force, they would, with the Breckinridge men, resist. When the war came, they felt the force of their pledge. They joined the rebellion, and, as was said at the time, they were generally placed in the front, and made to bear the brunt of the battle.

During the canvass which terminated in the election of Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Douglas omitted no occasion to express his devotion to the preservation of the Union. He traversed the whole country, and in all his speeches left no room to doubt his determination to stand by the government, no matter who was elected. The pledges then made he kept, and they were of immense value to the Union cause, and for

them Mr. Lincoln never omitted to express his gratification and his obligation to Mr. Douglas.

In a retrospect of the scenes of those times, until the firing upon Fort Sumter, it must be apparent to all that good fortune attended Mr. Lincoln. The Secessionists dominated both Houses, and they had it in their power to prevent the counting of the electoral vote. They could have prevented his peaceful inauguration. It can hardly be supposed that Mr. Jefferson Davis would ever have permitted the canvassing of the electoral vote, and the subsequent inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, by which, in the form prescribed by the Constitution, he was invested with the executive authority of the nation, if he had supposed Mr. Lincoln would have forcibly resisted the dissolution of the Union. In contemplating the awful crime of the rebellion, and the great destruction of life which Mr. Davis, if he possessed the abilities which his friends ascribe to him, ought to have realized, how is his conduct to be accounted for in permitting the vote to be canvassed and Mr. Lincoln inaugurated? It is in vain to say that he failed to inaugurate anarchy because it was criminal, when he was preparing to enter upon a line of conduct which he ought to have known, if persisted in, would within a very brief time lead to a destructive war. It adds nothing to his fame if, in charity, it be said that he expected a peaceful separation; that

the nation would voluntarily consent to a dissolution of the Union and to its own death.

Mr. Seward was in the Senate with Mr. Davis in the last session of Congress of 1860–1861. He was satisfied that Mr. Davis believed there would be a peaceful dissolution of the Union; that Davis expected to be President of the Southern Confederacy then already taking shape, and that Mr. Seward would be Secretary of State under Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Seward was apprehensive that Mr. Davis might inaugurate the rebellion before Mr. Lincoln was to be inaugurated—that he would resist the canvassing of the electoral vote, and this apprehension led to his famous Astor House speech. Mr. Seward afterward, at a dinner at Willard's Hotel, gave the following version of that affair. Referring to a speech that Mr. Oakey Hall had then lately made in the City of New York, he said:

"Oakey Hall says I am the most august liar in the United States; that I said in the winter before the war, in a speech at the Astor House, that the trouble would all be over and everything settled in sixty days. I would have Mr. Oakey Hall to know that when I made that speech the electoral vote was not counted, and I knew it never would be if Jeff Davis believed there would be war. We both knew that he was to be President of the Southern Confederacy, and that I was to be Secretary of State under Mr.

Lincoln. I wanted the vote counted and Lincoln inaugurated. I had to deceive Davis, and I did it. That's why I said it would all be settled in sixty days."

Whatever may have been the effect of Mr. Seward's speech with respect to the counting of the electoral vote, it is certain that it was made with the sole object of securing the orderly and due canvass of the electoral vote and the peaceful inauguration of Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Seward deemed that all-important.

The war was begun by the firing upon Fort Sumter. The pretext for making the war was that the institution of slavery in the seceding States was endangered by the Union. They ordained a form of government of which, in the language of Mr. Alexander Stephens, slavery was the chief corner-stone. It was apparent from the beginning that if the institution of slavery was out of the way the Union would have no foes. It was further apparent that if the so-called Border States would consent to forego slavery, the States which had already confederated would be relatively so weak that they would abandon the rebellion which they had inaugurated. Mr. Lincoln sought to have the Border States accept compensation for the slaves held in those States, but failed to accomplish his object, and the war went on.

To the committee from the Richmond Convention, before referred to, he said that if the convention then

in session at Richmond would resolve that Virginia would adhere to the Union under any and all circumstances, and thereupon adjourn *sine die*, he would order the evacuation of Fort Sumter. In speaking of this some two or three years thereafter, he said:

"I made the proposition, believing that if Virginia adhered to the Union in good faith the Border Slave States would stand with Virginia firmly for the Union, and that the Secessionists would soon discover that their rebellion could not be successful and war would be avoided."

Upon the closest scrutiny of the administration of Mr. Lincoln, it will be found that his paramount object was the preservation of the Union; and to enforce in all the States the laws of the Unites States he found it necessary to assault the institution of slavery, it was because he deemed it necessary to carry out his principal object; all which was tersely expressed in his letter to Mr. Greeley, that he would preserve the Union if it could be done without freeing any slaves.

"And if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it—and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that."

Mr. Greeley was evidently dissatisfied with the explanation of Mr. Lincoln, and the *Tribune* teemed with complaints and criticisms of his administration, which very much annoyed him; so much so that he

requested Mr. Greeley to come to Washington and make known in person his complaints, to the end that they might be obviated if possible. The managing editor of the *Tribune* came. Mr. Lincoln said:

"You complain of me. What have I done or omitted to do which has provoked the hostility of the *Tribune?*"

The reply was: "You should issue a proclamation abolishing slavery."

Mr. Lincoln answered: "Suppose I do that. There are now 20,000 of our muskets on the shoulders of Kentuckians, who are bravely fighting our battles. Every one of them will be thrown down or carried over to the rebels."

The reply was: "Let them do it. The cause of the Union will be stronger if Kentucky should secede with the rest than it is now."

Mr. Lincoln answered: "Oh, I can't think that!"

No matter to what political party any man had been attached, if he was in good faith for the maintenance of the Union he had the confidence of Mr. Lincoln. During his administration he recognized but two parties, one for the Union and the other against it. He repelled no one; he strove to make friends, not for himself so much as for the preservation of the government, and seeing clearly from the beginning that property in slaves was in the way of

many, he urged them to accept compensation. His wisdom and foresight is now apparent to all. If the Border States would have accepted compensation for slaves, or if Virginia had adhered to the Union, there would have been no war, and slavery would have been abolished by agreement and compensation.

Mr. Lincoln in his inaugural said to the malcontents:

"Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you."

Failing to bring about the emancipation of the slaves in the Border States by agreement and compensation, Mr. Lincoln set about the restoration of government in the States in rebellion. On the 8th of December, 1863, he issued his Proclamation of Amnesty. By that proclamation it was declared that whenever in any of the seceding States a number of persons, not less than one-tenth in number of the votes cast in such State at the Presidential election of 1860, shall have taken the oath required, and not violated it, and being qualified voters by the election law of the State existing immediately before the so-called Act of Secession, and excluding all others, shall re-establish a State government which shall be Republican, such shall be recognized as the true gov-

ernment of the State, and be protected by the United States, as a State, against invasion and domestic violence. It will be observed that the persons who were authorized to re-establish a State government were to be qualified voters of the State before secession. Mr. Chase insisted that this paragraph of the proclamation should be changed, and the word citizens inserted in the place of qualified voters. The Attorney-General had given an opinion to Mr. Chase, November 29, 1862, that colored men born in the United States were citizens of the United States. That was the law of Mr. Lincoln's administration, so that if he had adopted the views of Mr. Chase the tenth in number necessary to organize a State might have been legally composed of colored men. There was no argument upon this proposition. Mr. Chase insisted. Mr. Seward quietly observed: "I think it is very well as it is." Mr. Lincoln made no reply.

There is abundant evidence, however, proving that Mr. Lincoln had no thought of restoring State governments in seceded States through any other instrumentality than by the qualified voters of those States before secession was inaugurated.

It was the purpose of the President to issue a proclamation looking to the emancipation of slaves during the summer of 1862, but in consequence of the unexpected misadventure of General McClellan

in the Peninsula before Richmond, it was considered prudent to delay the proclamation until some decisive advantage should be gained by the armies in the field. Accordingly, soon after the battle of Antietam, the first Proclamation of Emancipation was made. By that, one hundred days were given the States in rebellion to resume their normal condition in the government. In the preparation of the final Proclamation of Emancipation, of January 1, 1863, Mr. Lincoln manifested great solicitude. He had his original draft printed, and furnished each member of his Cabinet with a copy, with the request that each should examine, criticise, and suggest any amendments that occurred to them. At the next meeting of the Cabinet, Mr. Chase said:

"This paper is of the utmost importance, greater than any state paper ever made by this government. A paper of so much importance, and involving the liberties of so many people, ought, I think, to make some reference to Deity. I do not observe anything of the kind in it."

Mr. Lincoln said:

"No; I overlooked it. Some reference to Deity must be inserted. Mr. Chase, won't you make a draft of what you think ought to be inserted?"

Mr. Chase promised to do so, and at the next meeting presented the following:

"And upon this Act, sincerely believed to be an

act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

When Mr. Lincoln read the paragraph, Mr. Chase said: "You may not approve it, but I thought this or something like it would be appropriate."

Lincoln replied: "I do approve it; it cannot be bettered, and I will adopt it in the very words you have written."

When the parts of the proclamation containing the exception from its operation of States and parts of States were considered, Mr. Montgomery Blair spoke of the importance of the proclamation as a state paper, and said that persons in after times, in seeking correct information of the occurrences of those times, would read and wonder why the thirteen parishes and the City of New Orleans in Louisiana, and the counties in Virginia about Norfolk, were excepted from the proclamation; they were in the "very heart and back of slavery," and unless there was some good reason which was then unknown to him, he hoped they would not be excepted.

Mr. Seward said: "I think so, too; I think they should not be excepted."

Mr. Lincoln replied: "Well, upon first view your objections are clearly good; but after I issued the

proclamation of September 22, Mr. Bouligny, of Louisiana, then here, came to see me. He was a great invalid, and had scarcely the strength to walk up stairs. He wanted to know of me if these parishes in Louisiana and New Orleans should hold an election, and elect Members of Congress, whether I would not except them from this proclamation. I told him I would."

Continuing, he said: "No, I did not do that in so many words; if he was here now he could not repeat any words I said which would amount to an absolute promise. But I know he understood me that way, and that is just the same to me. They have elected members, and they are here now, Union men, ready to take their seats, and they have elected a Union man from the Norfolk district."

Mr. Blair said: "If you have a promise out, I will not ask you to break it."

Seward said: "No, no. We would not have you do that."

Mr. Chase then said: "Very true, they have elected Hahn and Flanders, but they have not yet got their seats, and it is not certain that they will."

Mr. Lincoln rose from his seat, apparently irritated, and walked rapidly back and forth, across the room. Looking over his shoulder at Mr. Chase, he said: "There it is, sir. I am to be bullied by Congress, am I? If I do I'll be durned."

Nothing more was said. A month or more thereafter Hahn and Flanders were admitted to their seats.

The only differences in the Cabinet were upon this very question. Mr. Lincoln adhered strictly to the opinions expressed in his inaugural: that the resolves and ordinances of secession were void; that the insurgent States were never out of the Union; that all that was necessary for them or the people of those States to do was to lay down their arms and cease fighting, acknowledge the Constitution and laws of the United States, and conform to their requirements. Mr. Chase, with a great many other Union men, had a different view of that subject, the discussion of which is not now important, further than to state that they held that Congress had the right and power to enact such laws for the government of the people of those States as they might deem expedient for the public safety, including the bestowal of suffrage upon negroes. Mr. Lincoln thought that suffrage, if it ever came to the negroes, should come in other ways. In his Amnesty Proclamation of December 8, 1863, will be found a fair indication of his mind concerning the freed people. He said that any provision by such State "which shall recognize and declare their permanent freedom, provide for their education, and which may yet be consistent, as a temporary arrangement, with their

present condition as a laboring, landless, and homeless class, will not be objected to by the national executive."

In all his state papers and writings to that date there can be found no assertion that he intended to force negro suffrage upon the people of the slaveholding States. Doubtless he contemplated that some time in the future suffrage would be voluntarily yielded to the blacks by the people of those States. From all that could be gathered by those who observed his conduct in those times, it seemed that his hope was that the people in the insurgent States, upon exercising authority under the Constitution and laws of the United States, necessarily recognizing the extinction of slavery, would find it necessary to make suitable provision, not only for the education of the freedmen, as specified in his Amnesty Proclamation, but also for the acquisition of property, and its security in their possession; and, to insure that, would find it necessary and expedient to bestow suffrage upon them in some degree at least. We have some evidence that such was his expectation and hope. In a letter to Governor Hahn, congratulating him upon having his name fixed in history as the first Free State Governor of Louisiana, he said:

"Now, you are about to have a convention, which, among other things, will probably define the

elective franchise. I barely suggest for your private consideration whether some of the colored people may not be let in—as, for instance, the very intelligent, and especially those who have fought gallantly in our ranks. They would probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty within the family of freedom. But this is only a suggestion—not to the public, but to you alone."

It was apparent to all who bore intimate relations with Mr. Lincoln, that, foreseeing the termination of the war by the submission of the insurgents, his mind was seriously affected in contemplation of the new responsibilities which would devolve upon him. His speech grew more grave, and his aspect more serious. His second inaugural address was a faithful mirror of his mind. He seemed to be oppressed with a great care, conscious that changes were about to occur which would impose upon him new duties in which he might possibly find himself in conflict with many of the public men who had supported the government in the war. There seemed to be as many minds as there were men, and in a majority of cases inclined to adhere to their own opinions, without regard to the opinions of Mr. Lincoln or any one else; yet he felt that the responsibility all rested upon him.

A short time before the capitulation of General Lee, General Grant had told him that the war must

necessarily soon come to an end, and wanted to know of him whether he should try to capture Jeff Davis, or let him escape from the country if he would. He said:

"About that, I told him the story of an Irishman who had taken the pledge of Father Mathew. He became terribly thirsty, and applied to a bartender for a lemonade, and while it was being prepared he whispered to him, 'And couldn't ye put a little brandy in it all unbeknown to meself?' I told Grant if he could let Jeff Davis escape all unbeknown to himself, to let him go. I didn't want him."

When he returned from the James, where he met Messrs. Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, he related some of his conversations with them. He said that at the conclusion of one of his discourses, detailing what he considered to be the position in which the insurgents were placed by the law, they replied:

"Well, according to your view of the case we are all guilty of treason, and liable to be hanged."

Lincoln replied:

"Yes, that is so."

They, continuing, said:

"Well, we suppose that would necessarily be your view of our case, but we never had much fear of being hanged while you were President."

From his manner in repeating this scene he seemed to appreciate the compliment highly. There is no

evidence in his record that he ever contemplated executing any of the insurgents for their treason. There is no evidence that he desired any of them to leave the country, with the exception of Mr. Davis. His great, and apparently his only object, was to have a restored Union. Soon after his return from the James, the Cabinet was convened, and he read to it for approval a message which he had prepared to be submitted to Congress, in which he recommended that Congress appropriate $300,000,000, to be apportioned among the several slave States, in proportion to slave population, to be distributed to the holders of slaves in those States upon condition that they would consent to the abolition of slavery, the disbanding of the insurgent army, and would acknowledge and submit to the laws of the United States.

The members of the Cabinet were all opposed. He seemed somewhat surprised at that, and asked: "How long will the war last?" No one answered, but he soon said: "A hundred days. We are spending now in carrying on the war $3,000,000 a day, which will amount to all this money, besides all the lives."

With a deep sigh he added: "But you are all opposed to me, and I will not send the message."

From time to time persons, probably desiring to extol and magnify Mr. Lincoln, have represented

that he was, during the war, frequently discouraged and quite in despair. About nothing in his career has he been more misrepresented than by these persons in this matter. There was never an hour during all the war in which he had any doubt of the ultimate success of the Union arms. He was often disappointed, and grieved at the disappointment. He expected that McClellan would be successful on the Peninsula, and afterward that he would follow up his victory at Antietam, and that Meade would follow up his at Gettysburg; and in speaking of that battle and the omission of Meade to pursue and fight, he said:

"He did so well at Gettysburg that I cannot complain of him."

As to Grant, after the Vicksburg campaign he never expressed a doubt of his success nor seemed to have the slightest apprehension that disaster would overtake him.

Persons may have fallen into the error of supposing that he was dejected and discouraged from his appearance in repose. When not engaged in conversation his countenance wore a sad expression, but that was no index of the operation of his mind. Chief among his great characteristics were his gentleness and humanity, and yet he did not hesitate promptly to approve the sentences of Kennedy and Beall.

During the entire war there are but few other evidences to be found of a willingness on his part that any one should suffer the penalty of death. His great effort seemed to be to find some excuse, some palliation for offences charged. He strove at all times to relieve the citizens on both sides of the inconveniences and hardships resulting from the war. It has often been reported that Secretary of War Stanton arbitrarily refused to carry out his orders. In all such cases reported it will be found that the President had given directions to him to issue permits to persons who had applied to go through the lines into the insurgent districts. The President said at one time, referring to Stanton's refusal to issue the permits and the severe remarks made by the persons who were disobliged:

"I cannot always know whether a permit ought to be granted, and I want to oblige everybody when I can, and Stanton and I have an understanding that if I send an order to him that cannot be consistently granted, he is to refuse it, which he sometimes does; and that led to a remark which I made the other day to a man who complained of Stanton, that I hadn't much influence with this administration, but expected to have more with the next."

J. P. USHER.

Geo. S. Bonnett.

VI.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

WHEN Anson Burlingame was in this country the last time he gave me an account of his life in China, his relations with the principal personages there, and said, finally, "When I die they will erect monuments and temples to my memory. However much I may now protest, they will do that." This, we are told, the people and government of China have done.

Gratitude to public benefactors is the common sentiment of mankind. It has found expression in every age; it finds expression in every condition of society. Monuments and temples seem to belong to the age of art rather than to the age of letters, but reflection teaches us that letters cannot fully express the obligations of the learned, even to their chief benefactors, and only in a less degree can epitaphs, essays and histories satisfy those who have not the opportunity and culture to read and understand them. Moreover, monuments and temples in honor of the dead express the sentiments of their

contemporaries who survive; and the sentiments of contemporaries, when freed from passion, crystallize, usually, into opinion—the fixed, continuing opinion of mankind. Napoleon must ever remain great; Washington, good and great; Burke, the first of English orators; the younger Pitt, the chief of English statesmen; and Henry the Eighth, a dark character in British history. Time and reflection, the competing fame of new and illustrious men, the antiquarian and the critic, may modify the first-formed opinion, but seldom or never is it changed. The judgment rendered at the grave is a just judgment usually, but whether so or not it is not often disturbed.

The fame of noble men is at once the most endearing and the most valuable public possession. Of the distant past it is all of value that remains; and of the recent past, the verdant fields, the villages, cities and institutions of culture and government are only monuments which men of that past have reared to their own fame. History is but the account of men: the earth, even, is but a mighty theater on which human actors, great and small, have played their parts. Superior talents and favoring circumstances have secured for a few persons that special recognition called immortality; that is, a knowledge of qualities and actions attributed to an individual whose name is preserved and transmitted, with that knowledge, from one generation to

another. This immortality may be nothing to the dead, but the record furnishes examples and inspiring facts, especially for the young, by which they are encouraged and stimulated to lead lives worthy of the illustrious men of the past. Herein is the value, and the chief value, of monuments, temples, histories and panegyrics. If the highest use of sinners is, by their evil lives and bad examples, to keep saints to their duty, so it is also that the immortality accorded to those who were scourges rather than benefactors serves as a warning to men who strive to write their names upon the page of history. But the world really cherishes only the memory of those who were good as well as great, and hence it is the effort of panegyrists and hero-worshipers to place their idols in that attitude before mankind. The immortal few are those who have identified themselves with contests and principles in which men of all times are interested; or who have so expressed the wish or thought or purpose of mankind, that their words both enlighten and satisfy the thoughtful of every age. When we consider how much is demanded of aspirants for lasting fame, we can understand the statement that that century is rich which adds more than one name to the short list of persons who in an historical sense are immortal. In that sense those only are immortal whose fame passes beyond the country,

beyond the race, beyond the language, beyond the century, and far outspreads all knowledge of the details of local and national history.

The empire of Japan sent accredited to the United States as its first minister resident, Ari Nori Mori, a young man of extraordinary ability, and then only twenty-four years of age. A few months before Japan was opened to intercourse with other nations, an elder brother of Mori lived for a time as a student at Jeddo, the capital of the empire. Upon his return to his home in the country he informed the family that he had heard of a new and distant nation of which Washington, the greatest and best of men, was the founder, savior and father. Beyond this he had heard little of the country or the man, but this brief statement so inspired the younger brother to know more of the man and of the country, that he resolved to leave his native land without delay, and in disobedience both to parental rule and public law. In this single fact we see what fame is in its largest sense, and we realize also the power of a single character to influence others even where there is no tie of country, of language, of race, or any except that which gives unity to the whole family of man. If, then, the acquisition of fame in a large sense be so difficult, is it wise thus to present the subject to the young? May they not be deterred from those manly efforts which are the prerequisites to success?

I answer, Fame is not a proper object of human effort, and its pursuit is the most unwise of human undertakings. I am not now moralizing; I am trying to state the account as a worldly transaction. Moreover, there is a distinction between the fame of which I have spoken and contemporaneous recognition of one's capacity and fitness to perform important private or public service. This is reputation rather than fame, and it well may be sought by honorable effort, and it should be prized by every one as an object of virtuous ambition. Success, however, is not so often gained by direct effort as by careful, systematic, thorough preparation for duty. The world is not so loaded with genius, nor even with talent, that opportunities are wanting for all those who have capacity for public service.

Mr. Bancroft gave voice to the considerate judgment of mankind when, in conversation, he said, "Beyond question, General Washington, intellectually, is the first of Americans." If this statement be open to question, the question springs from the limitation, for beyond doubt Washington is the first of Americans. His pre-eminence, his greatness, appear in the fact that his faculties and powers were so fully developed, so evenly adjusted and nicely balanced, that in all the various and difficult duties of military and civil life he never for an instant failed to meet the demand which his position and the at-

tendant circumstances made upon him. This was the opinion of his contemporaries. His pre-eminence was felt and recognized by the leaders of the savage tribes of America, by the most sagacious statesmen and wisest observers in foreign lands, and by all of his countrymen who were able to escape the influence of passion and to consider passing events in the light of pure reason.

It is the glory of Washington that he was the first great military chief who did not exhibit the military spirit; and in this he has given to his country an example and a rule of the highest value. The problem of republics is to develop military capacity without fostering the military spirit. This Washington did in himself, and this also his country has done. The zeal of the young men of the Republic to enter the military service for the defense of the Union, and the satisfaction with which they accepted peace and returned to the employments of peace, all in obedience to the example of Washington, are his highest praise.

Washington was also an illustration of the axiom in government, that the faculties and qualities essential to a military leader are the highest endowments of a ruler in time of peace; and the instincts of men are in harmony with this historic and philosophic truth. The time that has passed, since the public career and natural life of Washington ended, has

not dimmed the luster of his fame, nor qualified in the least that general judgment on which he was raised to an equality with the most renowned personages of ancient and modern times.

With this estimate, not an unusual nor an exaggerated estimate, I venture to claim for Abraham Lincoln the place next to Washington, whether we have regard to private character, to intellectual qualities, to public services, or to the weight of obligation laid upon the country and upon mankind. Between Washington and Lincoln there were two full generations of men; but, of them all, I see not one who can be compared with either.

Submitting this opinion, in advance of all evidence, I proceed to deal with those qualities, opportunities, characteristics and services on which Lincoln's claim rests for the broad and most enduring fame of which I have spoken. We are attracted naturally by the career of a man who has passed from the humblest condition in early life to stations of honor and fame in maturer years. With Lincoln this space was the broadest possible in civilized life. His childhood was spent in a cabin upon a mud floor, and his youth and early manhood were checkered with more than the usual share of vicissitudes and disappointments. The chief blessing of his early life was his step-mother, Sally Bush, who, by her affectionate treatment and wise conduct, did much to elevate the character of the

class of women to which she belonged. His opportunities for training in the schools were few, and his hours of study were limited. The books that he could obtain were read and re-read, and a grammar and geometry were his constant companions for a time; but his means of education bore no logical relation to the position he finally reached as a thinker, writer and speaker. Lincoln is a witness, for the man William Shakespeare, against those hostile and illogical critics who deny to him the authorship of the plays that bear his name because they cannot comprehend the way of reaching such results without the aid of books, teachers and universities. When they show similar results reached by the aid of books, teachers and universities, or even by their aid chiefly, they will then have one fact tending to prove that such results cannot be reached without such aids; but in the absence of the proof we must accept Shakespeare and Lincoln, and confess our ignorance of the processes by which their greatness was attained.

Books, schools and universities are helps to all, and they are needed by each and all in the ratio of the absence of natural capacity. By the processes of reason employed to show that Shakespeare did not write *Hamlet*, it may be proved that Lincoln did not compose the speech which he pronounced at Gettysburg. The parallel between Shakespeare and Lin-

coln is good to this extent. The products of the pen of Lincoln imply a degree of culture in schools which he never had, and a process of reasoning upon that implication leads to the conclusion that he was not the author of what bears his name. We know that this conclusion would be false, and we may therefore question the soundness of a similar process of reasoning in the case of Shakespeare.

The world gives too much credit to self-made men. Not much is due to those who are so largely endowed by nature that they at once outrun their contemporaries who are always on the crutches of books and authorities, and but a little more is due to the larger class who in isolation and privation acquire the knowledge that is gained, usually, only in the schools. In the end, however, we judge the man as a whole and as a result, for there is no trustworthy analysis by which we can decide how much is due to nature, how much to personal effort, and how much to circumstances. Of all the self-made men of America, Lincoln owed least to books, schools, and society. Washington owed much to these, and all his self-assertion, which was considerable, in society, in the army, and in civil affairs, was the assertion of a trained man. Lincoln asserted nothing but his capacity, when it was his duty to decide what was wise and what was right. He claimed nothing for himself, in his personal character, in the nature of deference from

others, and too little, perhaps, for the great office he held. The schools create nothing; they only bring out what is; but as long as the mass of mankind think otherwise, an untrained person like Lincoln has an immense advantage over the scholar in the contest for immortality. In this particular, however, the instincts of men have a large share of wisdom in them. When we speak of human greatness we mean natural, innate faculty and power. We distinguish the gift of God from the culture of the schools. The unlearned give the schools too much credit in the work of developing power and forming character; the learned, perhaps, give them too little. But whether judged by the learned or the unlearned, Lincoln is the most commanding figure in the ranks of self-made men which America has yet produced.

Mr. Lincoln possessed the almost divine faculty of interpreting the will of the people without any expression by them. We often hear of the influence of the atmosphere of Washington upon the public men residing there. It never affected him. He was of all men most independent of locality and social influences. He was wholly self-contained in all that concerned his opinions upon public questions and in all his judgments of the popular will. Conditions being given, he could anticipate the popular will and conduct. When the proceedings of the convention of dissenting Republicans, which

assembled at Cleveland in 1864, were mentioned to him and his opinion sought, he told the story of two fresh Irishmen who attempted to find a tree-toad that they heard in the forest, and how, after a fruitless hunt, one of them consoled himself and his companion with the expression, "An' faith it was nothing but a noise."

Mr. Lincoln's goodness of nature was boundless. In childhood it showed itself in unfeigned aversion to every form of cruelty to animal life. When he was President it found expression in that memorable letter to Mrs. Bixby of Boston, who had given, irrevocably given, as was then supposed, five sons to the country. The letter was dated November 21, 1864, before the excitement of his second election was over:

"DEAR MADAM:—I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement, of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the sol-

emn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

"Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"To Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Massachusetts."

I imagine that all history and all literature may be searched, and in vain, for a funeral tribute so touching, so comprehensive, so fortunate in expression as this.

If we have been moved to laughter by a simple story and to tears by a pathetic strain, we can understand what Lincoln was to all, and especially to the common people who were his fellows in everything except his greatness, when he moved, spoke, and acted among them. It would be a reflection upon the human race if men did not recognize something worthy of enduring fame in one whose kindness and sympathy were so comprehensive as to include the insect on the one side and the noble, but bereaved, mother on the other. To the soldier, General Thomas was "Old Holdfast," General Hooker was "Fighting Joe," and Mr. Lincoln was "Father Abraham." These names were due to personal qualities which the soldiers observed, admired and applauded. Mr. Lincoln was a mirth-making, genial, melancholy man. By these characteristics he enlisted sympathy for himself at once, while his moral qualities and intellectual pre-eminence commanded respect. Mr.

Lincoln's wit and mirth will give him a passport to the thoughts and hearts of millions who would take no interest in the sterner and more practical parts of his character. He used his faculties for mirth and wit to relieve the melancholy of his life, to parry unwelcome inquiries, and, in the debates of politics and the bar, to worry his opponents. In debate he often so combined wit, satire and statement that his opponent at once appeared ridiculous and illogical. Mr. Douglas was often the victim of these sallies in the great debate for the Senate before the people of Illinois, and before the people of the country, in the year 1858. Douglas constantly asserted that abolition would be followed by amalgamation, and that the Republican party designed to repeal the laws of Illinois which prohibited the marriage of blacks and whites. This was a formidable appeal, to the prejudices of the people of Southern Illinois especially. "I protest now and forever," said Lincoln, "against that counterfeit logic which presumes that because I did not want a negro woman for a slave, I do, necessarily, want her for a wife. I have never had the least apprehension that I or my friends would marry negroes if there were no law to keep them from it, but as Judge Douglas and his friends seem to be in great apprehension that they might, if there were no law to keep them from it, I give him the most solemn pledge that I will to the very last stand by the

law of this State, which forbids the marrying of white people with negroes."

Thus in two sentences did Mr. Lincoln overthrow Douglas in his logic and render him ridiculous in his position. Douglas claimed special credit for the defeat of the Lecompton bill, although five-sixths of the votes were given by the Republican Party. Said Lincoln: "Why is he entitled to more credit than others for the performance of that good act, unless there was something in the antecedents of the Republicans that might induce every one to expect them to join in that good work, and, at the same time, leading them to doubt that he would. Does he place his superior claim to credit on the ground that he performed a good act which was never expected of him?" He then gave Mr. Douglas the benefit of a specific application of the parable of the lost sheep.

In the last debate at Alton, October 15, 1858, Mr. Douglas proceeded to show that Buchanan was guilty of gross inconsistencies of position. Lincoln did not defend Buchanan, but after he had stated the fact that Douglas had been on both sides of the Missouri Compromise, he added: "I want to know if Buchanan has not as much right to be inconsistent as Douglas has? Has Douglas the exclusive right in this country of being *on all sides of all questions?* Is nobody allowed that high privilege but himself? Is he to have an entire monopoly on that subject?"

There are three methods in debate of sustaining and enforcing opinions, and the faculty and facility of using these several methods are the tests of intellectual quality in writers and speakers. First, and lowest intellectually, are those who rely upon authority. They gather and marshal the sayings of their predecessors, and ask their hearers and readers to indorse the positions taken, not because they are reasonable and right under the process of demonstration, but because many persons in other times have thought them to be right and reasonable. As this is the work of the mere student, and does not imply either philosophy or the faculty of reasoning, those who rely exclusively upon authority are in the third class of intellectual men. Next, and of a much higher order, are the writers and speakers who state the facts of a case, apply settled principles to them, and by sound processes of reasoning maintain the position taken. But high above all are the men who by statement pure and simple, or by statement argumentative, carry conviction to thoughtful minds. Unquestionably Mr. Lincoln belongs to this class. Those who remember Douglas's theory in regard to "squatter sovereignty," which he sometimes dignified by calling it the "sacred right of self-government," will appreciate the force of Lincoln's statement of the scheme in these words: "The phrase, 'sacred right of self-govern-

ment,' though expressive of the only rightful basis of any government, was so perverted in the attempted use of it as to amount to just this: *That if any one man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object.*"

In the field of argumentative statement, Mr. Webster, at the time of his death, had had no rival in America; but he has left nothing more exact, explicit, and convincing than this extract from Lincoln's first speech of the great debate. Here is a statement in less than twenty words, *If any one man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object*, which embodies the substance of the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Dred Scott, the theory of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, and exposes the sophistry which Douglas had woven into his arguments on "squatter sovereignty."

Douglas constantly appealed to the prejudices of the people, and arrayed them against the doctrine of negro equality. Lincoln, in reply, after asserting their equality under the Declaration of Independence, added: "In the right to eat the bread, without the leave of anybody else, which his own hand earns, he is my equal, and the equal of Judge Douglas, and the equal of every living man." Douglas often said—and he commanded the cheers of his supporters when he said it—"I do not care

whether slavery is voted up or voted down." In his final speech at Alton, Lincoln reviewed the history of the churches and of the government in connection with slavery, and he then asked: "Is it not a false statesmanship that undertakes to build up a system of policy upon the basis of caring nothing about the very thing that everybody does care the most about?" He then, in the same speech, assailed Douglas's position in an argument, which is but a series of statements, and, as a whole, it is, in its logic and moral sentiment, the equal of anything in the language: "He may say he doesn't care whether an indifferent thing is voted up or down, but he must logically have a choice between a right thing and a wrong thing. He contends that whatever community wants slaves has a right to have them. So they have, if it is not a wrong. But if it is a wrong, he cannot say people have a right to do wrong. He says that, upon the score of equality, slaves should be allowed to go into a new territory like other property. This is strictly logical, if there is no difference between it and other property. If it and other property are equal, his argument is entirely logical. But if you insist that one is wrong and the other right, there is no use to institute a comparison between right and wrong. You may turn over everything in the Democratic policy from beginning to end—whether in the shape it takes on

the statute-book, in the shape it takes in the Dred Scott decision, in the shape it takes in conversation, or in the shape it takes in short maxim-like arguments—it everywhere carefully excludes the idea that there is anything wrong in it. That is the real issue. That is the issue that will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles, right and wrong, throughout the world. They are the two principles that have stood face to face from the beginning of time, and will ever continue to struggle. The one is the common right of humanity; and the other, the divine right of kings. It is the same principle in whatever shape it develops itself. It is the same spirit that says, 'You work and toil and earn bread, and I'll eat it.' No matter in what shape it comes, whether from the mouth of a king who seeks to bestride the people of his own nation and live by the fruit of their labor, or from one race of men as an apology for enslaving another race, it is the same tyrannical principle."

To the Democrat who admitted that slavery was a wrong, Mr. Lincoln addressed himself thus: "You never treat it as a wrong. You must not say anything about it in the free States, because *it is not here.* You must not say anything about in the slave States, because *it is there.* You must not say any-

thing about it in the pulpit, because that is religion, and has nothing to do with it. You must not say anything about it in politics, because that will disturb the security of my place. There is no place to talk about it as being wrong, although you say yourself it is a wrong."

Among the rude people with whom Lincoln passed his youth and early manhood, his personal courage was often tested, and usually in support of the rights or pretensions of others, or in behalf of the weak, the wronged, or the dependent. In later years his moral characteristics were subjected to tests equally severe. Mr. Lincoln was not an agitator like Garrison, Phillips, and O'Connell, and as a Reformer he belonged to the class of moderate men, such as Peel and Gladstone; but in no condition did he ever confound right with wrong, or speak of injustice with bated breath. His first printed paper was a plea for temperance; and his second, a eulogy upon the Union. His positive, personal hostility to slavery goes back to the year 1831, when he arrived at New Orleans as a laborer upon a flatboat. "There it was," says Hanks, his companion; "we saw negroes chained, maltreated, whipped and scourged. Lincoln saw it, said nothing much, was silent from feeling, was sad, looked bad, felt bad, was thoughtful and abstracted. I can say, knowing it, that it was on this trip that he formed his opinion of

slavery. It run its iron in him then and there, May, 1831. I have heard him say so often and often." In 1850, he said to his partner, Mr. Stuart: "The time will come when we must all be Democrats or Abolitionists. When that time comes my mind is made up. The slavery question can't be compromised." In 1855, he said: "Our progress in degeneracy appears to me to be pretty rapid. As a nation we began by declaring that *all men are created equal.* We now practically read it *all men are created equal except negroes.*" In his Ottawa speech of 1858, he read an extract from his speech at Peoria, made in 1854, in these words: "This declared indifference, but as I must think *real* zeal for the spread of slavery, I cannot but hate. I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. I hate it because it deprives our Republican example of its just influence in the world, enables the enemies of free institutions with plausibility to taunt us as hypocrites, causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity, and, especially, because it forces so many really good men among ourselves into an open war with the very fundamental principles of civil liberty, criticising the Declaration of Independence, and insisting that there is no right principle of action but self-interest."

These extracts prepare the reader for the most important utterance by Mr. Lincoln previous to his elevation to the Presidency.

The Republican Convention of the State of Illinois met at Springfield, June 17, 1858, and nominated Mr. Lincoln for the seat in the Senate of the United States then held by Stephen A. Douglas. This action was expected, and Mr. Lincoln had prepared himself to accept the nomination in a speech which he foresaw would be the pivot of debate with Judge Douglas. That speech he submitted to a council of at least twelve of his personal and political friends, all of whom advised him to omit or to change materially the first paragraph. This Mr. Lincoln refused to do, even when challenged by the opinion that it would cost him his seat in the Senate. It did cost him his seat in the Senate, but the speech would have been delivered had he foreseen that it would cost him much more. After its delivery, and while the canvass was going on, he said to his friends: "You may think that speech was a mistake, but I never have believed it was, and you will see the day when you will consider it was the wisest thing I ever said. If I had to draw a pen across and erase my whole life from existence, and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech, and leave it to the world unerased." These are the words that he prized so highly, and which, for the time, cost him so much: "If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could

better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. 'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently, half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved; I do not expect the house to fall; but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other; either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward, till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South." To the pro-slavery, sensitive, prejudiced, Union-saving classes it was not difficult to interpret this paragraph in a highly offensive sense. The phrase, "A house divided against itself cannot stand" was interpreted as a declaration against the Union. It was, in fact, a declaration of the existence of the irrepressible conflict.

Douglas availed himself of the opportunity to excite the prejudices of the people, and thus secured

his re-election to the Senate. Mr. Lincoln had a higher object: he sought to change public sentiment. No man ever lived who better understood the means of affecting public sentiment, or more highly appreciated its power and importance. At Ottawa he said: "In this and like communities public sentiment is everything. With public sentiment nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed."

I have quoted thus freely from Mr. Lincoln that we may appreciate his moral courage; that we may rest in the opinion that he was an early, constant, consistent advocate of human liberty; and that we might enjoy the charm of his transcendently clear thought, convincing logic, and power of statement. When he became President, and was called to bear the chief burden in the struggle for liberty and the Union, he was never dismayed by the condition of public affairs, nor disturbed by apprehensions for his personal safety. He was like a soldier in the field, enlisted for duty, and danger was, of course, incident to it. I was alone with Mr. Lincoln more than two hours of the Sunday next after Pope's defeat in August, 1862. That was the darkest day of the sad years of the war. McClellan had failed upon the

Peninsula. Pope's army, reinforced by the remains of the Army of the Peninsula, had been driven within the fortification of Washington. Our losses of men had been enormous, but most serious of all was the loss of confidence in commanders. The army did not confide in Pope, and the authorities did not confide in McClellan. In that crisis Lincoln surrendered his own judgment to the opinion of the army, and re-established McClellan in command. When the business to which I had been summoned by the President was over—strange business for the time: the appointment of assessors and collectors of internal revenue—he was kind enough to ask my opinion as to the command of the army. The way was thus opened for conversation, and for me to say at the end that I thought our success depended upon the emancipation of the slaves. To this he said: "You would not have it done now, would you? Must we not wait for something like a victory?" This was the second and most explicit intimation to me of his purpose in regard to slavery. In the preceding July or early in August, at an interview upon business connected with my official duties, he said, "Let me read two letters," and taking them from a pigeonhole over his table he proceeded at once to do what he had proposed. I have not seen the letters in print. His correspondent was a gentleman in Louisiana, who claimed to be a Union man. He tendered

his advice to the President in regard to the reorganization of that State, and he labored zealously to impress upon him the dangers and evils of emancipation. The reply of the President is only important from the fact that when he came to that part of his correspondent's letter he used this expression: "You must not expect me to give up this government without playing my last card." Emancipation was his last card. He waited for the time when two facts or events should coincide. Mr. Lincoln was as devoted to the Constitution as was ever Mr. Webster. In his view, a military necessity was the only ground on which the overthrow of slavery in the States could be justified. Next he waited for a public sentiment in the loyal States not only demanding emancipation but giving full assurance that the act would be sustained to the end. As for himself, I cannot doubt that he had contemplated the policy of emancipation for many months, and anticipated the time when he should adopt it. At his interview with the Chicago clergy he stated the reasons against emancipation, and stated them so forcibly that the clergy were not prepared to answer them; but the accredited account of the interview contains conclusive proof that Mr. Lincoln then contemplated issuing the proclamation. It may be remembered by the reader that in the political campaign of 1862, a prominent leader of the People's Party, the late

Judge Joel Parker, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, said in public that Mr. Lincoln issued the proclamation under the influence of the loyal governors who met at Altoona in September of that year. As I was about to leave Washington in the month of October to take part in the canvass, I mentioned to the President the fact that such a statement had been made. He at once said: "I never thought of the meeting of the governors. The truth is just this: When Lee came over the river, I made a resolution that if McClellan drove him back I would send the proclamation after him. The battle of Antietam was fought Wednesday, and until Saturday I could not find out whether we had gained a victory or lost a battle. It was then too late to issue the proclamation that day, and the fact is I fixed it up a little Sunday, and Monday I let them have it."

Men will probably entertain different opinions of one part of Lincoln's character. He not only possessed the apparently innate faculty of comprehending the tendency, purposes and opinions of masses of men, but he observed and measured with accuracy the peculiarities of individuals who were about him, and made those individuals, sometimes through their peculiarities and sometimes in spite of them, the instruments or agents of his own views. Of the three chief men in his Cabinet, Seward, Chase and Stanton, Mr. Stanton was the only one who

never thus yielded to this power of the President. The reason was creditable alike to the President and to Mr. Stanton. Mr. Stanton was frank and fearless in his office, devoted to duty, destitute of ambition, and uncompromising in his views touching emancipation and the suppression of the rebellion. The popular sentiment of the day made no impression upon him. He was always ready for every forward movement, and he could never be reconciled to a backward step, either in the field or the Cabinet. It is no injustice to Mr. Seward and Mr. Chase to say that they had ambitions which under some circumstances might disturb the judgment. These ambitions and their tendencies could not escape the notice of the President.

Mr. Lincoln was indifferent to those matters of government that were relatively unimportant; but he devoted himself with conscientious diligence to the graver questions and topics of official duty, and in the first months of his administration, at a moment of supreme peril, by his pre-eminent wisdom, of which there remains indubitable proof, he saved the country from a foreign war. I refer to the letter of instruction to Mr. Adams, written in May, 1861, and relating to the proclamation of the Government of Great Britain recognizing the belligerent character of the Confederate States.

In the greatest exigencies his power of judging

immediately and wisely did not desert him. On the eve of the battle of Gettysburg, General Hooker resigned the command of the army. This act was a painful, a terrible surprise to Mr. Stanton and the President. Mr. Stanton's account to me was this: "When I received the dispatch my heart sank within me, and I was more depressed than at any other moment of the war. I could not say that any other officer knew General Hooker's plans, or the position even of the various divisions of the army. I sent for the President to come to the War Office at once. It was in the evening, but the President soon appeared. I handed him the dispatch. As he read it his face became like lead. I said, 'What shall be done?' He replied instantly, 'Accept his resignation.'" In secret, and without consulting any one else, the President and Secretary of War canvassed the merits of the various officers of the army, and decided to place General Meade in command. Of this decision General Meade was informed by a dispatch sent by a special messenger, who reached his quarters before the break of day the next morning. It may be interesting to know the grounds on which the President decided to promote General Meade.

First—That he was a good soldier, if not a brilliant one.

Second—That he was a native of Pennsylvania,

and that State at that moment was the battle-field of the Union.

Third—The President apprehended that a demand would be made for the restoration of General McClellan, and this he desired to prevent by the selection of a man who represented the same political opinions in the army and in the country.

Mr. Lincoln entertained advanced thoughts and opinions upon all worthy topics of public concern; indeed, his opinions were in advance, usually, of his acts as a public man. This is but another mode of stating the truth, that he possessed the faculty of foreseeing the course of public opinion—a faculty essential to statesmen in popular governments.

In 1853, in a campaign letter, he said: "I go for all sharing the privileges of government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who pay taxes or bear arms, by no means excluding females." In 1854, he said: "Labor is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the support of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration." In April of the same year, he said: "I am naturally antislavery. If slavery is not wrong, nothing is wrong. I cannot remember when I did not so think and feel." In his last public utterance he declared himself in

favor of extending the elective franchise to colored men.

Thus he died without one limitation in his expressed opinions of the rights of men which the historian or eulogist will desire to suppress or to qualify. It is to be said further of this many-sided man, and most opulent in natural resources, that he takes rank with the first logicians and orators of every age. His mastery over Douglas in the debate of 1858 was complete. While President, and by successive letters, he effectually repelled the attacks and silenced the criticisms of the New York Committee, of which Erastus Corning was the head, that condemned illegal arrests and the suspension of the writ of habeas corpus; of the Union Committee of the State of Illinois, that proposed to save the Union if slavery could be saved with it; of the Democratic Convention of the State of Ohio, that denounced the arrest of Vallandingham; and of Horace Greeley himself, when he complained of the policy the President seemed to be pursuing on the subject of emancipation.

As I approach my conclusion, I ask a judgment upon Mr. Lincoln, not as a competitor with Mr. Douglas for a seat in the Senate of the United States, but as a competitor for fame with the first orators of this and other countries, of this and other ages.

In support of this view I quote the closing para-

graph of his first speech in the canvass of 1858. "Our cause, then, must be intrusted to, and conducted by its own undoubted friends, those whose hands are free, whose hearts are in the work, who do care for the result. Two years ago the Republicans of the nation mustered over thirteen hundred thousand strong. We did this under the single impulse of resistance to a common danger, with every external circumstance against us. Of strange, discordant, and even hostile elements, we gathered from the four winds, and formed and fought the battle through, under the constant, hot fire of a disciplined, proud and pampered enemy. Did we brave all then to falter now? Now, when that same enemy is wavering, dissevered and belligerent? The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail; if we stand firm we shall *not fail.* Wise counsels may accelerate, or mistakes delay it, but sooner or later the victory is sure to come." We all remember his simple, earnest, persuasive appeals to the South, in his first inaugural address. At the end he says: "I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic cords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again

touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature." There is nothing elsewhere in our literature of plaintive entreaty to be compared with this. It combines the eloquence of the orator with the imagery and inspiration of the poet. But the three great papers on which Lincoln's fame will be carried along the ages are the proclamation of emancipation, his oration at Gettysburg, and his second inaugural address. The oration ranks with the noblest productions of antiquity, with the works of Pericles, of Demosthenes, of Cicero, and rivals the finest passages of Grattan, Burke or Webster. This is not the opinion of Americans only, but of the cultivated in other countries, whose judgment anticipates the judgment of posterity.

When we consider the place, the occasion, the man, and, more than all, when we consider the oration itself, can we doubt that it ranks with the first of American classics? That literature is immortal which commands a permanent place in the schools of a country, and is there any composition more certain of that destiny than Lincoln's oration at Gettysburg? "Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We

are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." But if all that Lincoln said and was should fail to carry his name and character to future ages, the emancipation of four million human beings by his single official act is a passport to all of immortality that earth can give. There is no other individual act performed by any person on this continent that can be compared with

it. The Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, were each the work of bodies of men. The Proclamation of Emancipation in this respect stands alone. The responsibility was wholly upon Lincoln; the glory is chiefly his. No one can now say whether the Declaration of Independence, or the Constitution of the United States, or the Proclamation of Emancipation was the highest, best gift to the country and to mankind. With the curse of slavery in America there was no hope for republican institutions in other countries. In the presence of slavery the Declaration of Independence had lost its power; practically, it had become a lie. In the presence of slavery we were to the rest of mankind and to ourselves a nation of hypocrites. The gift of freedom to four million negroes was not more valuable to them than to us; and not more valuable to us than to the friends of liberty in other parts of the world.

In these days, when politicians and parties are odious to many thoughtful and earnest-minded persons, it may not be amiss to look at Mr. Lincoln as a politician and partisan. These he was, first of all and always. He had political convictions that were ineradicable, and they were wholly partisan. As the rebellion became formidable, the Republican party became the party of the Union; and as the party of the Union, with Mr. Lincoln at its head, it was from first to last the only political organization in the country that

consistently, persistently, and without qualification of purpose, met, and in the end successfully met, every demand of the enemies of the government, whether proffered in diplomatic notes or on the field of battle. He struggled first for the Union, and then for the overthrow of slavery as the only formidable enemy of the Union. These were his tests of political fellowship, and he carefully excluded from place every man who could not bear them. He accepted the great and most manifest lesson of free government, that every wise and vigorous administration represents the majority party, and that the best days of every free country are those days when a party takes and wields power by a popular verdict, and guards itself at every step against the assaults of a scrutinizing and vigorous opposition. He accepted the essential truths that a free government is a political organization, and that the political opinions of those intrusted with its administration, as to what the government should be and do, are of more consequence to the country than even their knowledge of orthography and etymology. As a consequence, he accepted the proposition that every place of executive discretion or of eminent administrative power should be occupied by the friends of the government. This, not because the spoils belong to the victors, but for the elevated and sufficient reason that the chief offices of state are instrumentalities and agencies by

which the majority carry out their principles, perfect their measures, and render their policy acceptable to the country. And also for the further reason that in case of failure the administration is without excuse. The entire public policy of Mr. Lincoln was the natural outgrowth of his political principles as a Republican. Through the influence of experience and the exercise of power the politician ripened into the statesman, but the ideas, principles, and purposes of the statesman were the ideas, principles, and purposes of the partisan politician. In prosecuting the war for the Union, in the steps taken for the emancipation of the slaves, Mr. Lincoln appeared to follow rather than to lead the Republican party. But his own views were more advanced usually than those of his party, and he waited patiently and confidently for the healthy movements of public sentiment which he well knew were in the right direction. No man was ever more firmly or consistently the representative of a party than was Mr. Lincoln, and his acknowledged greatness is due, first, to the wisdom and justice of the principles and measures of the political party that he represented, and, secondly, to his fidelity in every hour of his administration, and in every crisis of public affairs, to the principles, ideas and measures of the party with which he was identified.

Having seen Mr. Lincoln as frontiersman, politician, lawyer, stump-speaker, orator, statesman and patriot, it only remains for us to contemplate him as an his-

torical personage. First of all, it is to be said that Mr. Lincoln is next in fame to Washington, and it is by no means certain that history will not assign to Lincoln an equal place, and this without any qualification of the claims or disparagement in any way of the virtues of the Father of this country. The measure of Washington's fame is full, but for many centuries, and over vast spaces of the globe and among all peoples passing from barbarism or semi-servitude to civilization and freedom, Mr. Lincoln will be hailed as the Liberator. In all governments struggling for existence, his example will be a guide and a help. Neither the gift of prophecy nor the quality of imagination is needed to forecast the steady growth of Lincoln's fame. At the close of the twentieth century the United States will contain one hundred and fifty or two hundred million inhabitants, and from one-fourth to one-third of the population of the globe will then use the English language. To all these and to all their descendants Mr. Lincoln will be one of the three great characters of American history, while to the unnumbered millions of the negro race in the United States, in Africa, in South America, and in the islands of the sea, he will be the great figure of all ages and of every nation. His fame will increase and spread with the knowledge of Republican institutions, with the expansion and power of the English-speaking race, and with the deeper respect which civilization will

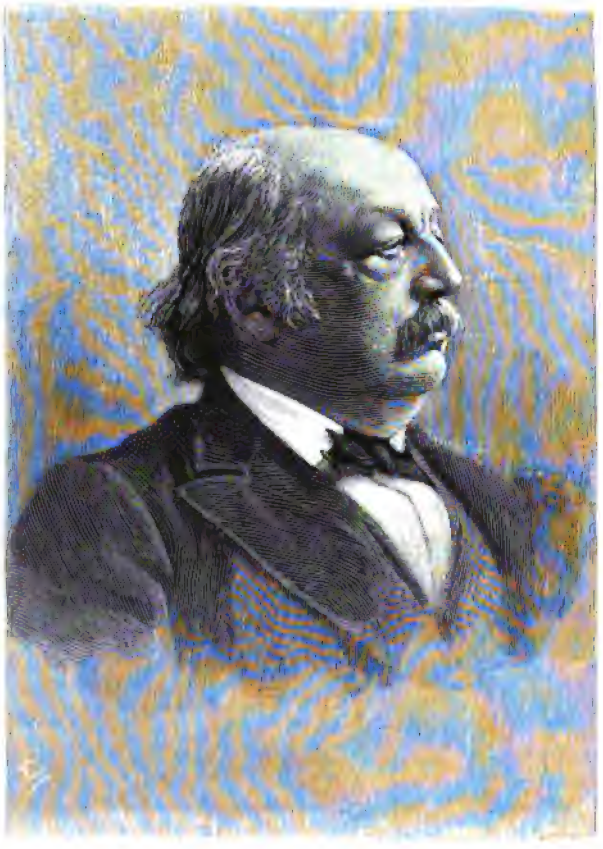
create for whatever is attractive in personal character, wise in the administration of public affairs, just in policy, or liberal and comprehensive in the exercise of constitutional and extra-constitutional powers.

It was but an inadequate recognition of the character and services of Mr. Lincoln that was made by the patriots of Rome when they chose a fragment from the wall of Servius Tullius and sent it to the President with this inscription: "To Abraham Lincoln, President for the second time of the American Republic, citizens of Rome present this stone, from the wall of Servius Tullius, by which the memory of each of those brave asserters of Liberty may be associated. Anno 1865." The final and nobler tribute to Mr. Lincoln is yet to be rendered, not by a single city nor by the patriots of a single country. A knowledge of his life and character is to be carried by civilization into every nation and to every people. Under him and largely through his acts and influence justice became the vital force of the Republic. The war established our power. The policy of Mr. Lincoln and those who acted with him secured the reign of justice ultimately in our domestic affairs. Possessing power and exhibiting justice, the nation should pursue a policy of peace.

Power, Justice and Peace; in them is the glory of the regenerated Republic.

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

THE
BOSTON LIBRARY
SOCIETY



VII.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

I.

I AM asked to give some reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. I have so many and pleasant ones that I do not know where to begin unless at the beginning.

I first saw Lincoln in 1840, making a speech in that memorable campaign, in the City Hall at Lowell; and not again till I was more than twenty-one years older, when I called on him at the White House to make acknowledgments for my appointment as major-general. When he handed me the commission, with some kindly words of compliment, I replied: "I do not know whether I ought to accept this. I received my orders to prepare my brigade to march to Washington while trying a cause to a jury. I stated the fact to the court and asked that the case might be continued, which was at once consented to, and I left to come here the second morning after, my business in utter confusion." He said: "I guess we both wish we were back trying cases," with a quizzical look upon his countenance. I said: "Besides, Mr.

President, you may not be aware that I was the Breckinridge candidate for Governor in my State in the last campaign, and did all I could to prevent your election." "All the better," said he; "I hope your example will bring many of the same sort with you." "But," I answered, "I do not know that I can support the measures of your administration, Mr. President." "I do not care whether you do or not," was his reply, "if you will fight for the country." "I will take the commission and loyally serve while I may, and bring it back to you when I can go with you no further." "That is frank; but tell me wherein you think my administration wrong before you resign," said he. "Report to General Scott."

I was assigned to the command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, and didn't see Mr. Lincoln again until after the capture of Hatteras, about the first of September, the news of which I was able to bring him in person, and he gave me leave to come home and look after my private business, as I had been relieved from command at Fortress Monroe by Brevet Lieutenant-General Wool.

When I returned to Washington, Lincoln sent for me, and after greetings said: "General, you are out of a job; now, if we only had the troops, I would like to have an expedition either against Mobile, New Orleans, or Galveston. Filling up regiments is going on very slowly." I said: "Mr. President, you gave

me permission to tell you when I differed from the action of the administration." He said hastily: "You think we are wrong, do you?" I said: "Yes, in this: You are making this too much a party war. That perhaps is not the fault of the administration but the result of political conditions. All the northern Governors are Republicans, and they of course appoint only their Republican friends as officers of regiments, and then the officers only recruit Republicans. Now this war cannot go on as a party war. You must get the Democrats in it, and there are thousands of patriotic Democrats who would go into it if they could see any opportunity on equal terms with Republicans. Besides, it is not good politics. An election is coming on for Congressmen next year, and if you get all the Republicans sent out as soldiers and the Democrats not interested, I do not see but you will be beaten." He said: "There is meat in that, General," a favorite expression of his; "what is your suggestion?" I said: "Empower me to raise volunteers for the United States and select the officers, and I will go to New England and raise a division of 6,000 men in sixty days. If you will give me power to select the officers I shall choose all Democrats. And if you put epaulets on their soldiers they will be as true to the country as I hope I am." He said: "Draw such an order as you want, but don't get me into any scrape with the Governors about the appointments of the

officers if you can help it." The order was signed, the necessary funds were furnished the next day, and I started for New England; in ninety days I had 6,000 men enlisted, and was ordered to make preparations for an expedition to Ship Island, and the last portion of that expedition sailed on the 25th of February, 1862.

All the New England Governors appointed Democratic officers of my selection save one. And this plan was followed by Governors of the Northern and Western States, which had not been done before in cases of civilians who had not been educated at West Point. Before I left Washington I called upon the President to take leave of him. He received me very cordially, and said: "Good-by, Genral; get into New Orleans if you can, and the backbone of the rebellion will be broken. It is of more importance than anything else that can now be done; but don't interfere with the slavery question, as Fremont has done at St. Louis, and as your man Phelps has been doing on Ship Island." I said: "May I not arm the negroes?" He said: "Not yet; not yet." I said: "Jackson did." He answered: "But not to fight against their masters, but with them." I replied: "I will wait for the word or the necessity, Mr. President." "That's right; God be with you."

On my return from New Orleans the first of January, 1863, I received from an officer of a revenue

cutter in New York harbor a kindly note from Lincoln asking me to come to Washington at once, with which I complied. After greetings, I said: "Why was I relieved, Mr. President, from command at New Orleans?" "I do not know, General," was the answer; "something about foreign affairs; ask Seward. Do you want to go back again to the Mississippi River, General?" "No, Mr. President, not unless I can go back to New Orleans." He then produced a map which had been colored according to the proportion of white and slave population in the United States bordering on the Mississippi, and said: "See that black cloud, General. If it is not under some control soon, shall we not have trouble there? Hadn't you better go down to Vicksburg?" "No," I said, "the black cloud you can control by coming up river as well as going down. I prefer to go home rather than to go anywhere else in the south-west than to New Orleans." He said: "I am sorry, General, that you won't go. I can't send you to New Orleans without doing injustice to General Banks, who has not yet been tried there." "And I can't consistently with self-respect go anywhere else in the south-west from which I have just been relieved."

Some months after this interview, being at Washington on some business matter, I called to pay my respects to the President, and he said to me jocosely, "Well, General, you have had some time with noth-

ing to do but to look on; any more criticisms?" I said: "Yes, Mr. President, the bounties which are now being paid to new recruits cause very large desertions. Men desert and go home, and get the bounties and enlist in other regiments." "That is too true," he replied, "but how can we prevent it!" "By vigorously shooting every man who is caught as a deserter until it is found to be a dangerous business." A saddened, weary look came over his face which I had never seen before, and he slowly replied, "You may be right—probably are so; but God help me, how can I have a butcher's day every Friday in the Army of the Potomac?" The subject seemed to me to be too painful to him to be further pursued. In the later summer I was invited by the President to ride with him in the evening out to the Soldiers' Home, some two miles, a portion of the way being quite lonely. He had no guard—not even an orderly on the box. I said to him: "Is it known that you ride thus alone at night out to the Soldiers' Home?" "Oh, yes," he answered, "when business detains me until night. I do go out earlier as a rule." I said: "I think you peril too much. We have passed a half dozen places where a well-directed bullet might have taken you off." "Oh," he replied, "assassination of public officers is not an American crime. But perhaps it would relieve the anxiety of anxious friends which you express if I had a guard." The

next morning I spoke to Stanton about it, and he afterward insisted upon the President having a guard.

In November, 1863, I received an order to proceed to Fort Monroe and resume command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, relieving General Foster. *En route* through Washington I called upon the President and thanked him for this mark of confidence, and he said: "Yes, General, I believe in you, but not in shooting deserters. As a commander of a department, you can now shoot them for yourself. But let me advise you not to amuse yourself by playing billiards with a rebel officer who is a prisoner of war." And it was thus that I learned one of the causes for General Foster's being relieved, which was for playing billiards with General Fitz Hugh Lee, then a prisoner of war. He then said: "I wish you would give all the attention you can to raising negro troops; large numbers of negroes will probably come in to you. I believe you raised the first ones in New Orleans." I said: "Yes, Mr. President, except General Hunter at South Carolina, whose negro troops were disbanded by your order." "Yes," he said, laughing, "Hunter is a very good fellow, but he was a little too previous in that." He then said good-naturedly: "Don't let Davis catch you, General; he has put a price on your head; he will hang you sure." I answered: "That's a game two can play at, Mr. Presi-

dent. If I ever catch him I will remember your scruples about capital punishment, and relieve you from any trouble with them in his case. He has outlawed me, and if I get hold of him I shall give him the law of the outlaw after a reasonable time to say his prayers."

Lincoln visited my department twice while I was in command. He was personally a very brave man, and gave me the worst fright of my life. He came to my head-quarters and said: "General, I should like to ride along your lines and see them, and see the boys and how they are situated in camp." I said, "Very well, we will go after breakfast." I happened to have a very tall, easy-riding, pacing horse, and as the President was rather long legged, I tendered him the use of him while I rode beside him on a pony. He was dressed, as was his custom, in a black suit, a swallow-tail coat, and tall silk hat. As there rode on the other side of him at first Mr. Fox, the Secretary of the Navy, who was not more than five feet six inches in height, he stood out as a central figure of the group. Of course the staff officers and orderly were behind. When we got to the line of intrenchment, from which the line of rebel pickets was not more than 300 yards, he towered high above the works, and as we came to the several encampments the boys all turned out and cheered him lustily. Of course the enemy's attention was

wholly directed to this performance, and with the glass it could be plainly seen that the eyes of their officers were fastened upon Lincoln; and a personage riding down the lines cheered by the soldiers was a very unusual thing, so that the enemy must have known that he was there. Both Mr. Fox and myself said to him, "Let us ride on the side next to the enemy, Mr. President. You are in fair rifle-shot of them, and they may open fire; and they must know you, being the only person not in uniform, and the cheering of the troops directs their attention to you." "Oh, no," he said laughing, "the commander-in-chief of the army must not show any cowardice in the presence of his soldiers, whatever he may feel." And he insisted upon riding the whole six miles, which was about the length of my intrenchments, in that position, amusing himself at intervals, where there was nothing more attractive, in a sort of competitive examination of the commanding-general in the science of engineering, much to the amusement of my engineer-in-chief, General Weitzel, who rode on my left, and who was kindly disposed to prompt me while the examination was going on, which attracted the attention of Mr. Lincoln, who said, "Hold on, Weitzel, I can't beat you, but I think I can beat Butler."

I give this incident to show his utter unconcern under circumstances of very great peril, which kept

the rest of us in a continued and quite painful anxiety. When we reached the left of the line we turned off toward the hospitals, which were quite extensive and kept in most admirable order by my medical director, Surgeon McCormack. The President passed through all the wards, stopping and speaking very kindly to some of the poor fellows as they lay on their cots, and occasionally administering a few words of commendation to the ward master. Sometimes when reaching a patient who showed much suffering the President's eyes would glisten with tears. The effect of his presence upon these sick men was wonderful, and his visit did great good, for there was no medicine which was equal to the cheerfulness which his visit so largely inspired.

I accompanied him to Fort Monroe, and afterward to Fort Wool, which is on the middle ground between the channels at Hampton Roads. As we sat at dinner, before we took the boat for Washington, his mind seemed to be preoccupied, and he hardly did justice to the best dinner our resources could provide for him. I said, "I hope you are not unwell; you do not eat, Mr. President?" "I am well enough," was the reply; "but would to God this dinner or provisions like it were with our poor prisoners in Andersonville.

Not long afterward I had occasion to visit Washington, and I took with me the record of a

court-martial wherein I had approved a sentence of death, and, upon reflection and re-examination of the record, had some doubt as to the entire sufficiency of the evidence. The order for execution at a future day had been promulgated, and although I might have commuted the sentence even then, yet I thought a pardon had better come from the President, perhaps induced by the thought that a pardon from him would be no reflection upon the court, or intimation that the commading general ever had any occasion to change his mind upon such matter. I called upon the President, laid the record down before him, and in a few words explained it. He looked up and said, "You asking me to pardon some poor fellow! Give me that pen." And in less time than I can tell it the pardon was ordered without further investigation.

Indeed the President didn't keep his promise to allow me to execute whom I pleased as Commander of the Department, for he was not unfrequently sending down telegraphic orders to have some convicted person sent to the Dry Tortugas.

I have given only such incidents, free from all observation of my own, as will tend to illustrate his character, and will content myself with one which develops another phase.

It will be remembered that, like all Southern men, Mr. Lincoln did not understand the negro character.

He doubted very much whether the negro and the white man could possibly live together in any other condition than that of slavery; and early after the emancipation proclamation he proposed to Congress to try the experiment of negro colonization in order to dispose of those negroes who should come within our lines. And, as I remember, speaking from memory only, attempted to make some provision at Demerara, through the agency of Senator Pomeroy, for colonizing the negroes. The experiment was not fully carried out, the reasons for which are of no moment here.

Lincoln was very much disturbed after the surrender of Lee, and he had been to Richmond, upon the question of what would be the results of peace in the Southern States as affected by the contiguity of the white and black races. Shortly before the time, as I remember it, when Mr. Seward was thrown from his carriage and severely injured, being then in Washington, the President sent for the writer, and said, "General Butler, I am troubled about the negroes. We are soon to have peace. We have got some one hundred and odd thousand negroes who have been trained to arms. When peace shall come I fear lest these colored men shall organize themselves in the South, especially in the States where the negroes are in preponderance in numbers, into guerrilla parties, and we shall have down there

a warfare between the whites and the negroes. In the course of the reconstruction of the Government it will become a question of how the negro is to be disposed of. Would it not be possible to export them to some place, say Liberia, or South America, and organize them into communities to support themselves? Now, General, I wish you would examine the practicability of such exportation. Your organization of the flotilla which carried your army from Yorktown and Fort Monroe to City Point, and its success show that you understand such matters. Will you give this your attention, and, at as early a day as possible, report to me your views upon the subject." I replied, "Willingly," and bowed and retired. After some few days of examination, with the aid of statistics and calculations, of this topic, I repaired to the President's office in the morning, and said to him, "I have come to report to you on the question you have submitted to me, Mr. President, about the exportation of the negroes." He exhibited great interest, and said, "Well, what do you think of it?" I said: "Mr. President, I assume that if the negro is to be sent away on shipboard you do not propose to enact the horrors of the middle passage, but would give the negroes the air-space that the law provides for emigrants." He said, "Certainly." "Well, then, here are some calculations which will show you that if you under-

take to export all of the negroes—and I do not see how you can take one portion differently from another—negro children will be born faster than your whole naval and merchant vessels, if substantially all of them were devoted to that use, can carry them from the country; especially as I believe that their increase will be much greater in a state of freedom than of slavery, because the commingling of the two races does not tend to productiveness." He examined my tables carefully for some considerable time, and then he looked up sadly and said: "Your deductions seem to be correct, General. But what can we do?" I replied: "If I understand you, Mr. President, your theory is this: That the negro soldiers we have enlisted will not return to the peaceful pursuits of laboring men, but will become a class of guerrillas and criminals. Now, while I do not see, under the Constitution, even with all the aid of Congress, how you can export a class of people who are citizens against their will, yet the Commander-in-Chief can dispose of soldiers quite arbitrarily. Now, then, we have large quantities of clothing to clothe them, large quantities of provision with which to supply them, and arms and everything necessary for them, even to spades and shovels, mules and wagons. Our war has shown that an army organization is the very best for digging up the soil and making intrenchments. Witness the very many miles of in-

trenchments that our soldiers have dug out. I know of a concession of the United States of Colombia for a tract of thirty miles wide across the Isthmus of Panama for opening a ship canal. The enlistments of the negroes have all of them from two to three years to run. Why not send them all down there to dig the canal? They will withstand the climate, and the work can be done with less cost to the United States in that way than in any other. If you choose, I will take command of the expedition. We will take our arms with us, and I need not suggest to you that we will need nobody sent down to guard us from the interference of any nation. We will proceed to cultivate the land and supply ourselves with all the fresh food that can be raised in the tropics, which will be all that will be needed, and your stores of provisions and supplies of clothing will furnish all the rest. Shall I work out the details of such an expedition for you, Mr. President?" He reflected for some time, and then said: "There is meat in that suggestion, General Butler; there is meat in that suggestion. Go and talk to Seward, and see what foreign complication there will be about it. Then think it over, get your figures made, and come to me again as soon as you can. If the plan has no other merit, it will rid the country of the colored soldiers." "Oh," said I, "it will do more than that. After we get down there

we shall make a humble petition for you to send our wives and children to us, which you can't well refuse, and then you will have a United States colony in that region which will hold its own against all comers, and be contented and happy." "Yes, yes," said he, "that's it; go and see Seward."

I left the office, called upon the Secretary of State, who received me kindly, and explained in a few words what the President wanted. He said: "Yes, General, I know that the President is greatly worried upon this subject. He has spoken to me of it frequently, and yours may be a solution of it; but to-day is my mail day. I am very much driven with what must be done to-day; but I dine, as you know, at six o'clock. Come and take a family dinner with me, and afterward, over an indifferent cigar, we will talk this matter over fully."

But that evening Secretary Seward, in his drive before dinner, was thrown from his carriage and severely injured, his jaw being broken, and he was confined to his bed until the assassination of Lincoln, and the attempted murder of himself by one of the confederates of Booth, so that the subject could never be again mentioned to Mr. Lincoln.

II.

There are two incidents in regard to the nomination of Vice-President in 1864 which for obvious reasons did not get into the newspapers of that day, but which bit of history may be of interest.

It will be remembered that Mr. Chase was using his position as Secretary of the Treasury to aid in his candidature for the Presidency as early as the winter and spring of 1864. That was supposed to have created some coolness between him and Mr. Lincoln.

Early in the spring of that year, a prominent Treasury official, who held his office directly from Mr. Chase, without the intervention of either the President or the Senate, but yet who controlled the disposition of more property and the avenues of making more fortunes than any other subordinate Treasury official, and who afterward held as large a controlling influence with Mr. Seward, but in quite a different direction, came to the head-quarters of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, ostensibly upon official business.

After that was finished, the actual object of his visit was disclosed by a question, in substance as follows :

" There has been some criticism, General, based on the assertion that Mr. Chase is using the powers

of his office to aid his Presidential aspirations. What do you think of Mr. Chase's action, assuming the reports true?"

"I see no objection to his using his office to advance his Presidential aspirations, by every honorable means, providing Lincoln will let him do it. It is none of my business, but I have for some time thought that Mr. Lincoln was more patient than I should have been, and if he does not object, nobody else has either the power or right to do so."

"Then, General, you approve of Mr. Chase's course in this regard?"

"Yes, certainly; he has a right to use in a proper manner every means he has to further a laudable ambition."

"As Chase is a Western man," said my visitor, "the Vice-Presidency had better come from the East. Who, General, do you think will make a good candidate with Mr. Chase?"

"There are plenty of good men," I answered; "but as Chase is very pronounced as an antislavery man and free-soiler, I think that General John A. Dix, of New York, ought to be selected to go on his ticket, and thus bring to his banner, both in convention and at the polls, the war Democrats, of whom Mr. Dix claims to be a fair representative."

"You are a war Democrat, General; would you take that position with Mr. Chase yourself?"

"Are you specifically authorized by Mr. Chase to put to me that question, and report my answer to him for his consideration?"

"You may rest assured," was the reply, "that I am fully empowered by Mr. Chase to put the question, and he hopes the answer will be favorable."

"Say, then, to Mr. Chase that I have no desire to be Vice-President. I am but forty-five years old; I am in command of a fine army; the closing campaign of the war is about beginning, and I hope to be able to do some further service for the country, and I should not, at my time of life, wish to be Vice-President if I had no other position. Assure him that my determination in this regard has no connection with himself personally. I will not be a candidate for any elective office whatever until this war is over."

"I will report your determination to Mr. Chase, and I can assure you that from what I know of his feelings he will hear it with regret."

Within three weeks afterward a gentleman who stood very high in Mr. Lincoln's confidence came to me at Fort Monroe. This was after I had learned that Grant had allotted to me a not unimportant part in the coming campaign around Richmond, of the results of which I had the highest hope, and for which I had been laboring, and the story of which has not yet been told, but may be hereafter.

The gentleman informed me that he came from

Mr. Lincoln; this was said with directness, because the messenger and myself had been for a very considerable time in quite warm, friendly relations, and I owed much to him, which I can never repay save with gratitude.

He said: "The President, as you know, intends to be a candidate for re-election, and as his friends indicate that Mr. Hamlin is no longer to be a candidate for Vice-President, and as he is from New England, the President thinks that his place should be filled by some one from that section; and aside from reasons of personal friendship which would make it pleasant to have you with him, he believes that, being the first prominent Democrat who volunteered for the war, your candidature would add strength to the ticket, especially with the war Democrats, and he hopes that you will allow your friends to co-operate with his to place you in that position."

I answered: "Please say to Mr. Lincoln, that while I appreciate with the fullest sensibility this act of friendship and the compliment he pays me, yet I must decline. Tell him," I said laughingly, "with the prospects of the campaign, I would not quit the field to be Vice-President, even with himself as President, unless he will give me bond with sureties, in the full sum of his four years' salary, that he will die or resign within three months after his inauguration. Ask him what he thinks I have done to deserve the

punishment, at forty-six years of age, of being made to sit as presiding officer over the Senate, to listen for four years to debates, more or less stupid, in which I can take no part nor say a word, nor even be allowed a vote upon any subject which concerns the welfare of the country, except when my enemies might think my vote would injure me in the estimation of the people, and therefore, by some parliamentary trick, make a tie on such question, so I should be compelled to vote; and then at the end of four years (as nowadays no Vice-President is ever elected President), and because of the dignity of the position I had held, not to be permitted to go on with my profession, and therefore with nothing left for me to do save to ornament my lot in the cemetery tastefully, and get into it gracefully and respectably, as a Vice-President should do. No, no, my friend; tell the President I will do everything I can to aid in his election if nominated, and that I hope he will be, as until this war is finished there should be no change of administration."

"I am sorry you won't go with us," replied my friend, "but I think you are sound in your judgment."

I asked: "Is Chase making any headway in his candidature?"

"Yes, some; but he is using the whole power of the Treasury to help himself."

"Well, that's the right thing for him to do."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes; why ought not he to do it, if Lincoln lets him?"

"How can Lincoln help letting him?"

"By tipping him out. If I were Lincoln I should say to Mr. Chase, 'My Secretary of the Treasury, you know that I am a candidate for re-election, as I suppose it is proper for me to be. Now every one of my equals has a right to be a candidate against me, and every citizen of the United States is my equal who is not my subordinate. Now, if you desire to be a candidate, I will give you the fullest opportunity to be one, by making you my equal and not my subordinate, and I will do that in any way that will be the most pleasant to you, but things cannot stay as they now are.' You see, I think it is Mr. Lincoln's and not Mr. Chase's fault that he is using the Treasury against Mr. Lincoln."

"Right again!" said my friend, "I will tell Mr. Lincoln every word you have said."

What happened after is a matter of history.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

VIII.

CHARLES CARLTON COFFIN.

I.

THE one political convention surpassing all others in enthusiasm, earnestness of purpose, and fidelity to principle, was that of the Republican Party held in Chicago, May, 1860. The spirit animating it was prefigured in the erection of the "wigwam," an edifice in which it was held. The convention was the sudden bursting into flower of the growing spirit of the free States against the aggressions of slavery.

The enthusiasm was stimulated by the conviction that through the dissensions of the Democratic Party the nominee of the convention would in all probability receive a majority of the electoral votes.

It was the opinion of most men east of Ohio that Mr. Seward of New York would receive the nomination. There were three other prominent candidates—Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, Edward Bates of Missouri, and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois.

Several weeks prior to the assembling of the convention, I started from Boston on a tour of obser-

vation through New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, to Baltimore, attending the Whig Convention in that city, which nominated John Bell of Tennessee, and Edward Everett of Massachusetts. It was the last assembling of that party which had numbered among its leaders Daniel Webster and Henry Clay—the raking together the embers of a dying political organization, appropriately held in an old church from which worshipers had forever departed. Southern men controlled the convention. They were enthusiastic over the nomination of Bell, but moderate in their demonstration over Everett's name, although public opinion in the Northern States regarded Everett as by far the greater statesman of the two. One editor called it the "kangaroo" ticket, and said that its hind legs were longest. It was noticeable that the antagonism of the Southern Whigs was manifestly greater toward the "black Republicans" than toward either wing of the divided Democratic Party.

From Baltimore I passed on to Washington, finding the name of Mr. Seward upon the lips of most Republicans as the probable nominee of the approaching convention. Mr. Seward expected to be nominated. I recall a day in the Senate Chamber, and a conversation with Henry Wilson, Senator from Massachusetts. We were seated on a sofa, when Mr. Seward entered from the cloak-room.

"There is our future President," said Mr. Wilson. "He will be nominated at Chicago, and elected. He feels it. You can see it in his bearing."

Of the public men of the period, there was no keener observer than Senator Wilson—Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania being a possible exception—no one whose fingers detected more closely the beating of the heart of the people of the Northern States. Mr. Wilson knew every phase of public sentiment in Massachusetts, comprehended New England far beyond any other man, but he did not fully comprehend the trend of thought and feeling in the great West—the rapid growth and change which was going on during those spring days in the Republican States beyond the Alleghanies. Had he seen what I saw a week later he would not have so readily concluded that Mr. Seward was to be the next President.

My journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburg sufficed to convince me that Mr. Seward would not receive the votes of Pennsylvania in the convention. A quarter of a century ago there was a rivalry between the two States for political prestige and power which has disappeared with the changed condition of affairs. New York gloried in being the "Empire" State, while Pennsylvania plumed herself upon being the "keystone" which sustained the Republic. It was plain to me that Pennsylvanian

Republicans had no intention of giving their votes to the favorite son of New York, but would withhold them from any candidate till they could be given with decisive result.

In Ohio I found a moderate enthusiasm for Mr. Chase, but I could discover no particular organization to promote his candidacy. Of public sentiment in Indiana I could form no definite opinion. There had been no crystallizing of sentiment other than that the nominee must be a Western man.

II.

Arriving in Chicago several days in advance of the assembling of the convention, I found a number of delegates from Missouri actively advocating the nomination of Mr. Bates. In no city of the Union had there been so rapid a development of Republican sentiment as in St. Louis. The Republicans of that city believed, or affected to believe, that with Mr. Bates they could secure the electoral vote of the State.

There was but one name on the lips of the Republicans of Illinois—that of Abraham Lincoln. They knew him personally; had looked into his face at the mass meetings in the memorable contest with Douglas; had listened to his plain, incisive arguments, as clear and demonstrable as a proposition from Euclid. Outside of Illinois he was the "rail-

splitter"—a plain, ungainly man, a *homespun* candidate, once member of Congress, but unacquainted with public affairs as the ruler of a nation.

Thurlow Weed had charge of Mr. Seward's affairs, and employed all the means and appliances known to New York political managers—even to enrolling delegates who reported themselves from Texas. I discovered a band of *claquers* in the interest of Mr. Seward, who hurrahed upon the streets and in the convention at every mention of his name. They overdid their part.

Mr. Norman B. Judd had charge of Mr. Lincoln's canvass, but there had been no such systematic pulling of distant wires or organization on his part. Nor was there need. It was manifest from the outset that there was a ground-swell of public opinion, if I may use the term, which promised to sweep all before it, and which rose, like the tides of the sea, during the second day of the convention, brought into quick action by the determination to devour Weed's organized band.

Arnold, in his *Life of Lincoln*, has narrated how it was done, by the employment of a Dr. Ames, who had a voice sufficiently powerful to be heard above the uproar of the lake in the wildest storm. He was a Democrat, but readily consented to shout for Lincoln. With an organized band he was placed at one end of the wigwam; another body was stationed at

the opposite end. Mr. Cook, of Ottawa, delegate, was upon the platform. Whenever he waved his handkerchief they were to cheer. It was that handkerchief which set the ten thousand Illinoisians in the wigwam wild with enthusiasm, and which nominated Abraham Lincoln on the second ballot.

During the convention I chanced to sit at a small table with Thurlow Weed, and had an excellent opportunity to study his face. I doubt if during his long and eventful life he ever experienced a greater disappointment or a keener sorrow than at that moment. I saw him press his fingers *hard* upon his eyelids to keep back the tears. His plans had all miscarried. It was the sinking of a great hope. The rail-splitter, story teller—the ungainly, uneducated practitioner of the Sangamon bar—was the nominee instead of the able, learned, classical, polished senator. The mob had nominated him! Mr. Weed did not comprehend that the *mob* in the wigwam was the best possible representative of the rising public opinion. All this is preliminary, but needful to adequately set forth subsequent scenes.

III.

On the morning after the adjournment of the convention a single passenger car, drawn by one of the fastest locomotives of the Illinois Central road, glided out from the Grand Central depot, bearing

the committee appointed by the convention to notify Mr. Lincoln of his nomination. These were George Ashman, president of the convention, who had won great respect by his ability, manifested as a presiding officer; Julius A. Andrews of Massachusetts, in the vigor of manhood, who had electrified the convention by his eloquence and plain common sense; George G. Fogg of New Hampshire, editor of the Independent *Democrat*, printed at Concord, who, next to John P. Hale, had been instrumental in making New Hampshire a Republican State, afterwards Minister to Switzerland; Wm. B. Kelly of Pennsylvania, the veteran member of Congress, still representing his steadfast constituents; Caleb Smith of Indiana, appointed to Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet; Amos Tuck of New Hampshire, member of Congress with Mr. Lincoln; Norman B. Judd of Chicago, who had managed Mr. Lincoln's affairs, afterward Minister to Berlin; Judge Carter of Ohio (appointed to a Washington judgeship), humorist, wit and off-hand speaker, who addressed the crowds at the railway stations, his speeches ending with the words, "In the race for the Presidency, the Little Giant (Douglas) will find that his coat-tails are too near the ground to beat Old Abe." It was an allusion to the difference in stature between the two candidates, responded to by a yell of delight on the part of Republicans, with groans from Democrats.

There were in all, including correspondents, about thirty persons.

The sun was setting when we reached Springfield. A crowd was gathering in the public square, not to welcome the committee but to listen to a speech from John A. McClelland (afterwards general), member of Congress from that district, in support of Mr. Douglas.

It was past eight o'clock Saturday evening when the committee called upon Mr. Lincoln at his home —a plain, comfortable, two-storied house, a hallway in the center, a plain white paling in front. The arrival of the committee had awakened no enthusiasm on the part of the townspeople. A dozen citizens gathered in the street. One of Mr. Lincoln's sons was perched on the gate-post. The committee entered the room at the left hand of the hall. Mr. Lincoln was standing in front of the fireplace, wearing a black frock-coat. He bowed, but it was not gracefully done. There was an evident constraint and embarrassment. He stood erect, in a stiff and unnatural position, with downcast eyes. There was a diffidence like that of an ungainly school-boy standing alone before a critical audience. Mr. Ashman stated briefly the action of the convention and the errand of the committee. Then came the reply, found in every "life" of Mr. Lincoln. It was a sympathetic voice, with an indescribable charm

HOME OF LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

THE
BOSTON-LIBRARY
SOCIETY

THE
[illegible]-HISTORY-LIBRARY
SOCIETY

in the tones. There was no study of inflection or cadence for effect, but a sincerity which won instant confidence. The lines upon his face, the large ears, sunken cheeks, enormous nose, shaggy hair, the deep-set eyes, sparkling with humor, and which seemed to be looking far away, were distinguishing facial marks. I do not know that any member of the company, other than Mr. Tuck of New Hampshire and some of the Western men, had ever seen him before, but there was that about him which commanded instant admiration. A stranger meeting him on a country road, ignorant of his history, would have said, "He is no ordinary man."

Mr. Lincoln's reply was equally brief. With the utterance of the last syllable his manner instantly changed. A smile, like the sun shining through the rift of a passing cloud sweeping over the landscape, illuminated his face, lighting up every homely feature, as he grasped the hand of Mr. Kelly.

"You are a tall man, Judge. What is your height?"

"Six feet three."

"I beat you. I am six feet four without my high-heeled boots."

"Pennsylvania bows to Illinois. I am glad that we have found a candidate for the Presidency whom we can look up to, for we have been informed that

there were only *little giants* in Illinois," was Mr. Kelly's graceful reply.

All embarrassment was gone. Mr. Lincoln was no longer the ungainly school-boy. The unnatural dignity which he had assumed for the moment, as a barrister of the English bar assumes gown and horse-hair wig in court, was laid aside. Conversation flowed as freely and laughingly as a meadow brook. There was a bubbling up of quaint humor, fragrant with Western idiom, making the hour exceedingly enjoyable.

"Mrs. Lincoln will be pleased to see you, gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln. "You will find her in the other room. You must be thirsty after your long ride. You will find a pitcher of water in the library."

I crossed the hall and entered the library. There were miscellaneous books on the shelves, two globes, celestial and terrestrial, in the corners of the room, a plain table with writing materials upon it, a pitcher of cold water, and glasses, but no wines or liquors. There was humor in the invitation to take a glass of water, which was explained to me by a citizen, who said that when it was known that the committee was coming, several citizens called upon Mr. Lincoln and informed him that some entertainment must be provided.

"Yes, that is so. What ought to be done? Just let me know and I will attend to it," he said.

"O, we will supply the needful liquors," said his friends.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln, "I thank you for your kind intentions, but must respectfully decline your offer. I have no liquors in my house, and have never been in the habit of entertaining my friends in that way. I cannot permit my friends to do for me what I will not myself do. I shall provide cold water—nothing else."

What Mr. Lincoln's feelings may have been over his nomination will never be known; doubtless he was gratified, but there was no visible elation. After the momentarily assumed dignity he was himself again—plain Abraham Lincoln—man of the people.

IV.

I pass over a year and a half to October 21, 1861. I was in Washington. The Army of the Potomac was in camp on Arlington Heights, and at Alexandria McClellan was having his weekly reviews. There was much parade but no action. "All quiet on the Potomac," sent nightly by the correspondents to their papers, had become a by-word. The afternoon was lovely—a rare October day. I learned early in the day that something was going on up the Potomac near Edwards' Ferry, by the troops under General Banks. What was going on no one knew, even at McClellan's head-quarters. It was

near sunset when, accompanied by a fellow-correspondent, I went once more to ascertain what was taking place. We entered the anteroom and sent our cards to General McClellan. While waiting, President Lincoln came in, recognized us, reached out his hand, spoke of the beauty of the afternoon, while waiting for the return of the young lieutenant who had gone to announce his arrival. The lines were deeper in the President's face than when I saw him in his own home, the cheeks more sunken. They were lines of care and anxiety. For eighteen months he had borne a burden such as has fallen upon few men—a burden as weighty as that which rested upon the great law-giver of Israel.

"Please to walk this way," said the lieutenant.

We could hear the click of the telegraph in the adjoining room, and low conversation between the President and General McClellan, succeeded by silence, excepting the click-click of the instrument, which went on with its tale of disaster.

Five minutes passed, and then Mr. Lincoln, unattended, with bowed head, and tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, his face pale and wan, his heart heaving with emotion, passed through the room. He almost fell as he stepped into the street, and we sprang involuntarily from our seats to render assistance, but he did not fall. With both hands pressed upon his heart he walked down the street, not re-

turning the salute of the sentinel pacing his beat before the door.

General McClellan came a moment later. "I have not much news to give you," he said. "There has been a movement of troops across the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry, under General Stone, and Colonel Baker is reported killed. That is about all I can give you."

At that moment the finale of the terrible disaster at Ball's Bluff was going on—the retreat to the river, the plunge into the swirling water to escape the murderous fire flaming upon them from the rifles of the victorious Confederates. It was the news of the death of Colonel E. D. Baker which stunned President Lincoln. They were old-time friends, members of the Sangamon bar, had ridden the circuits together, been opponents in debate, but friends ever. So strong was the friendship, that Mr. Lincoln had named his second son Edward Baker. Colonel Baker had succeeded him in Congress, had emigrated to California, to return a Senator, to become President Lincoln's strong right arm, to advance at a bound to the front as one of the most eloquent orators of that body. Well do I recall his tireless activity, commanding presence and height, and sparkling eye. His presence was an inspiration. Ah! what a scene was that a few weeks later when President Lincoln, supported by Senators Trumbull and Browning of Illinois, en-

tered the draped chamber to attend the funeral obsequies of his old friend! Again the tears rolled down his cheeks, as he heard the words of Senator McDougall, recalling the by-gone scenes. Turning toward Lincoln, he said, "He loved freedom, Anglo-Saxon freedom. Many years ago I heard him, on a star-lit night on the plains of the far West, recite the Battle of Ivry. At Ball's Bluff he was Henry of Navarre—

> "'And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
> For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
> Press where ye see my white plume shine amid the rank of war,
> And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.'"

I doubt if any other of the many tragic events of President Lincoln's life ever stunned him so much as that unheralded message which came over the wires while he was beside the instrument on that mournful day, October 21, 1861.

V.

I come to the spring of 1865. I had been in Savannah, witnessed the departure of Sherman's army on its triumphant northern holiday march, had seen the old flag wave once more over Sumter, had heard the colored troops march through the streets of Charleston, singing "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave," and was back once more at

City Point to witness the last drawing of the scene to Five Forks, which was designed by Grant to put an end to the struggle. President Lincoln was on the *Ocean Queen*, a river steamer, at City Point. Sherman had reached Goldsboro. His army was in need of supplies. He had opened the railroad to Newberne, but could not move on to Bucksville without provisions. He wished to confer with Grant before making the last move, and arrived at City Point on the afternoon of March 27. Grant had not expected him, and I doubt not his coming was an agreeable surprise, as it would enable the two commanders to act in concert.

I was early at General Grant's head-quarters on the morning of the 28th. Adjutant-General Bowers, whose acquaintance I made in 1862 on the *Tennessee*, was ever courteous. I was examining a map of the military situation which he laid before me, when, looking down the line of log huts which constituted the head-quarters' camp, I saw General Grant step upon the plank-walk, smoking as usual, and then the tall form of President Lincoln, wearing his stove-pipe hat. It was a mild spring morning, but he wore an overcoat. Next to emerge from the hut was Sherman, wearing an old slouch hat, his pantaloons tucked into his boots, his uniform faded and worn. He was talking rapidly and emphasizing his points with gesticulation. The three, Lincoln in the

center, formed the front rank, and walked slowly toward the Adjutant-General's office, Sherman talking, the others respectful listeners. In the second rank came Generals Meade, Ord, and Crook. It was a historical group—names which will live long in history. There were several other officers who had called to pay their respects to the President.

They came into the Adjutant-General's office, the President taking the precedence. He saw and recognized me, extended his hand, and said smilingly:

"What news have you?" I never have been able to settle in my own mind the significance of the question, but I think humor prompted it, for in those days correspondents often sent news which was not altogether reliable.

"I have just arrived from Charleston and Savannah," I replied.

"Indeed!" It was a tone indicative of a pleasant surprise. "Well, I am right glad to see you. How do the people like being back in the Union again?" he said, as he sat down in the chair placed for him by General Bowers.

"I think some of them are reconciled to it," I replied, "if we may draw conclusions from the action of one planter, who, while I was there, came down the Savannah River with his whole family—wife, children, negro woman and her children, of

whom he was father—and with his crop of cotton, which he was anxious to sell at the highest price."

The President's eyes sparkled, as they always did when his humor was aroused.

"Oh, yes, I see," he said with a laugh which was peculiarly his own—"I see; patriarchal times once more; Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Hagar and Ishmael, all in one boat!" He chuckled a moment, and added:

"I reckon they'll accept the situation now that they can sell their cotton."

The maps were being placed for his inspection, that he might see the situation of the two armies—Grant's stretching beyond Thatcher's Run, ready to make its final move; Sherman's at Goldsboro, in position to move upon Bucksville.

"We shall be in position to catch Lee between our two thumbs," said Sherman, who did pretty much all the talking, Grant taking but little part. The stay was brief, the President going on board the *Ocean Queen*, and Sherman a little later going on board the *Bat*, a fleet craft which steamed rapidly down the James, carrying him to Moorehead City. During the afternoon Sheridan's cavalry was moving south past Petersburg and on to Five Forks.

VI.

I come to the morning of April 3d. It was not far from three o'clock when there was an explosion which aroused the whole army from its slumbers. The Confederates had blown up their ironclads in the James. Five Forks had been fought. Lee's lines were broken and his army in retreat. I was early in Petersburg. The Union troops, flushed with victory, conscious that the last hours of the Confederacy had arrived, were sweeping through the streets with wild hurrahs. I heard the whistle of the locomotive on the military railroad leading to City Point, and saw the train, a single car, which brought President Lincoln to the scene. The soldiers saw him, swung their hats, and gave a yell of delight. He lifted his hat and bowed. Perhaps I was mistaken, but the lines upon his face seemed far deeper than I had ever seen them before. There was no sign of exultation in his demeanor. He mounted a horse, and under a small cavalry escort rode through the town. I did not follow him, but put spurs to my horse and rode alone to Richmond, over ground which twenty-four hours before had been swept by shot and shell, entering the city while the flames were still rolling heavenward from the buildings fired by the departing Confederates. The fire was raging on two sides of the Spotswood Hotel when I en-

tered it. The clerk was the only person visible. He bowed from habit.

"Can I have a room?" I asked.

"Take any room you please. I dare say you won't occupy it long. You see we are liable to be burnt out any moment."

I took up the pen and wrote my name and residence large—the first Yankee after the long list of majors, colonels and generals of the "C. S. A."

The clerk looked at it and smiled. I wandered at will through the streets, beholding a woe-begone crowd gazing mournfully upon the scene of desolation, guarding the piles of furniture heaped upon the grass springing fresh and green in the Capitol square—bedding, tables, chairs, looking-glasses, crockery, children, weeping women, groups of old men, weak and irresolute, trying to guard the wreck of their property from the crowd of pilferers ready to seize the plunder. The troops of General Deven's division were doing provost guard duty, and the soldiers shared their rations with the women and children.

VII.

During the following forenoon I was in the Representatives' Chamber in the Capitol, when a plain, quick-stepping gentleman entered—Admiral Farragut, who had hastened in from Norfolk to take a look at the situation. Having the latest account of

what the army had done, I gave him the details of the last movement to Five Forks. He listened with intense interest, and said, "Thank God, it is about over."

In the afternoon of the same day I was standing on the bank of the James, when I saw a boat pulled by twelve sailors coming up the river, and a moment later recognized the tall form of the President, with Admiral Porter by his side, Captain Adams of the Navy, Lieutenant Clemens of the Signal Corps, and the President's son Tad.

Near at hand was a lieutenant directing the construction of a bridge across the canal. The men under his charge were negroes who had been impressed into service, and who were eager to work for their rations.

"Would you like to see the man who made you free?" I said to one of the negroes.

"What, massa?"

"Would you like to see Abraham Lincoln, who made you free?"

"Yes, massa."

"There he is, that man with the tall hat."

"Be dat Massa Linkinn?"

"That is President Lincoln."

"Hallelujah! Hurrah, boys, Massa Linkinn's come!"

He swung his old straw hat, slapped his hands and

jumped into the air. In an instant the fifty negroes under the lieutenant were shouting it. They ran towards the landing, yelling and shouting like lunatics. I could hear the cry running up the streets and lanes, "Massa Linkinn—Massa Linkinn," and the next moment there was a crowd of sable-hued men and women and children with wondering white eyeballs rushing pell-mell towards the landing.

President Lincoln recognized me. "Can you direct us to General Wirtzel's head-quarters?" he asked.

I informed him that I could do so. The boat came alongside the landing. Six marines in blue caps and jackets, armed with carbines, stepped on shore, then the President and little Tad, Admiral Porter and the rest, followed by six more marines. I indicated to Captain Adams the direction, and the procession under his lead began its march up the street toward Capitol Hill, the crowd increasing every moment, the cry of the delighted colored people rising like the voice of many waters.

I recall a negro woman who was jumping in ecstasy, clapping her hands, and shouting, "Glory! glory! glory!" She could find no other words.

Another had for her refrain, "Bress de Lord! bress de Lord! bress de Lord!"

The tropical exuberance of sentiment characteristic of the African race burst into full flower upon the

instant, and no wonder. Abraham Lincoln was their Saviour, their Moses, who had brought them through the Red Sea and the desert to the promised land; their Christ, their Redeemer. We who have always had our liberty, we cool-blooded Anglo-Americans, can have no adequate realization of the ecstasy of that moment on the part of those colored people of Richmond. They were drunk with ecstasy. They leaped into the air, hugged and kissed one another, surged around the little group in a wild delirium of joy. They would gladly have prostrated themselves before him—allowed him to walk on their bodies—if by so doing they could have expressed their joy.

We reached the base of Capitol Hill. The afternoon was warm, and the President desired to rest. The procession halted. The crowd had become so dense that it was difficult to advance, and a cavalryman rode to General Shepley, who was placed in command of the city, for an escort. While thus resting, an old negro, wearing a few rags, whose white, crisp hair appeared through his crownless straw hat, lifted the hat from his head, kneeled upon the ground, clasped his hands, and said, "May de good Lord bress and keep you safe, Massa President Linkum."

Mr. Lincoln lifted his own hat and bowed to the old man. The moisture gathered in his eyes. He brushed the tears away, and the procession moved

on up the hill, a half dozen cavalrymen, with General Shepley, opening the way.

The procession reached Wirtzel's head-quarters—the mansion from which Jefferson Davis had taken his quick departure the previous Sunday.

President Lincoln wearily ascended the steps, and by chance dropped into the very chair usually occupied by Mr. Davis when at his writing-table.

Such was the entrance of the Chief of the Republic into the capital of the late Confederacy. There was no sign of exultation, no elation of spirit, but, on the contrary, a look of unutterable weariness, as if his spirit, energy and animating force were wholly exhausted.

The gentlemen who had been deputed to meet General Wirtzel in the early morning came in and were introduced. They were courteously and kindly received.

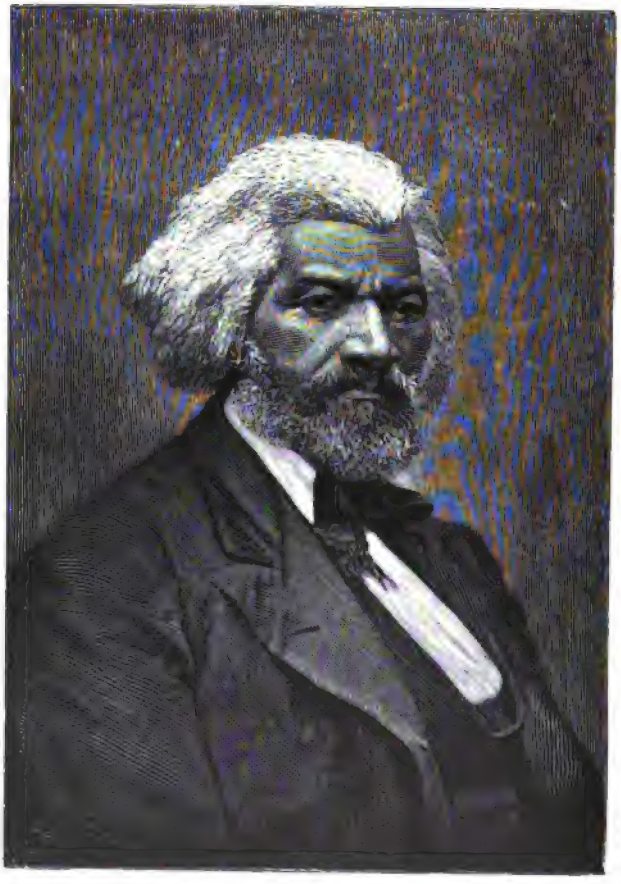
Later in the afternoon I saw President Lincoln riding through the streets, taking a hasty glance at the scene of desolation and woe. There was no smile upon his face. Paler than ever his countenance, deeper than ever before the lines upon his forehead. The driver turned his horses towards the landing. The visit to the capital of the Confederacy was ended.

I never saw him again. A few weeks later the bullet of the assassin accomplished its fatal work,

ending the earthly labors of this man of the people —whose influence was far wider than the Republic— held in such reverence that three years later I found myself drawn along the railway crossing the Apennines by the locomotive Abraham Lincoln.

CHARLES CARLTON COFFIN.

THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY
OF THE



Fred'k Douglass

THE
BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY
SOCIETY

IX.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

I DO not know more about Mr. Lincoln than is known by countless thousands of Americans who have met the man. But I am quite willing to give my recollections of him and the impressions made by him upon my mind as to his character.

My first interview with him was in the summer of 1863, soon after the Confederate States had declared their purpose to treat colored soldiers as insurgents, and their purpose not to treat any such soldiers as prisoners of war subject to exchange like other soldiers. My visit to Mr. Lincoln was in reference to this threat of the Confederate States. I was at the time engaged in raising colored troops, and I desired some assurances from President Lincoln that such troops should be treated as soldiers of the United States, and when taken prisoners exchanged like other soldiers; that when any of them were hanged or enslaved the President should retaliate. I was introduced to Mr. Lincoln on this occasion by Senator Pomeroy, of Kansas; I met him at the Executive Mansion.

I was somewhat troubled with the thought of meeting one so august and high in authority, especially as I had never been in the White House before, and had never spoken to a President of the United States before. But my embarrassment soon vanished when I met the face of Mr. Lincoln. When I entered he was seated in a low chair, surrounded by a multitude of books and papers, his feet and legs were extended in front of his chair. On my approach he slowly drew his feet in from the different parts of the room into which they had strayed, and he began to rise, and continued to rise until he looked down upon me, and extended his hand and gave me a welcome. I began, with some hesitation, to tell him who I was and what I had been doing, but he soon stopped me, saying in a sharp, cordial voice :

"You need not tell me who you are, Mr. Douglass, I know who you are. Mr. Sewell has told me all about you."

He then invited me to take a seat beside him. Not wishing to occupy his time and attention, seeing that he was busy, I stated to him the object of my call at once. I said :

"Mr. Lincoln, I am recruiting colored troops. I have assisted in fitting up two regiments in Massachusetts, and am now at work in the same way in Pennsylvania, and have come to say this to you, sir,

if you wish to make this branch of the service successful you must do four things:

"First—You must give colored soldiers the same pay that you give white soldiers.

"Second—You must compel the Confederate States to treat colored soldiers, when taken prisoners, as prisoners of war.

"Third—When any colored man or soldier performs brave, meritorious exploits in the field, you must enable me to say to those that I recruit that they will be promoted for such service, precisely as white men are promoted for similar service.

"Fourth—In case any colored soldiers are murdered in cold blood and taken prisoners, you should retaliate in kind."

To this little speech Mr. Lincoln listened with earnest attention and with very apparent sympathy, and replied to each point in his own peculiar, forcible way. First he spoke of the opposition generally to employing negroes as soldiers at all, of the prejudice against the race, and of the advantage to colored people that would result from their being employed as soldiers in defense of their country. He regarded such an employment as an experiment, and spoke of the advantage it would be to the colored race if the experiment should succeed. He said that he had difficulty in getting colored men into the United States uniform; that when the pur-

pose was fixed to employ them as soldiers, several different uniforms were proposed for them, and that it was something gained when it was finally determined to clothe them like other soldiers.

Now, as to the pay, we had to make some concession to prejudice. There were threats that if we made soldiers of them at all white men would not enlist, would not fight beside them. Besides, it was not believed that a negro could make a good soldier, as good a soldier as a white man, and hence it was thought that he should not have the same pay as a white man. But said he,

"I assure you, Mr. Douglass, that in the end they shall have the same pay as white soldiers."

As to the exchange and general treatment of colored soldiers when taken prisoners of war, he should insist to their being entitled to all privileges of such prisoners. Mr. Lincoln admitted the justice of my demand for the promotion of colored soldiers for good conduct in the field, but on the matter of retaliation he differed from me entirely. I shall never forget the benignant expression of his face, the tearful look of his eye and the quiver in his voice, when he deprecated a resort to retaliatory measures.

"Once begun," said he, "I do not know where such a measure would stop."

He said he could not take men out and kill them in cold blood for what was done by others. If he

could get hold of the persons who were guilty of killing the colored prisoners in cold blood, the case would be different, but he could not kill the innocent for the guilty.

Before leaving Mr. Lincoln, Senator Pomeroy said:

"Mr. President, Mr. Stanton is going to make Douglass Adjutant-General to General Thomas, and is going to send him down the Mississippi to recruit."

Mr. Lincoln said in answer to this:

"I will sign any commission that Mr. Stanton will give Mr. Douglass."

At this point we parted.

I met Mr. Lincoln several times after this interview.

I was once invited by him to take tea with him at the Soldiers' Home. On one occasion, while visiting him at the White House, he showed me a letter he was writing to Horace Greeley in reply to some of Greeley's criticisms against protracting the war. He seemed to feel very keenly the reproaches heaped upon him for not bringing the war to a speedy conclusion; said he was charged with making it an Abolition war instead of a war for the Union, and expressed his desire to end the war as soon as possible. While I was talking with him Governor Buckingham sent in his card, and I was amused by his telling the

messenger, as well as by the way he expressed it, to "tell Governor Buckingham to wait, I want to have a long talk with my friend Douglass."

He used those words. I said: "Mr. Lincoln, I will retire." "Oh, no, no, you shall not, I want Governor Buckingham to wait," and he did wait for at least a half hour. When he came in I was introduced by Mr. Lincoln to Governor Buckingham, and the Governor did not seem to take it amiss at all that he had been required to wait.

I was present at the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, the 4th of March, 1865. I felt then that there was murder in the air, and I kept close to his carriage on the way to the Capitol, for I felt that I might see him fall that day. It was a vague presentiment.

At that time the Confederate cause was on its last legs, as it were, and there was deep feeling. I could feel it in the atmosphere here. I did not know exactly what it was, but I just felt as if he might be shot on his way to the Capitol. I cannot refer to any incident, in fact, to any expression that I heard, it was simply a presentiment that Lincoln might fall that day. I got right in front of the east portico of the Capitol, listened to his inaugural address, and witnessed his being sworn in by Chief Justice Chase. When he came on the steps he was accompanied by Vice-President Johnson. In looking out in the crowd he saw me standing near by, and I could see

he was pointing me out to Andrew Johnson. Mr. Johnson, without knowing perhaps that I saw the movement, looked quite annoyed that his attention should be called in that direction. So I got a peep into his soul. As soon as he saw me looking at him, suddenly he assumed rather an amicable expression of countenance. I felt that, whatever else the man might be, he was no friend to my people.

I heard Mr. Lincoln deliver this wonderful address. It was very short; but he answered all the objections raised to his prolonging the war in one sentence—it was a remarkable sentence.

"Fondly do we hope, profoundly do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war shall soon pass away, yet if God wills it continue until all the wealth piled up by two hundred years of bondage shall have been wasted, and each drop of blood drawn by the lash shall have been paid for by one drawn by the sword, we must still say, as was said three thousand years ago, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

For the first time in my life, and I suppose the first time in any colored man's life, I attended the reception of President Lincoln on the evening of the inauguration. As I approached the door I was seized by two policemen and forbidden to enter. I said to them that they were mistaken entirely in what they were doing, that if Mr. Lincoln knew that

I was at the door he would order my admission, and I bolted in by them. On the inside I was taken charge of by two other policemen, to be conducted as I supposed to the President, but instead of that they were conducting me out the window on a plank.

"Oh," said I, "this will not do, gentlemen," and as a gentleman was passing in I said to him, "Just say to Mr. Lincoln that Fred. Douglass is at the door."

He rushed in to President Lincoln, and almost in less than a half a minute I was invited into the East Room of the White House. A perfect sea of beauty and elegance, too, it was. The ladies were in very fine attire, and Mrs. Lincoln was standing there. I could not have been more than ten feet from him when Mr. Lincoln saw me; his countenance lighted up, and he said in a voice which was heard all around: "Here comes my friend Douglass." As I approached him he reached out his hand, gave me a cordial shake, and said: "Douglass, I saw you in the crowd to-day listening to my inaugural address. There is no man's opinion that I value more than yours: what do you think of it?" I said: "Mr. Lincoln, I cannot stop here to talk with you, as there are thousands waiting to shake you by the hand;" but he said again: "What did you think of it?" I said: "Mr. Lincoln, it was a

sacred effort," and then I walked off. "I am glad you liked it," he said. That was the last time I saw him to speak with him.

In all my interviews with Mr. Lincoln I was impressed with his entire freedom from popular prejudice against the colored race. He was the first great man that I talked with in the United States freely, who in no single instance reminded me of the difference between himself and myself, of the difference of color, and I thought that all the more remarkable because he came from a State where there were black laws. I account partially for his kindness to me because of the similarity with which I had fought my way up, we both starting at the lowest round of the ladder. I must say this for Mr. Lincoln, that whenever I met him he was in a very serious mood. I heard of those stories he used to tell, but he never told me a story. I remember of one of Mr. Lincoln's stories being told me by General Grant. I had called on him, and he said: "Douglass, stay here, I want to tell you about a little incident. When I came to Washington first, one of the first things that Lincoln said to me was, 'Grant, have you ever read the book by Orpheus C. Kerr?' 'Well, no, I never did,' said I. Mr. Lincoln said: 'You ought to read it, it is a very interesting book. I have had a good deal of satisfaction reading that book. There is one poem there that

describes a meeting of the animals. The substance of it being that the animals and a dragon, or some dreadful thing, was near by and had to be conquered, and it was a question as to who would undertake the job. By and by a monkey stepped forward and proposed to do the work up. The monkey said he thought he could do it if he could get an inch or two more put on his tail. The assemblage voted him a few inches more to his tail, and he went out and tried his hand. He was unsuccessful and returned, stating that he wanted a few more inches put on his tail. The request was granted, and he went again. His second effort was a failure. He asked that more inches be put on his tail and he would try a third time.' At last," said General Grant, "it got through my head what Lincoln was aiming at, as applying to my wanting more men, and finally I said: 'Mr. Lincoln, I don't want any more inches put on my tail.'" It was a hit at McClellan, and General Grant told me the story with a good deal of gusto. I got the book afterward and read the lines of Orpheus C. Kerr.

There was one thing concerning Lincoln that I was impressed with, and that was that a statement of his was an argument more convincing than any amount of logic. He had a happy faculty of stating a proposition, of stating it so that it needed no argument. It was a rough kind of reasoning, but it went

right to the point. Then, too, there was another feeling that I had with reference to him, and that was that while I felt in his presence I was in the presence of a very great man, as great as the greatest, I felt as though I could go and put my hand on him if I wanted to, to put my hand on his shoulder. Of course I did not do it, but I felt that I could. I felt as though I was in the presence of a big brother, and that there was safety in his atmosphere.

It was often said during the war that Mrs. Lincoln did not sympathize fully with her husband in his anti-slavery feeling, but I never believed this concerning her, and have good reason for being confirmed in my impression of her by the fact that, when Mr. Lincoln died and she was about leaving the White House, she selected his favorite walking cane and said: "I know of no one that would appreciate this more than Fred. Douglass." She sent it to me at Rochester, and I have it in my house to-day, and expect to keep it there as long as I live.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

X.

LAWRENCE WELDON.

IN the summer of 1854 I became a citizen of De Witt County, Illinois, having emigrated from Ohio for the purpose of practicing law. At that time I knew something of Mr. Lincoln's history, having known of him while he was a member of Congress a few years before. I found he had a very strong hold upon popular affection, and stood high in the confidence of the people of the State. He was the leader of the bar, Judge Logan having substantially retired from the active practice; and although he was but forty-five, he was alluded to in popular parlance as "old Mr. Lincoln;" and in that connection I recall an incident occurring while he was a candidate for the Senate against Judge Douglas in 1858. He delivered a speech at Clinton, and as we were riding in the "inevitable procession" of American politics, the "small boy" of the period said to one of his companions: "There! there goes old Mr. Lincoln!" This was said in a tone to be heard by the immediate company, and Mr. Lincoln was asked how long they had been calling him old. Said he:

"Oh, they have been at that trick many years. They commenced it when I was scarcely thirty."

It seemed to amuse him; he was not old enough to be sensitive about his age.

The first time I met him was in September, 1854, at Bloomington; and I was introduced to him by Judge Douglas, who was then making a campaign in defense of the Kansas-Nebraska bill. Mr. Lincoln was attending court, and called to see the Judge. They talked very pleasantly about old times and things, and during the conversation the Judge broadened the hospitalities of the occasion by asking him to drink something. Mr. Lincoln declined very politely, when the Judge said: "Why, do you belong to the temperance society?" He said:

"I do *not* in theory, but I do in fact, belong to the temperance society, in this, to wit, that I do not drink anything, and have not done so for a very many years."

Shortly after he retired, Mr. J. W. Fell, then and now a leading citizen of Illinois, came into the room, with a proposition that Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas have a discussion, remarking that there were a great many people in the city, that the question was of great public importance, and that it would afford the crowd the luxury of listening to the acknowledged champions of both sides. As soon as the proposition was made it could be seen that the

Judge was irritated. He inquired of Mr. Fell, with some majesty of manner: "Whom does Mr. Lincoln represent in this campaign—is he an Abolitionist or an Old Line Whig?"

Mr. Fell replied that he was an Old Line Whig.

"Yes," said Douglas, "I am now in the region of the Old Line Whig. When I am in Northern Illinois I am assailed by an Abolitionist, when I get to the center I am attacked by an Old Line Whig, and when I go to Southern Illinois I am beset by an Anti-Nebraska Democrat. I can't hold the Whig responsible for anything the Abolitionist says, and can't hold the Anti-Nebraska Democrat responsible for the positions of either. It looks to me like dogging a man all over the State. If Mr. Lincoln wants to make a speech he had better get a crowd of his own; for I most respectfully decline to hold a discussion with him."

Mr. Lincoln had nothing to do with the challenge except perhaps to say he would discuss the question with Judge Douglas. He was not aggressive in the defense of his doctrines or enunciation of his opinions, but he was brave and fearless in the protection of what he believed to be the right. The impression he made when I was introduced was as to his unaffected and sincere manner, and the precise, cautious, and accurate mode in which he stated his thoughts even when talking about commonplace things.

In 1854 and down to the commencement of the war the circuit practice in Illinois was still in vogue, and the itinerant lawyer was as sure to come as the trees to bud or the leaves to fall. In and among these Mr. Lincoln was the star; he stood above and beyond them all. He traveled the circuit attending the courts of Judge David Davis's district, extending from the center to the eastern boundary of the State, until he was nominated for the Presidency. He liked the atmosphere of a court-house, and seemed to be contented and happy when Judge Davis was on the bench and he had before him the "twelve good and lawful men" who had been called from the body of the county to "well and truly try the issue." In every county in which he practiced he was among his friends and acquaintances; he usually knew the most, and always the leading men on the jury. He was not what might be called an industrious lawyer, and when his adversary presented a reasonably good affidavit for a continuance, he was willing that the case should go over until the next term. He was particularly kind to young lawyers, and I remember with what confidence I always went to him, because I was certain that he knew all about the matter, and would most cheerfully tell me. I can see him now through the decaying memories of thirty years, standing in the corner of the old court-room, and as I approached him with a paper I did not understand, he said:

"Wait until I fix this plug for my 'gallis,' and I will pitch into that like a dog at a root."

While speaking, he was busily engaged in trying to connect his suspender with his pants by making a "plug" perform the function of a button. Mr. Lincoln used old-fashioned words, and never failed to use them if they could be sustained as proper. He was probably taught to say "gallows," and he never adopted the modern "suspender."

In the convulsions of nations, how rapidly history makes itself! Mr. Lincoln was the attorney of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, to assist the local counsel in the different counties of the circuit, and in De Witt County, in connection with the Hon. C. H. Moore, attended to the litigation of the company. In '58 or '59 he appeared in a case which they did not want to try at that term, and Mr. Lincoln remarked to the court:

"We are not ready for trial."

Judge Davis said: "Why is not the company ready to go to trial?"

Mr. Lincoln replied: "We are embarrassed by the absence or rather want of information from Captain McClellan."

The Judge said: "Who is Captain McClellan, and why is he not here?"

Mr. Lincoln said: "All I know of him is that he is the engineer of the railroad, and why he is not here this deponent saith not."

In consequence of the absence of Captain McClellan the case was continued. Lincoln and McClellan had perhaps never met up to that time, and the most they knew of each other was that one was the attorney and the other the engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad Company. In less than two years from that time the fame of both had spread as broad as civilization, and each held in his grasp the fate of a nation. The lawyer was directing councils and cabinets, and the engineer, in subordination to the lawyer as commander-in-chief, was directing armies greater and grander than the combined forces of Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo.

Mr. Lincoln did not make a specialty of criminal cases, but was engaged frequently in them. He could not be called a great lawyer, measured by the extent of his acquirement of legal knowledge; he was not an encyclopedia of cases, but in the text-books of the profession and in the clear perception of legal principles, with natural capacity to apply them, he had great ability. He was not a case lawyer, but a lawyer who dealt in the deep philosophy of the law. He always knew the cases which might be quoted as absolute authority, but beyond that he contented himself in the application and discussion of general principles. In the trial of a case he moved cautiously, and never examined, or cross-examined a witness to the detriment of his side.

If the witness told the truth he was safe from his attacks, but woe betide the unlucky and dishonest individual who suppressed the truth, or colored it against Mr. Lincoln's side. His speeches to the jury were very effective specimens of forensic oratory. He talked the vocabulary of the people, and the jury understood every point he made and every thought he uttered. I never saw him when I thought he was trying to make a display for mere display; but his imagination was simple and pure in the richest gems of true eloquence. He constructed short sentences of small words, and never wearied the mind of the jury by mazes of elaboration.

The Kansas-Nebraska bill having been passed in May, 1854, great political excitement prevailed in Illinois because of the connection of Senator Douglas with that measure. Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln had been political antagonists as Whigs and Democrats, and when the Republican Party was formed in 1854 that antagonism continued, Mr. Douglas adhering to the Democratic Party and Mr. Lincoln becoming the leader of the Republican Party in Illinois. In 1858, during the campaign preceding the election of Senator, Mr. Lincoln made a speech at Springfield, on the 17th of June, in which he charged a purpose on the part of Mr. Douglas, Mr. Buchanan, and Judge Taney to nationalize slavery. That speech is one of the most remarkable

that he ever delivered, and the one in which he used the expression, "a house divided against itself cannot stand." Mr. Douglas came to Illinois upon the adjournment of the Senate and made a speech in Chicago, in which he did not take occasion to contradict the charge made in Mr. Lincoln's Springfield speech. Mr. Lincoln then made another speech at Springfield, in which he noticed the fact that he made the charge referred to on the 17th of June; that Mr. Douglas had since then made a speech in Chicago, and did not deny it; and, said he, in his second Springfield speech: "I am entitled to what the lawyers call a default, and I here take the default on him on that charge, he having refused and failed to answer."

Some time in the latter part of July Mr. Douglas began his regular campaign in De Witt, that being a strong Buchanan county, Colonel Thomas Snell having organized the Danite party there in opposition to Mr. Douglas. We wrote Mr. Lincoln that, inasmuch as Mr. Douglas was to begin his regular campaign there, he had better come and hear him; and on the morning of the day the meeting was held Mr. Lincoln came to Clinton. There was an immense crowd for a country town, and the people were very much excited upon the subject of politics.

On the way to the grove, Mr. Lincoln said: "I have challenged Judge Douglas for a discussion;

what do you think of it?" I said: "The question is already settled; but I approve your judgment in whatever you may do." Mr. Douglas spoke to an immense audience, and made one of the most forcible political speeches I ever heard. He spoke over three hours, in the course of which he took occasion to reply to Mr. Lincoln's Springfield speech, with reference to the "default" which he said Mr. Lincoln in his second speech had sought to make against him. As he progressed in his argument he became very personal, and I said to Mr. Lincoln: "Do you suppose Douglas knows you are here?"

"Well," said he, "I don't know whether he does or not, he has not looked around in this direction; but I reckon the boys have told him I am here."

When Judge Douglas finished there was a great shout for Mr. Lincoln. He stepped on the seat very much excited, and said:

"This is Judge Douglas's meeting. I have no right and therefore no disposition to interfere, but if you ladies and gentlemen desire to hear what I have to say on these questions, and will meet me to-night at the Court-house yard, *I will try* and answer the gentleman."

Mr. Douglas was in the act of putting on his cravat, and turned in the direction of Mr. Lincoln. Both became poised in a tableau of majestic power. The scene exhibited a meeting of giants—a contest

of great men—and the situation was dramatic in the extreme.

Lincoln made a speech that night which in volume and force did not equal the speech of Judge Douglas; but for sound and cogent argument it was superior. Negro equality was then the bugbear of politics, and the Republican Party was defending itself against these slanderous charges of the Democracy. Mr. Lincoln said in his speech:

"Judge Douglas charges me with being in favor of negro equality, and to the extent that he charges I am not guilty. *I am guilty* of hating servitude and loving freedom; and while I would not carry the equality of the races to the extent charged by my adversary, I am happy to confess before you that in some things the black man is the equal of the white man. In the right to eat the bread his own hands have earned he is the equal of Judge Douglas or any other living man."

When he spoke the last sentence he had stretched himself to his full height, and as he reached his hands toward the stars of that still night, then and there fell from his lips one of the grandest expressions of American statesmanship.

After the meeting his friends congratulated him especially on the beauty of the thought in the last sentence of the quotation.

He said: "Do you think that is fine?" and when

assured that it was, he laughingly said: "If you think so, I will get that off again." Mr. Douglas, having received a challenge from Mr. Lincoln, replied to him in a few days, and the memorable discussion was the result.

Mr. Lincoln's resources as a story-teller were inexhaustible, and no condition could arise in a case beyond his capacity to furnish an illustration with an appropriate anecdote. Judge Davis was always willing that he should tell a story in court, even if the gravity of the situation was for the time being suspended, and no one enjoyed the mirth of the occasion more than his honor on the bench; but while that was true, the distinguished barrister was always deferential and respectful toward the court, and never forgot the professional amenities of the bar.

In the debate with Judge Douglas "he builded better than he knew." He was preparing, as he thought, a stepping-stone to the Senate, but what was rejected then became the corner-stone in that fortune that raised him to the Presidency. When he was invited to deliver a speech at Cooper Institute, in February, 1860, he hesitated about accepting. He said to his friends: "I don't know whether I shall be adequate to the situation; I have never appeared before such an audience as may possibly assemble to hear me. I am appalled by the magnitude of the undertaking." He was, however, relieved

of his fear before he went by having, as he said, formulated a line of thought which would prevent a failure.

In May, 1860, a State Convention was held at Decatur to appoint delegates to Chicago. Mr. Lincoln was there, and at that convention the rail movement was inaugurated by Governor Oglesby. He had formerly lived in that county, and had worked on a farm with Mr. John Hanks, who was still living, and it occurred to the Governor, in conversation with Mr. Hanks, that if they could get some of the rails that Lincoln and Hanks split it would be a good thing for the campaign; and so on the day of the convention Oglesby arranged that just at the close of the business of the convention Mr. Hanks should march in with one of these rails on his shoulder, which he did; and as Mr. Lincoln rose to speak, his attention was called to the rail. He said:

"Fellow-citizens, it is true that many, many years ago John Hanks and I made rails down on the Sangamon. We made good, big, honest rails, but whether that is one of the rails, I am not, at this distant period of time, able to say."

That inaugurated the rail movement. He closed his reference to the rails with a eulogy on free labor embracing the finest thought of his theory upon that subject. At that convention the question was asked him whether he would attend the Chicago Conven-

tion, and he replied: "I am a little too much of a candidate to go, and not quite enough of a candidate to stay away; but upon the whole I believe I will not go."

Mr. Lincoln took no public part in the campaign of 1860. He attended one political meeting, but declined to speak. On the day appointed by law the Republican electors met at Springfield and were entertained at dinner by Mr. J. C. Conkling, the elector for that district. Mr. Lincoln was there as one of the guests, and talked freely but sadly as to the condition of things incident to his election. Governor Yates, who had been elected Governor, was of the party, and expressed to him the necessity of being firm and determined. He replied that he hoped he would be adequate to the responsibility of the situation; and that in his hands, as President, the Republic of Washington would not perish. How much work he did, at Springfield, in the preparation of his inaugural was not known by his most intimate friends. He may have consulted some of the members of his Cabinet who visited him before he left for Washington, but beyond them he kept his own counsel. That fact illustrates one of the distinguishing features of his character. As to the ordinary affairs of life he was indifferent—he listened to anybody; but when the highest and most important functions of duty were called into requisition he was one of the

most self-reliant men of history. As President of the United States he was indifferent as to who was Minister to the Court of St. James or Postmaster at New York—councils and cabinets might decide such questions; but when the question arose whether liberty was to be given to all, in the solitude of his unmeasured genius the problem was solved. He was advised long before 1860, by some of his more intimate friends, that his positions on the subject of slavery and human rights would be prejudicial to his party and to himself personally. He paid no attention to such admonitions. The question with him was whether the thing was right, and not what his friends may have thought about the expediency of it.

In almost all the situations of life, public or private, Mr. Lincoln had some anecdote to illustrate the situation.

During the war there was a contest between the military and civil authorities as to the policy of bringing out cotton from a certain insurrectionary district. The civil authorities having granted permission to do so were in favor of bringing it out, and the military authorities in carrying out their belligerent operations were opposed to it. In that condition of things I was requested by some gentlemen in Washington that I find out from him what would be the probable result of the contest then existing between the civil and military authorities as

to the policy of bringing cotton out of the seceded States. The permits that were issued by the Treasury Department were nullified by the military authorities, and the matter was brought before the President as to what should be done. After having talked for a considerable time with him about other matters, I referred to the subject, and said that a number of gentlemen who were then in the city had requested me to ask him what would probably be the result of the contest. As soon as I made the inquiry a pleasant smile came over his face, the memory of other days was with him, and he said: "By the way, what has become of our friend, Robert Lewis?" Mr. Lewis had for a number of years been clerk of the Circuit Court of De Witt County, and was a great personal friend of Mr. Lincoln's. He was a great wit, and was very much enjoyed in his association by Mr. Lincoln. I remarked to the President that Mr. Lewis was still in his old home, and he then said: "Do you remember a story that Bob used to tell us about his going to Missouri to look up some Mormon lands that belong to his father?" I said: "Mr. President, I have forgotten the details of that story, and I wish you would tell it." He then said that when Robert became of age he found among the papers of his father's a number of warrants and patents for lands in North-east Missouri, and he concluded the best thing he could do

was to go to Missouri and investigate the condition of things. It being before the days of railroads, he started on horseback with a pair of old-fashioned saddle-bags. When he arrived where he supposed his land was situated, he stopped, hitched his horse, and went into a cabin standing close by the road-side. He found the proprietor, a lean, lanky, leathery-looking man, engaged in the pioneer business of making bullets preparatory to a hunt. Mr. Lewis observed, on entering, a rifle suspended on a couple of buck horns above the fire. He said to the man: "I am looking up some lands that I think belong to my father," and inquired of the man in what section he lived. Without having ascertained the section, Mr. Lewis proceeded to exhibit his title papers in evidence, and having established a good title as he thought, said to the man: "Now, that is my title, what is yours?" The pioneer, who had by this time become somewhat interested in the proceeding, pointed his long finger toward the rifle, and said: "Young man, do you see that gun?" Mr. Lewis frankly admitted that he did. "Well," said he, "that is my title, and if you don't get out of here pretty damned quick you will feel the force of it." Mr. Lewis very hurriedly put his title papers in his saddle-bags, mounted his pony, and galloped down the road, and, as Bob says, the old pioneer snapped his gun twice at him before he could turn

the corner. Lewis said that he had never been back to disturb that man's title since. "Now," said Mr. Lincoln, the "military authorities have the same title against the civil authorities that closed out Bob's Mormon title in Missouri. You may judge what may be the result in this case."

When I returned to the hotel I told the story to the anxious cotton speculators, and they all understood what would be the policy of the administration as well as if a proclamation had been issued. Mr. Lincoln was not in the habit of injecting his stories into an occasion, but told them as they were suggested by the incident of the conversation; and the happy faculty of always being ready with one assisted and relieved him in the discharge of duties, from the humblest walks of life to the complex and complicated responsibilities of President of the United States.

With all the jollity of his every-day life, in all but the surface indications of his character, he was sad and serious. The poem which he so often quoted, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" was a reflex in poetic form of the deep melancholy of his soul. I have heard him, as he sat by the decaying embers of an old-fashioned fire-place, when the day's merriment and business were over and the night's stillness had assumed dominion, quote at length his favorite poem.

Another story is told illustrative of Mr. Lincoln's ability to relieve the embarrassment of his situation as President by a master-stroke of wit. In 1862 the people of New York City were apprehensive of a bombardment by some of the Confederate cruisers; public meetings were held to express the gravity of the situation, and to induce the Government to do something by way of permanently protecting the city. In consummation of that purpose a delegation of fifty gentlemen, representing in their own right $100,000,000, was selected to visit Washington and have an interview with the President, and induce him to detail a gun-boat to protect the city. The committee requested a gentleman then staying at Washington to arrange with the President a time when he could see them. Mr. Lincoln seemed to be much puzzled what to say or do, and remarked to the gentleman who was arranging as to the interview:

"I have no gun-boats or ships of war that can be spared from active service; but, inasmuch as they have come to see me, I shall have to see them and get along as best I can."

The committee called at the appointed time, and were introduced as gentlemen "representing $100,000,000 in their own right." The chairman of the delegation made a very earnest appeal to the President for protection, and remarked that they repre-

sented the wealth of the city—"one hundred millions in their own right." Mr. Lincoln heard them attentively, evidently impressed with the "hundred millions," and replied as follows:

"Gentlemen, I am, by the Constitution, commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, and, as a matter of law, I can order anything done that is practicable to be done; but, as a matter of fact, I am not in command of the gun-boats or ships of war—as a matter of fact, I do not know exactly where they are, but presume they are actively engaged. It is impossible for me, in the condition of things, to furnish you a gun-boat. The credit of the Government is at a very low ebb. Greenbacks are not worth more than 40 or 50 cents on the dollar, and in this condition of things, if I was worth half as much as you gentlemen are represented to be, and as badly frightened as you seem to be, I would build a gun-boat and give it to the Government."

The gentleman who accompanied the delegation says he never saw one hundred millions sink to such insignificant proportions as it did when that committee recrossed the threshold of the White House, sadder but wiser men. They had learned that money as well as muscle was a factor of war.

LAWRENCE WELDON.

Ben: Perley Poore

XI.

Benjamin Perley Poore.

THE election of Abraham Lincoln as President was very acceptable to the older Washington correspondents. They remembered him well in the XXXth Congress, when, as the Representative from the Sangamon district, he was the only Whig in the Illinois delegation, then but seven in number. In the drawing for seats his name had been one of the last called, and he had been obliged to content himself with a desk in the very outer row, about midway on the Speaker's left hand, where he had on one side of him Harmon S. Conger, of New York, and on the other John Gayle, of Alabama. There he used to sit patiently listening to the eloquence of John Quincy Adams, Robert Toombs, David M. Barringer, Andrew Johnson, and others whose genius and learning adorned the old Hall, and to the verbose platitudes of those less gifted. His own voice was never heard unless when he voted "aye" or "nay."

During the Christmas holidays Mr. Lincoln found his way into the small room used as the post-office

of the House, where a few jovial *raconteurs* used to meet almost every morning, after the mail had been distributed into the members' boxes, to exchange such new stories as any of them might have acquired since they had last met. After modestly standing at the door for several days, Mr. Lincoln was "reminded" of a story, and by New Year's he was recognized as the champion story-teller of the Capitol. His favorite seat was at the left of the open fire-place, tilted back in his chair, with his long legs reaching over to the chimney jamb. He never told a story twice, but appeared to have an endless repertoire of them, always ready, like the successive charges in a magazine gun, and always pertinently adapted to some passing event.

It was refreshing to us correspondents, compelled as we were to listen to so much that was prosy and tedious, to hear this bright specimen of Western genius tell his inimitable stories, especially his reminiscences of the Black Hawk War, in which he had commanded a company, which was mustered into the United States service by Jefferson Davis, then second lieutenant of dragoons.

I remember his narrating his first experience in drilling his company. He was marching with a front of over twenty men across a field, when he desired to pass through a gateway into the next inclosure.

"I could not for the life of me," said he, "remem-

ber the proper word of command for getting my company endwise so that it could get through the gate, so as we came near the gate I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!'"

When the laugh which the description of these novel tactics caused had subsided, Mr. Lincoln added:

"And I sometimes think here, that gentlemen in yonder who get into a tight place in debate, would like to dismiss the House until the next day and then take a fair start."

Mr. Lincoln used to narrate his exploits in wrestling during this campaign, when he was regarded as the champion of Northern Illinois. One day the champion of the Southern companies in the expedition challenged him.

"He was at least two inches taller than I was," said Mr. Lincoln, "and somewhat heavier, but I reckoned that I was the most wiry, and soon after I had tackled him I gave him a hug, lifted him off the ground, and threw him flat on his back. That settled his hash."

Soon after the Presidential campaign of 1848 was opened, Alfred Iverson, a Democratic Representative from Georgia, made a political speech, in which he accused the Whigs of having deserted their financial and tariff principles, and of having "taken shelter under

the military coat-tails of General Taylor," then their Presidential candidate. This gave Mr. Lincoln as a text for his reply, "Military coat tails." He had written the heads of what he had intended to say on a few pages of foolscap paper, which he placed on a friend's desk, bordering on an alley-way, which he had obtained permission to speak from. At first he followed his notes, but, as he warmed up, he left his desk and his notes, to stride down the alley toward the Speaker's chair, holding his left hand behind him so that he could now and then shake the tails of his own rusty, black broadcloth dress-coat, while he earnestly gesticulated with his long right arm, shaking the bony index finger at the Democrats on the other side of the chamber. Occasionally, as he would complete a sentence amid shouts of laughter, he would return up the alley to his desk, consult his notes, take a sip of water, and start off again.

Toward the close of his speech, Mr. Lincoln poured a torrent of ridicule upon the military reputation of General Cass, and then alluded to his own exploits as a soldier in the Black Hawk War, "where," he continued, "I fought, bled, and came away. If General Cass saw any live, fighting Indians at the battle of the Thames, where he served as aide-de-camp to General Harrison, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes, and although I never fainted from the loss of blood,

I can truly say I was often very hungry. Mr. Speaker," added Mr. Lincoln, "if I should ever conclude to doff whatever our Democratic friends may suppose there is of black-cockade Federalism about me, and thereupon they shall take me up as their candidate for the Presidency, I protest they shall not make fun of me as they have of General Cass by attempting to write me into a military hero."

Mr. Lincoln received hearty congratulations at the close, many Democrats joining the Whigs in their complimentary comments. The speech was pronounced by the older members of the House almost equal to the celebrated defence of General Harrison by Tom Corwin, in reply to an attack made on him by a Mr. Crary of Ohio. The two speeches are equally characterized by vigorous argument, mirth-provoking irony and original wit. One Democrat, however (who had been nicknamed "Sausage" Sawyer, from having moved the expulsion of "Richelieu" Robinson from the reporter's gallery for a facetious account of his lunching behind the Speaker's chair on bologna sausage), didn't enthuse at all.

"Sawyer," asked an Eastern Representative, "how did you like the lanky Illinoisian's speech? Very able, wasn't it?"

"Well," replied Sawyer, "the speech was pretty good, but I hope he won't charge mileage on his travels while delivering it."

Mr. Lincoln boarded at Mrs. Spriggs, on Capitol Hill, where he had as his messmates the veteran Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio; John Blanchard, John Dickey, A. R. McIlvaine, John Strohm, and James Pollock, of Pennsylvania; Elisha Embree, of Indiana; and P. W. Tompkins, of Mississippi—all Whigs.

Daniel Webster, who was then in the Senate, used occasionally to have Mr. Lincoln at one of his pleasant Saturday breakfasts, where the Western Congressman's humorous illustrations of the events of the day, sparkling with spontaneous and unpremeditated wit, would give great delight to "the solid men of Boston" assembled around the festive board. At one time Mr. Lincoln had transacted some legal business for Mr. Webster connected with an embryo city laid out where Rock River empties into the Mississippi. Mr. Fletcher Webster had gone there for a while, but Rock Island City was not a pecuniary success, and much of the land on which but one payment had been made reverted to the original owners. Mr. Lincoln had charged Mr. Webster for his legal services $10, which the Great Expounder of the Constitution regarded as too small a fee, and he would frequently declare that he was still Mr. Lincoln's debtor.

With these pleasant recollections of Mr. Lincoln, it was not strange that the older correspondents at Washington were glad to learn that he had been

elected President; nor did they agree with Mr. Stanton, who indulged in tirades against Mr. Lincoln, saying on one occasion he "had met him at the bar, and found him a low, cunning clown." They remembered their genial, story-telling friend, and felt confident that he would be somewhat communicative about public affairs, which President Buchanan was not.

When Mr. Seward had Mr. Lincoln smuggled through Baltimore by night to avoid assassination, there was some indignation manifested at Washington, for but very few credited the rumors afloat. Senator Sumner was one of those who believed that the President-elect was in danger of assassination, and he wrote him after his arrival, cautioning him about going out at night.

"Sumner," said Mr. Lincoln, "declined to stand up with me, back to back, to see which was the tallest man, and made a fine speech about this being the time for uniting our fronts against the enemy and not our backs. But I guess he was afraid to measure, though he is a good piece of a man. I have never had much to do with bishops where I live, but, do you know, Sumner is my idea of a bishop."

Mr. Lincoln gave a cordial greeting to me when I called on him after his arrival at Willard's Hotel, and he indulged in some pleasant reminiscences of

his Congressional career. Of course I talked with him about his forthcoming message, and after having made me promise that what he told me should not get into print, he gave me an account of it. He had written it at his Springfield home, and had had it put in type by his friend, the local printer. A number of sentences had been reconstructed several times before they were entirely satisfactory, and then four copies had been printed on foolscap paper. These copies had been locked up in what Mr. Lincoln called a "gripsack," and intrusted to his eldest son Robert.

"When we reached Harrisburg," said Mr. Lincoln, "and had washed up, I asked Bob where the message was, and was taken aback by his confession that in the excitement caused by the enthusiastic reception he believed he had let a waiter take the gripsack. My heart went up into my mouth, and I started down-stairs, where I was told that if a waiter had taken the gripsack I should probably find it in the baggage-room. Going there I saw a large pile of gripsacks and other baggage, and thought that I discovered mine. My key fitted it, but on opening there was nothing inside but a few paper collars and a flask of whiskey. A few moments afterward I came across my gripsack, with the document in it all right, and now I will show it to you—on your honor, mind!"

The inaugural was printed in clear-sized type, and wherever Mr. Lincoln had thought that a paragraph would make an impression upon his audience, he had preceded it with a typographical fist, thus : ☞.

One copy of this printed draft of the inaugural message was given to Mr. Seward, and another to the venerable Francis P. Blair, with request that they would read and criticise; and Mr. Nicolay, who was to be the President's private secretary, made the corrected copy in a fair hand, which Mr. Lincoln was to read. Mr. Nicolay corrected another copy, which was furnished to the press for publication, and which I now own.

At the inauguration, when Mr. Lincoln came out on the platform in front of the eastern portico of the Capitol, his tall, gaunt figure rose above those around him. His personal friend, Senator Baker, of Oregon, introduced him to the assemblage, and as he bowed acknowledgments of the somewhat faint cheers which greeted him, the usual genial smile lit up his angular countenance. He was evidently perplexed, just then, to know what to do with his new silk hat and a large, gold-headed cane. The cane he put under the table, but the hat appeared to be too good to place on the rough boards. Senator Douglas saw the embarrassment of his old friend, and, rising, took the shining hat from its bothered owner

and held it during the delivery of the inaugural address.

Mr. Lincoln was listened to with great earnestness, and evidently desired to convince the multitude before him rather than to bewilder or dazzle them. It was plain that he honestly believed every word that he spoke, especially the concluding paragraphs, one of which I copy from the original print:

"☞ I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may be strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. ☞ The mystic chords of memory, which stretch from every battle-field and patriot grave to every loved heart and hearthstone all over our broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as they surely will be, by the better angels of our nature."

The White House, while Mr. Lincoln occupied it, was a fertile field for news, which he was always ready to give those correspondents in whom he had confidence, but the surveillance of the press—first by Secretary Seward and then by Secretary Stanton—was as annoying as it was inefficient. A censorship of all matter filed at the Washington office of the telegraph, for transmission to different Northern cities, was exercised by a succession of ignorant individuals, some of whom had to be hunted up at whiskey shops when their signature of approval was

desired. A Congressional investigation showed how stupidly the censors performed their duty. Innocent sentences which were supposed to have a hidden meaning were stricken from paragraphs which were thus rendered nonsensical, and information was rejected that was clipped in print from the Washington papers, which it was known regularly found their way into "Dixie."

When irate correspondents appealed to Mr. Lincoln, he would good-naturedly declare that he had no control over his secretaries, and would endeavor to mollify their wrath by telling them a story. One morning in the winter of 1862, when two angry journalists had undertaken to explain the annoyances of the censorship, Mr. Lincoln, who had listened in his dreamy way, finally said:

"I don't know much about this censorship, but come down-stairs and I will show you the origin of one of the pet phrases of you newspaper fellows."

Leading the way down into the basement, he opened the door of a larder, and solemnly pointed to the hanging carcass of a gigantic sheep.

"There," said he, "now you know what '*Revenons à nos moutons*' means. It was raised by Deacon Buffum at Manchester, up in New Hampshire. Who can say, after looking at it, that New Hampshire's only product is granite?"

Often when Mr. Lincoln was engaged, correspond-

ents would send in their cards, bearing requests for some desired item of news, or for the verification of some rumor. He would either come out and give the coveted information, or he would write it on the back of the card, and send it to the owner. He wrote a legible hand, slowly and laboriously perfecting his sentences before he placed them on paper. The long epistles that he wrote to his generals he copied himself, not wishing any one else to see them, and these copies were kept in pigeon-holes for reference. His remarks at Gettysburg, which have been compared to the Sermon on the Mount, were written in the car on his way from Washington to the battle-field, upon a piece of pasteboard held on his knee, with persons talking all around him; yet when a few hours afterward he read them, Edward Everett said:

"I would rather be the author of those twenty lines than to have all the fame my oration of to-day will give me."

The foreign war correspondents who came to Washington quite outshone us resident scribes by their pretensions and the style in which they lived. The most agreeable of them was Mr. Edward Dyce, who had written a readable book on Count Cavour; the most versatile was George Augustus Sala, and the most brilliant was Vizetelly, whose clever pencil-sketches were in great demand. Anthony Trollope,

who visited Washington on postal business and corresponded with a London weekly, was "English, you know;" and, overtopping all the others—in his own estimation at least—was Dr. Russell, of the London *Times*. He organized private theatricals at the British Legation, appearing himself as *Bombastes Furioso;* and he gave pleasant breakfast and supper parties. When the Army of the Potomac was at last ready to move, he obtained a head-quarter pass for himself and his well-stocked ambulance. But when he drove down to the steamer *Canonicus*, on which transportation had been given him, the provost guard refused, by orders from the War Department, to permit him to embark. He hastened to enlist the intercession of Senator Sumner and Lord Lyons, the British Minister, who appealed to Secretary Stanton, but found him inexorable. Secretary Seward said that he was powerless, and Mr. Lincoln refused to interfere, saying grimly:

"This fellow Russell's Bull Run letter was not so complimentary as to entitle him to much favor."

Unable to accompany the army, Dr. Russell sold his expensive ambulance and horses, shook the dust from his feet, and returned to London.

Requests for his autograph signature were a source of annoyance to Mr. Lincoln, who often had to sign his name twenty-five or thirty times a day. When Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, of Philadelphia, called at

the White House and asked for the President's autograph, Mr. Lincoln said :

"Will you have it on a card or on a sheet of paper?"

"If the choice rested with myself," said the jovial doctor, "I should prefer it at the foot of a commission."

Mr. Lincoln smiled, and shook his head as if he did not see it in that light, but he sat down and wrote a few pleasant lines, adding his legible signature, "A. Lincoln."

After having signed the famous Emancipation Proclamation on the 1st of January, 1863, Mr. Lincoln carefully put away the pen which he had used, for Mr. Sumner, who had promised it to his friend George Livermore, of Cambridge, the author of an interesting work on slavery. It was a steel pen with a wooden handle, the end of which had been gnawed by Mr. Lincoln—a habit that he had when composing anything that required thought.

Mr. Lincoln used to wear at the White House, in the morning and after dinner, a long-skirted, faded dressing-gown, belted around his waist, and slippers. His favorite attitude when listening—and he was a good listener—was to lean forward and clasp his left knee with both hands, as if fondling it, and his face would then wear a sad, wearied look. But when the time came for him to give an opinion on what he had

heard, or to tell a story, which something said "reminded him of," his face would lighten up with its homely, rugged smile, and he would run his fingers through his bristly black hair, which would stand out in every direction like that of an electric experiment doll.

Mr. Lincoln's part in subduing the rebellion will be better appreciated as time clears away the mists of race prejudice and the fogs of political intrigue. He was surrounded by able men, widely differing in opinion on the negro, but each one hoping that he would be President of the United States. To curb their ambitions, to humor their prejudices, and to make them, as he once expressed it, "pull in the traces," was no easy task, and required such a self-sacrificing man, of large brain and heart, to direct public affairs, as was Abraham Lincoln.

BENJAMIN PERLEY POORE.

XII.

TITIAN J. COFFEY.

FEW men have had the opportunity to render services so important and beneficial to the country and humanity as Abraham Lincoln. But we may question whether his career as President and Emancipator through the trying scenes of the great Civil War, or even the tragic and touching incidents of his untimely death, would have excited and kept alive the affectionate and ever-increasing interest in his character, if that character had not been marked by traits, some of them quaint, original and homely, that appealed to the common heart of mankind and revealed that touch of nature that makes the whole world kin. It has been often and truthfully said of him that he was a man whose heart lay close to the great popular heart and felt its beatings. Even after he had reached the perilous elevation of the White House, where the truth is apt to be seen through very refracted mediums, he never for a moment lost the faculty of reading the mind of those whom he called "the plain people." In truth he was, by birth, education, experience and sympathy, one of "the

plain people" himself, and the traits that make him so uniquely interesting were simply the outgrowth of a mind original and vigorous, and a kindly heart developed by and taking shape from the modes of thought and expression, the habits and manner of life of the people amid whom he had been brought up and lived. Born in England or Massachusetts, and educated in conventional fashion at Oxford or Harvard, he would doubtless have been a man of mark and power, but he would not have been the Abraham Lincoln whom the people knew and loved. The training of the schools would probably have polished away, not indeed the native humor and shrewd faculty of observation, but that quaint and original habit of thought and speech which found constant expression in racy and effective phrase and in stories of Western life, often homely but never obscene, and always singularly apt in illustration.

But I am not writing an essay on Mr. Lincoln's character or genius. My less ambitious work is to record a few examples of his "preaching by parables," and of his habit of condensing an idea into a single telling phrase.

When these incidents happened I may premise that I was in the public service, and, by virtue of a custom established by Mr. Lincoln, I had occasional access to the Cabinet meetings during the absence of my departmental chief, the Attorney-General.

The skill and success with which Mr. Lincoln would dispose of an embarrassing question or avoid premature committal to a policy advocated by others is well known. He knew how to send applicants away in good humor even when they failed to extract the desired response.

A story told of him after General Cameron's retirement from the War Department illustrates this habit. Every one knows that Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet was chosen chiefly from his rivals for the Presidential nomination, and from considerations largely political. But the exigencies of the war demanded, in the opinion of many good Republicans, a reorganization of the Cabinet based on the special fitness of each member for the great work in hand. Of this opinion were some of the leading Republican Senators. After the retirement of General Cameron they held a caucus and appointed a committee to wait on the President. The committee represented that, inasmuch as the Cabinet had not been chosen with reference to the war, and had more or less lost the confidence of the country, and since the President had decided to select a new War Minister, they thought the occasion was opportune to change the whole seven Cabinet Ministers. They therefore earnestly advised him to make a clean sweep and select seven new men, and so restore the waning confidence of the country.

The President listened with patient courtesy, and when the Senators had concluded he said, with a characteristic gleam of humor in his eye:

"Gentlemen, your request for a change of the whole Cabinet because I have made one change reminds me of a story I once heard in Illinois of a farmer who was much troubled by skunks. They annoyed his household at night, and his wife insisted that he should take measures to get rid of them. One moonlight night he loaded his old shot-gun and stationed himself in the yard to watch for the intruders, his wife remaining in the house anxiously awaiting the result. After some time she heard the shot-gun go off, and in a few minutes the farmer entered the house. 'What luck had you?' said she. 'I hid myself behind the wood-pile,' said the old man, 'with the shot-gun pointed toward the hen-roost, and before long there appeared not one skunk but *seven*. I took aim, blazed away, killed one, and he raised such a fearful smell that I concluded it was best to let the other six go.'"

With a hearty laugh the Senators retired, and nothing more was heard of Cabinet reconstruction.

One of Mr. Lincoln's most amiable qualities was the patience and gentleness with which he would listen to people who thought they had wrongs to redress or claims to enforce. But sometimes, when his patience had been abused for selfish or unworthy

purposes, he was quite capable of administering a caustic rebuke in his own way.

One day, when he was alone and busily engaged on an important subject, involving vexation and anxiety, he was, by some mischance, disturbed by the unwarranted intrusion of three men, who, without apology, proceeded to lay their claim before him. The spokesman of the three reminded the President that they were the owners of some torpedo or other warlike invention which, if the government would only adopt it, would soon crush the rebellion. "Now," said the spokesman, "we have been here to see you time and again; you have referred us to the Secretary of War, to the Chief of Ordnance, and the General of the Army, and they give us no satisfaction. We have been kept here waiting, till money and patience are exhausted, and we now come to demand of you a final reply to our application."

Mr. Lincoln listened quietly to this insolent tirade, and at its close the old twinkle came into his eye.

"You three gentlemen remind me of a story I once heard," said he, "of a poor little boy out West who had lost his mother. His father wanted to give him a religious education, and so placed him in the family of a clergyman, whom he directed to instruct the little fellow carefully in the Scriptures. Every day the boy was required to commit to memory and recite one chapter of the Bible. Things proceeded

smoothly until they reached that chapter which details the story of the trials of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego in the fiery furnace. The boy got on well until he was asked to repeat these three names, but he had forgotten them. His teacher told him he must learn them, and gave him another day to do so. Next day the boy again forgot them. 'Now,' said the teacher, 'you have again failed to remember those names, and you can go no further till you have learned them. I will give you another day on this lesson, and if you don't repeat the names I will punish you.' A third time the boy came to recite, and got down to the stumbling-block, when the clergyman said: 'Now tell me the names of the men in the fiery furnace.' 'Oh,' said the boy, 'here come those three infernal bores! I wish the devil had them!'"

Having received their "final answer" the three patriots retired, and at the Cabinet meeting which followed directly after, the President, in high good humor, related how he had dismissed his untimely visitors.

The humorous aspect of a subject never failed to strike him, and the illustrative story was as ready for a grave matter of business as in its lighter hours. Often during the war United States marshals made arrests and seizures, the legality of which would be tested by judicial proceedings against them. For their protection Congress appropriated

$100,000, to be expended under the direction of the President in defending United States officers in such suits. Some of the marshals thus sued had been clamorous for orders from the Attorney-General to the United States district-attorneys to defend these suits. But when it became known that the President had $100,000 for this purpose the marshals ceased to importune the Attorney-General for counsel, and "went" for the money.

In submitting to the President some rules for his approval under which the fund should be paid to the marshals, I spoke of the fact that they no longer sought the aid of the district-attorneys but were all anxious to get control of the money. "Yes," said he, "they will now all be after the money and be content with nothing else. They are like a man in Illinois, whose cabin was burned down, and according to the kindly custom of early days in the West, his neighbors all contributed something to start him again. In his case they had been so liberal that he soon found himself better off than before the fire, and he got proud. One day, a neighbor brought him a bag of oats, but the fellow refused it with scorn. 'No,' said he, 'I'm not taking oats now. I take nothing but money.'"

A friend of mine was one of a delegation who called on Mr. Lincoln to ask the appointment of a gentleman as Commissioner to the Sandwich Isl-

ands. They presented their case as earnestly as possible, and, besides his fitness for the place, they urged that he was in bad health, and a residence in that balmy climate would be of great benefit to him. The President closed the interview with this discouraging remark:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man."

Many examples might be given of felicitous phrases, often of rustic origin, that gave point to his speech. Once, presenting to him an eminent lawyer, the President courteously said he was familiar with the Judge's professional reputation. The Judge responded:

"And we do not forget that you, too, Mr. President, are a distinguished member of the bar."

"Oh," said Mr. Lincoln modestly, "I'm only *a mast-fed* lawyer."

If there be any who do not see the point of this quaint suggestion of a self-educated lawyer, let them look at the illustration from Dr. South under the word "mast" in Webster's Dictionary.

When Attorney-General Bates resigned, late in 1864 (following the resignation of Postmaster-General Blair earlier in that year), the Cabinet was left without a Southern member. A few days before the meeting of the Supreme Court, which then

met in December, Mr. Lincoln sent for me and said:

"My Cabinet has *shrunk up* North, and I must find a Southern man. I suppose if the twelve Apostles were to be chosen nowadays the shrieks of locality would have to be heeded. I have invited Judge Holt to become Attorney-General, but he seems unwilling to undertake the Supreme Court work. I want you to see him, remove his objection if you can, and bring me his answer."

I then had charge of the government cases in the Supreme Court, and they were all ready for argument. I saw Judge Holt, explained the situation, and assured him that he need not appear in court unless he chose to do so. He had, however, decided to decline the invitation, and I returned to the President and so informed him.

"Then," said he, "I will offer it to James Speed, of Louisville, a man I know well, though not so well as I know his brother Joshua. That, however, is not strange, for I slept with Joshua for four years, and I suppose I ought to know him well. But James is an honest man and a gentleman, and if he comes here you will find he is one of those well-poised men, not too common here, who are not spoiled by a big office."

Mr. Lincoln was himself a perfect illustration of that remark. His modest, manly nature was quite

unaffected by the accidents of place and power. It was a common saying that he was far more accessible than many a chief of bureau or clerk. Many authentic anecdotes are told to show the kindness with which he received and heard the stories of those whom the sorrows of the war brought to him for relief, and no bruised heart ever came to him to invoke Executive clemency or assistance that did not go away, if not healed, at least consoled and grateful for patient hearing and kindly sympathy.

In the spring of 1863, a very handsome and attractive young lady from Philadelphia came to my office with a note from a friend, asking me to assist her in obtaining an interview with the President. Some time before she had been married to a young man who was a lieutenant in a Pennsylvania regiment. He had been compelled to leave her the day after the wedding to rejoin his command in the Army of the Potomac. After some time he obtained leave of absence, returned to Philadelphia, and started on a brief honeymoon journey with his bride. A movement of the army being imminent, the War Department issued a peremptory order requiring all absent officers to rejoin their regiments by a certain day on penalty of dismissal in case of disobedience. The bride and groom, away on their hurried wedding tour, failed to see the order, and on their return he was met by a notice of his dismissal from the service.

The young fellow was completely prostrated by the disgrace, and his wife hurried to Washington to get him restored. I obtained for her an interview with the President. She told her story with simple and pathetic eloquence, and wound up by saying:

"Mr. Lincoln, won't you help us? I promise you, if you will restore him, he will be faithful to his duty."

The President had listened to her with evident sympathy, and a half-amused smile at her earnestness, and as she closed her appeal he said with parental kindness:

"And you say, my child, that Fred was compelled to leave you the day after the wedding? Poor fellow, I don't wonder at his anxiety to get back, and if he stayed a little longer than he ought to have done we'll have to overlook his fault this time. Take this card to the Secretary of War and he will restore your husband."

She went to the War Department, saw the Secretary, who rebuked her for troubling the President, and dismissed her somewhat curtly. As it happened, on her way down the War Department stairs, her hopes chilled by the Secretary's abrupt manner, she met the President ascending. He recognized her, and with a pleasant smile said:

"Well, my dear, have you seen the Secretary?"

"Yes, Mr. Lincoln," she replied, "and he seemed

very angry with me for going to you. Won't you speak to him for me?"

"Give yourself no trouble," said he. "I will see that the order is issued."

And in a few days her husband was remanded to his regiment. I am sorry to add that, not long after, he was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, thus sealing with his blood her pledge that he should be faithful to his duty.

Attorney-General Bates, who was a Virginian by birth and had many relatives in that State, one day heard that a young Virginian, the son of one of his old friends, had been captured across the Potomac, was a prisoner of war, and was not in good health. Knowing the boy's father to be in his heart a Union man, Mr. Bates conceived the idea of having the son paroled and sent home, of course under promise not to return to the army. He went to see the President and said:

"I have a personal favor to ask. I want you to give me a prisoner."

And he told him of the case. The President said:

"Bates, I have an almost parallel case. The son of an old friend of mine in Illinois ran off and entered the rebel army. The young fool has been captured, is a prisoner of war, and his old broken-hearted father has asked me to send him home, promising of course to keep him there. I have not seen my way clear to

do it, but if you and I unite our influence with this administration I believe we can manage it together and make two loyal fathers happy. Let us make them our prisoners."

And he did so.

I often heard the Attorney-General say on his return from important Cabinet meetings that the more he saw of Mr. Lincoln the more was he impressed with the clearness and vigor of his intellect and the breadth and sagacity of his views, and he would add:

"He is beyond question the master-mind of the Cabinet."

No man could talk with him on public questions without being struck with the singular lucidity of his mind and the rapidity with which he fastened on the essential point.

A day or two after the news came of the stopping of the English steamer *Trent* by Admiral Wilkes, and the forcible capture of Mason and Slidell, the President walked into the Attorney-General's room, and as he seated himself said to that officer:

"I am not getting much sleep out of that exploit of Wilkes', and I suppose we must look up the law of the case. I am not much of a prize lawyer, but it seems to me pretty clear that if Wilkes saw fit to make that capture on the high seas he had no right to turn his quarter-deck into a prize court."

His mind quickly saw the point which, first of all, gave the act its gravest and most indefensible aspect.

The memory of Abraham Lincoln is and always will be precious to the American people, and the better his character and conduct are understood the brighter will he shine among those names that the world will not willingly let die.

TITIAN J. COFFEY.

Henry Ward Beecher

XIII.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MY acquaintance with Lincoln could hardly be called an acquaintance. I was rather an observer. I followed him as I did every public character during the antislavery conflict. The first thing that really awakened my interest in him was his speeches parallel with Douglas in Illinois, and indeed it was that manifestation of ability that secured his nomination to the Presidency. It was a matter of great importance that the new Presidential election should have another candidate than Fremont, and Lincoln's speech at the Cooper Union, after his controversy with Douglas, settled it.

Seward expected the nomination, but overhopeful nature would, I think, have gone far to damage the whole country if he had been President, and the nomination of Lincoln was, to begin with, the revelation of the hand of God.

He was, in the most significant way, a man that embodied all the best qualities of unspoiled, middle-class men. He had the homely common sense; he had honesty with sagacity; and he had sympathetic

nature that prepared him to accept any stormy times. The colored people were the helpless wards; the Southern people, our fellow-citizens.

The weakness of human nature is such that when a man is born he is helpless; and he can never stand up against the public sentiment of the age in which he lives. Lincoln was able to deal with all classes of men, from his very nature. When he first went to Washington, the general opinion was that he was an honest man but lacked in sagacity; but a friend told me he was the best judge of men in the country.

Thus far in a general way.

I was editor of the *Independent* in 1861–2, and of course my duty compelled me to keep the run of things, and know what was going on behind and outside.

The first visit I ever made to Washington was before the war. The organization of the church was controlled by the South, and I walked the streets and was regarded by the people there as a sort of dangerous animal. They stood and looked at me as they would a bull-dog or bear. I did not go to Washington again until 1862.

In 1862, the great delay, the want of any success, the masterly inactivity of our leading generals, roused my indignation, and I wrote a series of editorials addressed to the President (three or four), and as near as I can recollect they were in the nature of a mow-

ing machine—they cut at every revolution—and I was told one day that the President had received them and read them through with very serious countenance, and that his only criticism was: "Is thy servant a dog?" They bore down on him very hard.

I went to England in 1863, not directly or indirectly by request of Mr. Lincoln or of Mr. Seward, and was opposed to speaking there until I was dragged into it by things over there.

On my return from England I fell in with Stanton, and I consider him to be head and shoulders above all others in that conflict.

There was some talk, early in 1864, of a sort of compromise with the South. Blair had told the President that he was satisfied if he could be put in communication with some of the leading men of the South in some way or other, that some benefit would accrue. Lincoln had sent a delegation to meet Alexander Stephens, and that was all the North knew. We were all very much excited over that. The war lasted so long, and I was afraid Lincoln would be so anxious for peace, and I was afraid he would accept something that would be of advantage to the South, so I went to Washington and called upon him. We were alone in his receiving-room. His hair was "every way for Sunday." It looked as though it was an abandoned stubble

field. He had on slippers, and his vest was what was called "going free." He looked wearied, and when he sat down in a chair, looked as though every limb wanted to drop off his body. And I said to him, "Mr. Lincoln, I come to you to know whether the public interest will permit you to explain to me what this Southern commission means? I am in a position as editor, not wont to step in the dark." Well, he listened very patiently, and looked up to the ceiling for a few moments, and said: "Well, I am almost of a mind to show you all the documents."

"Well, Mr. Lincoln, I should like to see them if it is proper." He went to his little secretary, and came out and handed me a little card as long as my finger and an inch wide, and on that was written—

"You will pass the bearer through the lines" (or something to that effect).

"A. LINCOLN."

"There," he said, "is all there is of it. Now Blair thinks something can be done, but I don't, but I have no objection to have him try his hand. He has no authority whatever but to go and see what he can do."

"Well," said I, "you have lifted a great burden off my mind."

Well, that being all safely over, we talked a little

about other things, and some one came in and said to him that a deputation had just arrived and wanted to see him.

"Well," said he, "you come along with me." I said I did not want to make any remarks, but he said, "Come along."

We went to a balcony window, and Mr. Lincoln made a few courteous remarks, and then he said, "Now Mr. Beecher will talk to you." I do not remember what I said—a few words.

I do not know that I ever met him after that.

John Dufrees was Public Printer, and was my old friend and chum. He was intimately acquainted with him, and he gave me a good many things which would come more properly from him than me.

When Mrs. Stowe called to see Lincoln towards the close of the war, she says that she spoke of the great relief he must feel at the prospect of an early close of the war and the establishment of peace. And he said, in a sad way, "No, Mrs. Stowe, I shall never live to see peace; this war is killing me;" and he had a presentiment that he would not live long, that he had put his whole life into the war, and that when it was over he would then collapse.

Nobody will ever understand Lincoln who is not acquainted with Western character and habit of thirty or forty years ago.

I have heard of these stories from Stanton. Stan-

ton was as tender as a woman—he was as tender as a lover. I had great admiration for him.

I came up Wall Street one day and met a friend who said: "I just came back from Washington. Stanton is breaking down; he won't hold out much longer."

Well, it just struck me all in a heap. I walked into one of those offices in Wall Street and said, "Will you allow me pen and ink?" and wrote to him just what I had heard—that he was sick and broken down and desponding. I wrote that he need not despond, that the country was saved, and, if he did not do another thing, he had done enough. I sent the letter, and in the course of a few days I got back a letter, and if it had been a woman writing in answer to a proposal it could not have been more tender. And when I went to Washington he treated me with great tenderness, as if I had been his son.

When Johnson had come to the Presidency, and Stanton and every one was anxious that he should be kept in Northern influence, I went down to Washington to preach the funeral sermon. The President was there, and he asked me to call and see him—that he would be happy to see me.

Stanton said, "Go." I afterward went to see the President. I returned to Stanton's and went into his study, and he got a box of cigars, and I thought that if I did not smoke he would not like it, and I

took a smoke, although it made me sick—puffing occasionally—and when he threw away his, I did mine.

Stanton, evidently, got rest from his great cares through literature; but Lincoln, from the humorists. I understood them both perfectly. Stanton had poetry for his relaxation. Everybody must have somewhere to blow off.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

XIV.

WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

I.

THE object of this series of sketches of Abraham Lincoln by men who were intimately acquainted with him is, as I understand it, to perpetuate the memory of illustrative facts of his current life, and thus provide materials for future biography.

Remembering that it is not for "impressions of his character, but for incidents illustrative thereof," that I have been asked, I find a fitting prelude to my reminiscences in a rapid allusion to our first meeting. It took place in the reception-room and library of Mr. Lincoln's Springfield home on the evening of the day succeeding his nomination for the Presidency by the Republican Convention. It so happened that, though we had never met, I was not entirely unknown to him. He had heard of the sonorous voice of the Pennsylvania delegate, who, favoring the nomination of Lincoln or Wade, and who, having been informed of the details of an arrangement by which the immense audience that would throng the wigwam on the evening preceding the

formal opening of the Convention should be addressed by no advocate of any other candidate than Mr. Seward, had deliberately undertaken to defeat the scheme by talking against time, till the trains that were to carry his auditors to their homes beyond the city should be ready for the last departure of that date; and who, in defiance of oft-repeated calls for Hon. James W. Nye, who was to dedicate the entire evening to his friend Seward, held the platform till midnight approached and the twelve thousand early listeners had palpably dwindled to less than one thousand. It is, however, due to Mr. Lincoln to say that he made no reference to this incident on that evening, and that it was not until I had come to be an *habitué* of the Executive Chamber that I heard him recount the story of the wigwam meeting as it had come to him. Graver matters now engaged him. The president of the Convention, and the chairman of each delegation, or a substitute for him, in which latter capacity I served, had called to notify him of his nomination, and to present to him the letter which had been prepared, and which would inform him of the nomination, together with the platform, resolutions and sentiments which the Convention had adopted.

It was a beautiful evening in May. The train bearing the Committee, and a number of distinguished gentlemen who accompanied them, arrived at

Springfield shortly before sunset, and, after a couple of hours devoted to refreshment and such rest as might be found in the midst of so excited a people, the delegates repaired to Mr. Lincoln's home for the purpose of discharging the duty with which they had been intrusted. Having entered the room designated, the members of the Committee, and the distinguished men by whom they were accompanied, ranged themselves around three sides of the room. Among them were many men of national importance, including Hon. George Ashman, who had presided over the Convention and had been the life-long friend of Daniel Webster. Through a vista of more than a quarter of a century, I vividly recall the appearance of Governor Morgan of New York, and of the venerable Francis P. Blair, who had so long edited the *Globe*, the organ of Jackson's administration; of Hon. Gideon Welles of Connecticut, who was to serve with honor throughout the war as Secretary of the Navy; of Hon. David K. Cartter, of Congressional fame, subsequently in the diplomatic service of the government, and now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia; of John A. Andrew, who is immortal in history as the great War Governor of Massachusetts; and of William M. Evarts, who, having in the name of New York nominated William H. Seward to the Convention, at the appropriate moment after Mr. Lincoln's

nomination by a majority of the Convention, moved that the nomination be made unanimous, and many others no less worthy of special designation.

Mr. Lincoln assumed his position in the back part of the room, and Mr. Ashman, advancing a few paces, briefly announced the purpose of our visit and delivered the letter containing the platform, etc. While Mr. Ashman spoke, Mr. Lincoln's form and features seemed to be immovable; his frame was slightly bent, and his face downcast and absolutely void of expression. It was evident that the voice which addressed him was receiving his exclusive attention. He had no eye nor ear for any other object, and as I contemplated his tall, spare figure, I remembered that of Henry Clay, to whom I noticed a more than passing resemblance; and that of General Jackson, as I had seen him in 1832, forced itself upon my memory. It was not, however, until the conclusion of Mr. Ashman's few sentences, that I beheld the being, upon whose rough casket I had been gazing. The bowed head rose as by an electric movement, the broad mouth, which had been so firmly drawn together, opened with a genial smile, and the eyes, that had been shaded, beamed with intelligence and the exhilaration of the occasion. The few words, in which fitting response to Mr. Ashman's address was made, flowed in a pleasant voice, and, though without marked emphasis, each

syllable was uttered with perfect clearness. As in conclusion he said, "Now I will not longer defer the pleasure of taking you, and each of you, by the hand," Mr. Lincoln joined Mr. Ashman, and approached the Hon. E. D. Morgan, who was Governor of the Empire State, Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, and the most commanding figure of the visiting party. Accident had placed me at the left hand of the Governor, who was not only not gifted as a conversationalist but was eminently taciturn, and made no audible response to the cordial welcome with which he had been greeted. Mr. Lincoln, as if determined to elicit a colloquy, said, "Pray, Governor, how tall may you be?" "Nearly six feet three," said the brawny and distinguished man, who relapsed into silence, and was thus likely to embarrass his eager interlocutor. But, interposing, I somewhat boisterously exclaimed: "And pray, Mr. Lincoln, how tall may you be?" "Six feet four" said he. At hearing which I bowed profoundly, saying: "Pennsylvania bows humbly before New York, but still more humbly before Illinois. Mr. Lincoln, is it not curious that I, who for the last twelve years have yearned for a president to whom I might look up, should have found one here in a State where so many people believe they grow nothing but 'Little Giants?' (The popular sobriquet of Stephen A. Douglas.)

A peal of laughter greeted this interjection. The ice was broken. A free flow of chat and chaff pervaded the room, and before the company dispersed, every guest had an opportunity for a pleasant exchange of words with the whilom rail-splitter, Abraham Lincoln.

II.

Our next interview occurred early in August. Frank P. Blair, Jr., had accepted the Republican nomination for Congress in one of the St. Louis districts, and in pursuance of a promise given his friends at Chicago, I opened a campaign in that city in his behalf in the latter part of July. Returning thence, I fulfilled a promise exacted from me by Mr. Lincoln before we parted in May, and passed a day at Springfield. Our intercourse during this visit convinced me that a desire to know all that could be learned on any subject that challenged his investigation was the dominant element of his intellectual character and the source of his leadership among men. His knowledge, chiefly acquired after his nomination, of the men who held or aspired to hold leadership in Pennsylvania, and in many cases of men whose influence was limited to minor subdivisions of the State, astonished me. Nor was he ignorant of the fact that the opposition to Democracy in Pennsylvania was not, as in Illinois, through-

out New England, in the north-west generally, a coherent body. He knew, too, that the questions, the subtlety and power of which had divided the vote of the opposition to the Democracy in Pennsylvania, and by losing the State to Fremont had made the election of Buchanan possible in 1856, had not been definitely settled; and that that opposition even now was a compromise or armed neutrality between the Republican and the American parties, and was known in and about Philadelphia as the People's Party. This was the title by which the delegates from Philadelphia to the Chicago Convention had been known. Mr. Lincoln felt that he was more than the candidate for the first office in the gift of the American people, and there seemed to him to be something repugnant in the discussion of that selfish aspect of his position. He evidently thought of himself as the accepted representative of Republican principles, and felt that he had been charged with the duty of securing, if possible, their triumph, and of giving his countrymen whatever blessings these principles might be capable of producing. He knew that the smoldering conflict of sentiment might be fanned into flame if discontent should be widely generated by local nominations or other causes affecting legislative, senatorial, or Congressional districts. He therefore attached no value to the mere knowledge of the names or geographical relations of men. To

name a man whose affiliations he did not know, was like any other fact in nature which, by reason of his lack of knowledge of its relations, seemed to exist in isolation; what he wanted to know was the relations of men to opinion, to men of influence, and to organizations social or political. Earnest contests in behalf of gentlemen for positions in his Cabinet were already in motion. How far might this question affect the harmony of the party, and the popular vote of the State? "You told our people here at the State-house," said he, "on the night you visited me with the committee from the Convention, that I would carry your State by a larger majority even than it had given 'Old Hickory,' which was the largest it had ever recorded, but now and again a communication comes along which gives me cause to think your estimate may have been much too sanguine. I do not incline to that opinion at present, and our conversation has satisfied me that you form a very accurate appreciation of the things of which you speak. I have, however, arranged to consider these questions through the aid of two old friends whose judgment I can trust as I cannot that of any recent acquaintance, and who are in no way involved in any of your local dissensions. They will come to you very shortly, and I wish you to bring about them as many men of local influence of all shades of Republican opinion as you can, present-

ing them as far as you can to individuals or small groups, and in such a manner as to enable my two friends—each of whom is a Judge Davis—to reach conclusions after what they shall regard as satisfactory investigation. They are known in Illinois as 'big Judge Davis' and 'little Judge Davis;' but in worth and character they are both large men, and I want them to traverse Pennsylvania to the extent, at least, of all the disaffected districts." Sickness prevented the "little Judge" from coming, and the note which brought the "big Judge" to my office some weeks later was my introduction to the Hon. David Davis, so well known to the country by his career as an independent Senator and a learned and conscientious Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States.

III.

An apparently unrelated or isolated person or fact would have been a perpetual source of annoyance to Mr. Lincoln. Why did this occur? Why is that so? were questions he propounded not only in connection with matters of grave responsibility, but in relation to the commonest affairs of life. There were persons who knew of Mr. Lincoln but as a story-teller, and believed him to be devoted to intercourse with men who enjoyed hearing and knew how to tell mirth-provoking stories.

Of this class was my friend, the late John McDonough, a celebrated actor, who was an intensely partisan Democrat, and had accepted the theory that Mr. Lincoln was a mere buffoon, whose official duties were performed by his Cabinet. I may without injustice to the memory of a valued friend make this statement, for after the incident to which I am about to refer he made the utmost atonement for any injustice he might have done Mr. Lincoln. Mr. McDonough was to play an engagement at the National Theatre, in which he was to appear as "Mrs. Pluto," in an extravaganza entitled *The Seven Sisters.* After much persuasion, he consented to go with me to the White House the evening preceding the opening of his engagement. Pursuant to promise he called at my rooms, and found with me Rev. Benj. R. Miller, a devoted Wesleyan, and chaplain of the 119th Pennsylvania Volunteers, who had proposed to devote the first evening of a brief furlough to a conference with his personal friend and Congressional representative.

The night was terribly stormy, but in spite of wind and rain I proposed an early start for the White House, the more certainly to secure the interview I hoped to bring about. Thanks to the condition of the weather, we found the President alone; and disclaiming any desire for employment or patronage of any kind, I said we might, however, vex

him with some problems, as we represented the stage, the pulpit, and the forum, and introduced my friends as "Parson Miller" and "Mrs. Pluto." After a playful remark or two about the possibility of discord in a household that embraced "Mrs. Pluto" and an orthodox clergyman, the President turned to the chaplain and created not a little surprise on the part of my friends, showing that it was not necessary for him to inquire from what corps a representative of the 119th Pennsylvania came, by asking about the condition of certain officers and bodies of troops of whom the chaplain of a regiment in their division would probably be able to tell him.

Having thus for the present disposed of the chaplain, Mr. Lincoln turned to Mr. McDonough, who seemed lost in contemplation of the grave and dignified man who, despite the cares of his great office, was so easy in social intercourse, and said, "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. McDonough, and am grateful to Kelley for bringing you in so early, for I want you to tell me something about Shakespeare's plays as they are constructed for the stage. You can imagine that I do not get much time to study such matters, but I recently had a couple of talks with Hackett—Baron Hackett, as they call him—who is famous as Jack Falstaff, but from whom I elicited few satisfactory replies, though I probed him with a good many questions."

Mr. McDonough avowed his willingness to give the President any information in his possession, but protested that he feared he would not succeed where his friend Hackett had failed. "Well, I don't know," said the President, "for Hackett's lack of information impressed me with a doubt as to whether he had ever studied Shakespeare's text, or had not been content with the acting edition of his plays." He arose, went to a shelf not far from his table, and having taken down a well-thumbed volume of the *Plays of Shakespeare*, resumed his seat, arranged his glasses, and having turned to *Henry VI.* and read with fine discrimination an extended passage, said, "Mr. McDonough, can you tell me why those lines are omitted from the acting play? There is nothing I have read in Shakespeare, certainly nothing in *Henry VI.* or the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, that surpasses its wit and humor." The actor suggested the breadth of its humor as the only reason he could assign for its omission, but thoughtfully added that it was possible that if the lines were spoken they would require the rendition of another or other passages which might be objectionable.

"Your last suggestion," said Mr. Lincoln, "carries with it greater weight than anything Mr. Hackett suggested, but the first is no reason at all;" and after reading another passage, he said, "This is not withheld, and where it passes current there can be no

reason for withholding the other." But, as if feeling the impropriety of preferring the player to the parson, he turned to the chaplain and said: "From your calling it is probable you do not know that the acting plays which people crowd to hear are not always those planned by their reputed authors. Thus, take the stage edition of *Richard III.* It opens with a passage from *Henry VI.*, after which come portions of *Richard III.*, then another scene from *Henry VI.*, and the finest soliloquy in the play, if we may judge from the many quotations it furnishes, and the frequency with which it is heard in amateur exhibitions, was never seen by Shakespeare, but was written, was it not, Mr. McDonough, after his death, by Colley Cibber?"

Having disposed, for the present, of questions relating to the stage editions of the plays, he recurred to his standard copy, and, to the evident surprise of Mr. McDonough, read or repeated from memory extracts from several of the plays, some of which embraced a number of lines.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Lincoln's poetical studies had been confined to his plays. He interspersed his remarks with extracts striking from their similarity to, or contrast with, something of Shakespeare's, from Byron, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and other English poets.

The time had come for our departure, and Mr.

McDonough had thanked the President warmly for the pleasure he had afforded him, and we were about to take our leave, when Mr. Lincoln said: "But there is much genuine poetry floating about anonymously. There is one such poem that is my almost constant companion; indeed, I may say it is continually present with me, as it crosses my mind whenever I have relief from anxiety. It opens thus"—and he proceeded to recite the opening and several succeeding stanzas, though he did not repeat the entire poem. My readers will, I am sure, thank me for inserting it in full, as it was noted from his lips by Mr. F. B. Carpenter during his stay at the White House, and appears in his charming volume, *The Inner Life of Abraham Lincoln.*

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant, the mother attended and loved;
The mother, that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blessed—
Each, all are away in their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold—
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think:
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is done.

They died—ay, they died—we things, that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies o'er their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain ;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath—
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud ;
Oh ! why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?

It was now past eleven o'clock. We had been with him more than four hours, and when I expressed regret for the thoughtlessness which had detained him so long, he responded : " Kelley, I assure your friends that in bringing them here this evening you have given me the benefit of a long holiday. I have not enjoyed such a season of literary recreation since I entered the White House, and I feel that a long and pleasant interval has passed since I closed my routine work this afternoon. Before you go I want to make a request of each of you, and exact a promise that you will grant it if it shall ever happen that you can do so. The little poem I just now brought to your notice is truly anonymous. Its author has been greatly my benefactor, and I would be glad to name him when I speak of his poem ; and the request I make of you is, that should you ever learn his name and anything of his story you will send it to me, that I may treasure it as a memorial of a dear friend."

IV.

The result of the October election of 1862 was unsatisfactory to the Republicans of Pennsylvania, and they ascribed the reverses which had overtaken the party to the President's retention of McClellan as General-in-Chief, after he had proven himself unwilling or incompetent to conduct an aggressive campaign against the Confederate army.

On the morning of the third day after that election I participated in a memorable interview with the President. My district had been strongly conservative, and my election in 1860 was by a plurality and not by a majority of the voters, the opposition having divided their suffrages between a Democrat and a nominee of the Bell and Everett party. Knowing for years, as I had, McClellan's father and uncle, who ranked high among Philadelphia's distinguished surgeons and physicians, and recognizing in his promotion a compliment to my city, of which he was a native, I greeted with enthusiasm his appointment to a command which brought him to Washington, and took the earliest fitting opportunity to present my congratulations in person. That was late in July, but before the 1st of January I had taken my place with those who denounced his course in selecting his intimate associates from the ranks of those who were most hostile to the ad-

ministration that had placed him in command of the army which was charged with the duty of conquering embattled rebellion, and in wasting the entire summer and autumn in inaction. My revised estimate of his fitness for supreme command was expressed without reserve at the time of his greatest popularity. This independence of judgment and speech cost me the sympathy of many constituents from whom I had received most active support, and I was regarded, if I may be permitted to use a bit of Congressional slang, as "a yearling"—a man who had come to Congress to serve once and never return.

Thus it came about that when on the morning of which I have spoken I presented myself to the President as his first visitor, he advanced with extended hand to greet me, exclaiming, "Kelley, you know how sincerely I congratulate you. Come, sit down and tell me how it is that you, for whose election nobody seemed to hope, are returned with a good majority at your back, while so many of our friends, about whom there was no doubt, have been badly beaten."

Admitting that I would have been beaten had the election occurred six months earlier, I said that my triumph was due to my loyalty to him and his administration, coupled with my known independence of both in demanding the substitution of a fighting

general for McClellan. Without pausing for a reply, I continued: It is the desire to secure this change that has brought me here at such an early hour this morning. I am, as you know, not a soldier, and have rendered no military service, yet it happens that, as one of a squad of emergency men, I was in charge of the spare guns and sick horses of a battery of regular artillery in a camp between Hagerstown and Sharpsburg, and heard the fire of musketry that opened the battle of Antietam in the gray dawn of the morning; that by a detail from Dr. Smith, the Surgeon-General of Pennsylvania, I had been the bearer of a communication to General Reynolds touching the reserves, or "Home Guard" of Philadelphia, who, having volunteered as "emergency men" for duty within our State, had, without rest, drill, or other preparation for field duty, been ordered to the front immediately on their arrival at the State line; and that I could therefore tell him, from personal observation, that the sacrifices of that long day's fighting had been surrendered by McClellan, who, while it was not only daylight, but while the sun was still high and Fitz-John Porter's corps was in reserve, and other troops were comparatively fresh, had silenced his guns, and permitted Lee to withdraw his forces from a *cul-de-sac*, in which they were practically imprisoned. At this moment we were interrupted by a messenger with a card, which

proved to be that of my colleague from the Gettysburg district, Hon. Edward McPherson. He had just been beaten in what had been regarded as a certain district. With the most sympathetic manner, Mr. Lincoln, who had advanced toward the threshold to meet him, asked "how he accounted for so unhappy and so unexpected a result in his district." I had not conversed with Mr. McPherson on the subject, but knew that his friends were outspoken in charging the loss of the district to the President; and when, with the gentleness of his nature, he was suggesting specious causes for the sweeping reverse, I interrupted him by saying: "Mr. President, my colleague is not treating you frankly; his friends hold you responsible for his defeat." "If that be true," rejoined the President, "I thank you for the suggestion;" and turning to McPherson, said: "Tell me frankly what cost us your district. If ever there was an occasion when a man should speak with perfect candor to another it is now, when I apply to you for information that may guide my course in grave national matters." "Well, Mr. President," said McPherson, "I will tell you frankly what our friends say. They charge the defeat to the general tardiness in military movements, which result, as they believe, from McClellan's unfitness for command. The enforcement of the draft occurred during the campaign, and of course our

political enemies made a great deal of capital out of it; but, in my judgment, not enough to change the complexion of the district. But the persistent refusal of McClellan and his engineers to protect our borders from invasion, by the construction of works to command the fords of the Potomac, had a very positive effect; for, as a result of the neglect of this duty, Stuart, with his cavalry, raided through my district on the Friday and Saturday before the election; paroled sick and wounded Union soldiers whom he found in hospital at Chambersburg; burnt the railroad station, machine shops, and several trains of loaded cars, and destroyed thousands of muskets and large quantities of army clothing."

The President was not permitted to reply to these suggestions, for the main door on the broad landing at the head of the stairs opened without knock or other premonition, and the sturdy form of Hon. J. K. Moorhead, who represented the Pittsburg district, advanced toward the President, who met him with extended hand, saying, "And what word do you bring, Moorhead; you, at any rate, were not defeated?" "No," exclaimed Moorhead, in a voice at a high pitch and tremulous with nervous excitement—"no, Mr. President, but I am sorry to say it was not your fault that we were not all beaten;" and continuing in the same nervous manner he proceeded to the performance of a duty which, knowing the gentle-

ness of Mr. Lincoln's nature, he felt to be a most ungracious one, and said: "Mr. President, I came as far as Harrisburg yesterday, and passed the evening with a number of the best and most influential men of our State, including some of those who have been your most earnest supporters, and they charged me to tell you that when one of them said, 'he would be glad to hear some morning that you had been found hanging from the post of a lamp at the door of the White House,' others approved the expression."

The manner of the President changed. He was perfectly calm, and in a subdued voice said: "You need not be surprised to find that that suggestion has been executed any morning; the violent preliminaries to such an event would not surprise me. I have done things lately that must be incomprehensible to the people, and which cannot now be explained." I met the President's admission of such a possibility with what, as I remember it at this distance of time, seems to me to have been a most indecorous display of earnestness. I could not retain my seat, and pacing the floor with quick and violent step, begged him to permit no other person to hear that he had ever entertained the thought of so fearful a possibility. I charged upon him a lack of self-appreciation, and said "he had but to assert his position by showing himself master of the military department, as he did of all other departments of the administration, to command

a following in the Northern States such as even Andrew Jackson had never had; that he enjoyed a greater share of the personal affection of his fellow-citizens than any public man but Washington had done; that within twenty-four hours of the time it should come to be known that he had put a soldier in McClellan's place, he would find that he could command the moral, social, and financial resources of the country as no other President had done;" to all of which, after they had recovered from their surprise at my impulsive outburst, my colleagues assented. The kind-hearted President, who had not been offended by my manner, turned to me and said: "Kelley, if it were your duty to select a successor to McClellan, whom would you name?" I evaded a direct reply, and said: "My advice to you, Mr. President, would be to make up your mind to change, and to let it be known that the loss of a great battle would be to the general the loss of his command, and to go on changing until you find the right man, though he prove to be a private with a marshal's baton in his knapsack." "Well," said he, "but you are talking about an immediate successor to McClellan, and I ask you whom you would name for his position if the duty were yours." "I think, sir," said I, "my judgment would incline to Hooker, whose sobriquet of 'Fighting Joe' would convey the impression to the impatient country that the change meant 'fight,'

which the people would believe to be synonymous with ultimate and early success." "Would not Burnside do better?" said the President. "I don't think so," said I; "you know I have great respect for Burnside, but he is not known to the country as an aggressive man, and in that respect I think Hooker would be better in the present conjunction of affairs." "I think," said he, "Burnside would be better, for he is the better housekeeper." With uncontrollable impatience I exclaimed with an expletive, which I hope was pardoned elsewhere as freely as it was by the President, "You are not in search of a housekeeper or a hospital steward, but of a soldier who will fight, and fight to win." "I am not so sure," said Mr. Lincoln, quietly, "that we are not in search of a housekeeper. I tell you, Kelley, the successful management of an army requires a good deal of faithful housekeeping. More fight will be got out of well-fed and well-cared-for soldiers and animals than can be got out of those that are required to make long marches with empty stomachs, and whose strength and cheerfulness are impaired by the failure to distribute proper rations at proper seasons." This was so true, so kindly, so thoroughly expressive of Mr. Lincoln's nature, that it commanded unqualified assent, and this part of the interview* closed with a renewal of the joint sug-

* For supplement to this interview, see closing pages of *Lincoln and Stanton*, by Wm D. Kelley. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

gestion that change should follow change until the right man had been found, and the expression of a hope that the first change would be promptly made. The President's thoughtful but evasive response to all of which was, "We shall see what we shall see." What we did see was that on the 7th of November Burnside relieved McClellan of his command.

One evening when a few gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Seward, had met in the Executive Chamber without special business, and were talking of the past, the President said, "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," said Mr. Seward. "Well," replied he, "I was about eighteen years of age, and belonged, as you know, to what they call down South the 'Scrubs;' people who do not own land and slaves are nobody there, but we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce as I thought to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I had got the consent of my mother to go, and had constructed a flat boat, large enough to take the few barrels of things we had gathered down to New Orleans. A steamer was going down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, they were to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new boat, and wondering whether I could

make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men, with trunks, came down to the shore in carriages, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered, modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something, and supposed that each of them would give me a couple of bits. The trunks were put on my boat, the passengers seated themselves on them, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted their trunks and put them on the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar and threw it on the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. You may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle, but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, the poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day; that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me; I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time."

V.

Early in June, 1862, in response to an invitation from Senator Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, to join him and Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, in accompanying a deputation of Pennsylvanians to the Executive Chamber, I repaired to the anteroom, where I found the Senators and a delegation of earnest people, who represented an independent religious organization which attached a higher degree of importance to the purity of life and unselfish conduct than to the acceptance of theological dogmas, and who had been charged by the Yearly Meeting of their association to present a "minute" to the President on the subject of slavery and the duty of immediate emancipation. The minute had, in accordance with the usage of Friends, been carefully inscribed, and was in the hands of a member of the delegation who would read it distinctly.

At the appointed time, a messenger notified the Senators that the President was ready to receive the party. We who knew Mr. Lincoln felt instinctively, on coming into his presence, that the visit was inopportune. The air was full of evil rumors from the Peninsula, and the President had evidently passed a night of anxiety. He, however, gave the delegation a cordial, though brief, greeting. The

guests, who were all strangers to the President, did not perceive, as others did, an unusual air of impatience in his manner, as he announced that he was ready to hear from the Friends.

The delegation charged with the presentation of the minute advanced, and proceeded to read the contents of the attested document.

The President did not seem to recognize the fact that in reading it he performed a ministerial function, and apparently held him responsible for what the Yearly Meeting had prepared. I had not attempted to charge my memory with the substance of the minute. It, however, soon appeared that it had reminded the President that, while he was yet a citizen, he had said, "I believe that this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free," and from this disjointed quotation had deduced a suggestion of his failure to perform his duty as he had then seen it. That he was sharply aggrieved by something that was said became apparent to every one.

Having finished it, the reader handed the scroll to the President, who, after a few unimportant remarks, straightened himself to his full height, and, with an asperity of manner of which he had not previously seemed to be capable, said: "It is true that on the 17th of June, 1858, I said, 'I believe that this government cannot permanently endure half slave and

half free,' but I said it in connection with other things, from which it should not have been separated in an address discussing moral obligations; for this is a case in which the repetition of half a truth, in connection with the remark just read, produces the effect of a whole falsehood. What I did say was: 'If we could first know where we are and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to the slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house, divided against itself, cannot stand." I believe that this government cannot permanently endure half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect that it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction, or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.'" *

* In this speech to the Republican State Convention at Springfield, Ill.,

VI.

A few days after the interview with the Progressive Friends, what the world calls a "Quaker Preacher" was presented to the President, and after some little general conversation, begged permission to detain him while she bore a brief testimony in behalf of the slave, to which, with an air of ill-subdued impatience, he replied, "I will hear the Friend."

The testimony was ostensibly a plea in behalf of the slave, but it was evidently intended as an indirect appeal for the fuller recognition of woman in governmental matters; for the speaker reminded the President that, after the children of Israel had been terribly wronged and oppressed for twenty years, and had cried out unto the Lord for deliverance, He had appointed Deborah, who was a prophetess, and judged Israel at that time, to overthrow their oppressors and emancipate them, and that Deborah had gone up against Sisera, whom the Lord discomfited, with all his troops and all his hosts, so that Sisera leaped down off his chariot and fled away on his feet. Having elaborated this biblical example, the speaker assumed that the President was, as Deborah had been, the appointed

---

June 17, 1858, many have found the original of Mr. Seward's famous irrepressible conflict speech at Rochester on the 25th of the following October.

minister of the Lord, and proceeded to tell him that it was his duty to follow the example of Deborah, and forthwith abolish slavery, and establish freedom throughout the land, as the Lord had appointed him to do.

"Has the Friend finished?" said the President, as she ceased to speak. Having received an affirmative answer, he said: "I have neither time nor disposition to enter into discussion with the Friend, and end this occasion by suggesting for her consideration the question whether, if it be true that the Lord has appointed me to do the work she has indicated, it is not probable that He would have communicated knowledge of the fact to me as well as to her."

VII.

Having called one morning a little earlier than usual, in the hope of having a confidential interview with the President, I found the field preoccupied; and while I waited, Senator Wilson entered the chamber, having with him four Englishmen of ripe years and dignified bearing.

The President had evidently had an early appointment, and had not completed his toilet. He was in his slippers, and his pantaloons, when he crossed one knee over the other, disclosed the fact that he wore heavy blue stockings. As, in the etiquette of calls upon the Executive, Senators take

precedence of members of the House, I found that my chance for anything like a private conversation was at an end; but as I had breakfasted at the same table with the gentlemen whom the Senator was about to present, I could not avoid hearing their conversation, and I felt that I would be repaid by waiting for their proposed interview with the President as others would have to do.

It was an agreeable surprise to learn that the chief of the visiting party was Prof. Goldwin Smith, one of the firmest of our English friends.

As the President rose to greet them, he was the very impersonation of easy dignity, notwithstanding the negligee of his costume; and with the tact that never deserted him, he opened the conversation with an inquiry as to the health of John Bright, whom he said he regarded as the friend of our country, and of freedom everywhere. The visitors having been seated, the magnitude of recent battles was referred to by Prof. Smith as preliminary to the question, whether the enormous losses which were so frequently occurring would not so impair the industrial resources of the North as to seriously affect the prosperity of individual citizens, and consequently the revenues of the country. He justified the question by proceeding to recite the number of killed, wounded and missing reported after some of the great battles recently fought.

There were two of Mr. Lincoln's devoted friends who lived in dread of his little stories. Neither of them was gifted with humor, and both could understand his propositions, which were always distinct and clean cut, without such illustrations as those in which he so often indulged, and were chagrined whenever they were compelled to hear him resort to them in the presence of distinguished strangers or on grave occasions. They were Senator Wilson and Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War; and, as Prof. Smith closed his statistical statement, the time came for the Massachusetts Senator to bite his lip, for the President, crossing his legs in such a manner as to show that his blue stockings were long as well as thick, said that in settling such matters we must resort to "darky" arithmetic.

"To darky arithmetic!" exclaimed the dignified representative of the learning and higher thought of Great Britain and her American Dominion, "I did not know, Mr. President, that you have two systems of arithmetic?"

"Oh, yes," said the President; "I will illustrate that point by a little story: Two young contrabands, as we have learned to call them, were seated together, when one said, 'Jim, do you know 'rithmetic?'"

Meanwhile, Senator Wilson's right foot was playing a quick but quiet kind of devil's tattoo. Had

he known a thousand stories he would not have told one of them to Prof. Smith and his grave-looking British friends; and he was mortified that the President, who in all essential things had few superiors in easy dignity of manner, should so inopportunely indulge in such frivolity.

VIII.

Unconscious of the Senator's annoyance, the President proceeded: "Jim answered, 'No; what is 'rithmetic?' 'Well,' said the other, 'it's when you add up things. When you have one and one, and you put them together, they makes two. And when you substracts things. When if you have two things, and you takes one away, only one remains.' 'Is dat 'rithmetic?' 'Yes.' 'Well, 'tain't true den; it's no good.' Here a dispute arose, when Jim said: 'Now, you s'pose three pigeons sit on that fence, and somebody shoot one of dem, do t'other two stay dar? I guess not, dey flies away quicker'n odder feller falls,' and, Professor, trifling as the story seems, it illustrates the arithmetic you must use in estimating the actual losses resulting from our great battles. The statements you refer to give the killed, wounded and missing at the first roll-call after the battle, which always exhibits a greatly exaggerated total, especially in the column of missing."

"But, Mr. President," interjected the Professor,

"is it not unfortunate that such should be the case; for these original reports go everywhere, and doubtless generally create the impression which led to my inquiry, whether you are not proceeding rapidly toward exhaustion?"

Admitting that it would be better, in some respects, if the statement of losses should be delayed, the President said he did not think it would compensate for possible evil consequences of such delay. The early reports of European battles did not furnish a standard by which to judge the accuracy of ours, or to form an opinion of the fidelity of our troops, by comparing the greater number of missing shown in our early reports. The Peninsula, in which the war was then raging, had, he said, been found to be a heavily wooded, swampy terra incognita, and the battles were fought by volunteers, most of whom were serving their first year, and not by veterans, such as made up the British and Continental armies. Overtaken by darkness, in a swampy region penetrated by no roads save those made by the contending armies, new men, exhausted by long marches, loss of sleep, and long stretches of fighting, were hardly to blame for falling out of line and seeking a night's sleep to prepare them for returning to camp in the morning. The surprise to him had been, not the largeness but the smallness of the number of missing, when the final records of

losses in battle had been made up. And to the astonishment, not only of his interlocutor, but of all who were present, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to compare the first and final reports of the losses at several important battles, and to inquire with an air of quiet satisfaction whether the record was not one which exhibited, on the part of volunteers, many of whom were little more than raw recruits, a devotion to the country of which every patriot might be proud.

Having heard Mr. Lincoln answer the Professor satisfactorily, and vindicate his resort to darky arithmetic, I left without waiting to learn to what other topics his attention might be invited by his British guests.

IX.

It was a piece of rare good fortune that brought Goldwin Smith and his friends to my side, just after I had taken my usual seat at the dinner-table. The Professor was the most remote of the party, and the gentleman who sat next me had evidently parted from him before he left the Executive Chamber, and I could not help overhearing the conversation between them.

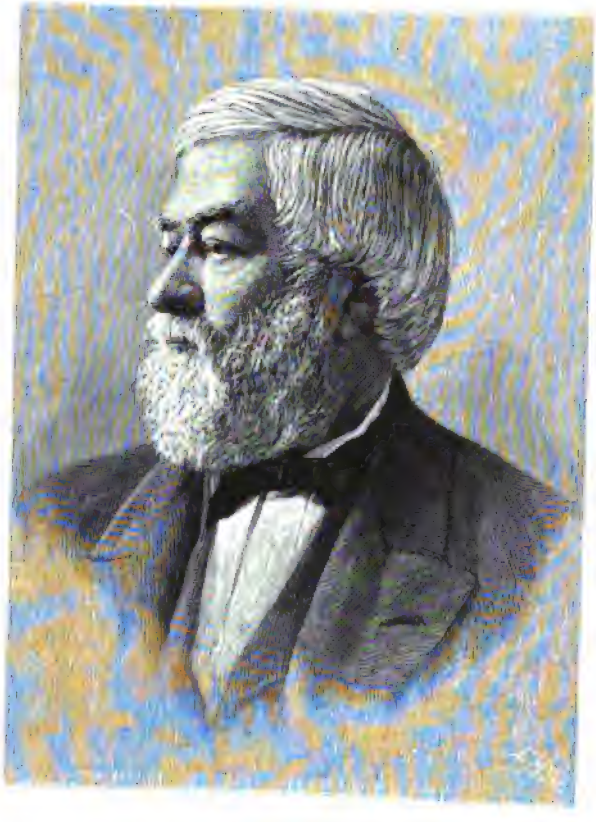
"Professor," said he, "can you give me the impression President Lincoln made upon you?"

"Yes," said he; "it was a very agreeable one.

Such a person is quite unknown to our official circles or to those of Continental nations. Indeed, I think his place in history will be unique. He has not been trained to diplomacy or administrative affairs, and is in all respects one of the people. But how wonderfully he is endowed and equipped for the performance of the duties of the chief executive officer of the United States at this time! The precision and minuteness of his information on all questions to which we referred was a succession of surprises to me."

WILLIAM D. KELLEY.

THE
BOSTON PUBLIC
SOCIETY



C. M. Clay.

XV.

CASSIUS M. CLAY.

WHILST I was a student in Transylvania University at Lexington, Kentucky, the main building, including the dormitory, was burned down, and I sought lodgings with Robert Todd and wife, where I became acquainted with Miss Mary Todd. Her elder sister married Ninian Edwards, of Illinois, where Miss Todd followed and married Abraham Lincoln. I was on very agreeable terms with the Todd family, who were always my avowed friends during my antislavery career. So when I went to speak in the Fremont campaign at Springfield, Illinois, in 1856, Abraham Lincoln and his law partner, O. S. Browning, called upon me. As I was speaking every day, I had but little time for social intercourse. The feeling against the liberal movement was as violent then in the free as in the slave States. Lovejoy had been killed not long before at Alton, and the State House was refused me. But, as the weather was pleasant, I spoke, in the grove which was about it, to an immense audience, for more than two hours. Lincoln and Browning lay

upon the ground, whittling sticks, and heard me, throughout, with marked attention. Hurrying on to my appointments, I saw him then no more. I never shall forget his long, ungainly person, and plain, but even then sad and thoughtful features. He was but little known to the world, but his being the husband of my old friend of earlier days caused me to look with interest upon him. I flatter myself that I sowed good seed in good ground, which, in the providence of God, produced in time good fruit.

Joshua and James Speed, now famous for their associations with Lincoln, Kentuckians and natives of Jefferson County, Kentucky, were my schoolmates, and relatives of John Speed Smith, who married my eldest sister Eliza. A few years ago Joshua was invited to deliver a lecture at Berea College, in my county, upon Lincoln. This college, of which I and John G. Fee were the founders, is about fourteen miles from Richmond by the old buggy road. I heard Speed's lecture with great interest, and taking him in my carriage, drove him to my sister Smith's residence, about twelve miles north-east from Berea. On the route we naturally talked much of Lincoln, of which conversation I will give some account.

Joshua Speed, the son of a wealthy farmer, quit Kentucky and set up a miscellaneous store in the capital of Illinois, then a mere backwoods village. One day an awkward green stranger of great stature

and as much diffidence entered his store, and asked Speed if he could fit him out with bedding and a few other named articles. Speed said "Yes;" when Lincoln went around and examined each article carefully, making a memorandum with Speed of the same. When his list was completed, he asked for the whole sum of the bill, which was about thirty dollars. Upon that, Lincoln, looking grave, said: "As this is more than I expected, I have not so much money, and am sorry to have put you to so much trouble." Speed then asked him his name and business, when Lincoln said that he was just commencing the practice of the law in Springfield, and wanted to fit up a small office and sleeping-room. Speed then told him that he would credit him for the amount. This Lincoln steadily refused, and was about to depart, when Speed said: "Mr. Lincoln, since you refuse a credit, and as I am an unmarried man, and have a double bed up-stairs, I will be glad to share it with you till you can make more agreeable arrangements." To this Lincoln did not at once accede, but went up-stairs and examined the bed, no doubt to see whether it was large enough without annoying his host, and cordially accepted his generosity. For many years he continued to sleep with Speed, which gave him an eminent opportunity to study Lincoln's character. This rude style of living, unknown in more wealthy and refined

society, was often a necessity in a pioneer country, to which all ranks were at times accustomed. The limits here imposed forbid my enlarging upon these incidents, but I will name a few. Traveling one day in his company, a storm blew some young birds from their nest, Lincoln dismounted from his horse in the rain, and tenderly replaced them. Once pleading a cause, the opposing lawyer had all the advantage of the law in the case; the weather was warm, and his opponent, as was admissible in frontier courts, pulled off his coat and vest as he grew warm in the argument. At that time shirts with the button behind were unusual. Lincoln took in the situation at once, knowing the prejudices of a primitive people against pretension of all sorts, or any affectation of superior social rank. Arising, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, having justice on my side, I don't think you will be at all influenced by the gentleman's pretended knowledge of the law, when you see he does not even know which side of his shirt should be in front." There was a general laugh, and Lincoln's case was won. Speed further said that as soon as Lincoln was elected President, he wrote to him to name any office he would like to have. But he wrote back that his business was better than any office the President could give him. However, afterward Lincoln made his brother, James Speed, Attorney-General. The old apothegm,

"If you want to know a man, travel with him or live with him," was intensified in Speed's case. His judgment, therefore, of Lincoln's character is of great value. He regarded him as humane, philanthropic, and eminently the most just man he ever knew, and that he well deserved of all men the name of "Honest Abe."

His debate with Stephen A. Douglas not only showed great ability, but a liberal tendency. And though Douglas was the first popular speaker of his day, Lincoln won on the convictions of the people; so that, although Douglas was chosen the Senator of Illinois, the debate, as taken down by stenographers, was published by the Whigs, and widely distributed as a campaign document. This brought Lincoln prominently before the nation as the liberal candidate. He was invited to speak in New York by the young Whigs and Liberals, and I met him again for the second time, and had on the cars a long talk with him on my favorite policy. Lincoln as usual was a good listener; and when I had accumulated all my arguments in favor of liberation he said: "Clay, I always thought that the man who made the corn should eat the corn." This homely illustration of his sentiments has lingered ever in my memory as one of the most eminent arguments against slavery. The famous Robert G. Breckinridge said: "The highest of all rights is the right of a man to him-

self." As a splendid and axiomatic declaration it has not been surpassed in antislavery literature; but it is only a declaration. Whereas Lincoln's saying is not only a declaration, but an argument and a conclusion.

Salmon P. Chase was my first choice for President, but as Ben. Wade divided Ohio, he was thrown out of the race. Wm. H. Seward was my next choice; but when he made his great electioneering speech in the Senate, where he declared himself in favor of Union, with or without slavery, he became in my view an unimportant factor in the great liberal movement of our times. So I took up Lincoln as a more reliable man. The result is history.

As soon as Lincoln was nominated he wrote me a letter offering the post of Secretary of War, which seemed to be the general desire of the Chicago convention of 1860. (See letter, Kentucky Historical Society.) He also wrote me several letters asking me to speak in Indiana and Illinois, in one of which he wrote from Springfield, Illinois, July 20, 1860: "In passing, let me say, that at Rockport you will be in the county within which I was brought up from my eighth year, having left Kentucky at that part of my life." I spoke in Indiana and Illinois, both of which we carried, but S. Cameron was made Secretary of War.

After I refused to go for Seward he became my

personal enemy. Relying upon Lincoln's promise, I never saw him till after the inauguration; but Seward, aided by the Southern Whigs, persuaded him that my appointment would be "a declaration of war upon the South"—at least Lincoln was thus influenced.

Without my knowledge, I was heralded as the Minister Plenipotentiary to Madrid. I at once went on to Washington and told Lincoln that I would not go to an old effete government like Spain. He seemed very reticent and grave, but asked me what office I would have. I said, since the Cabinet was full, I would go to England or France as Minister. He said Seward had promised those posts to Charles Francis Adams and Wm. L. Dayton. "Then," said I, taking my hat, "I will go home." Lincoln then said: "Clay, don't go home; I will consider the matter." The same day I dined with the leading Republicans of the nation then in Washington, at the house of the Belgian Minister, Sanford. At an early hour I was called to the hall to see Senator Baker from Oregon, with whom I was intimate, we having been together in the Mexican War. He was killed at Ball's Bluff. Baker said he had conversed with Lincoln about me, and the President was anxious to satisfy my aspirations; the country was divided into personal and political factions, and it was hard to solidify the party—would I not accept the mission to Russia? I replied, that I had spent my life and

fortune in the public service—canvassed for five Presidents who held power, and never asked or received an office; that now, when I could accept one —without compromise of my principles—the hungry harpies, mercenary camp-followers, swooped down upon me. No, I would go home and stay there. Baker seemed to feel the injustice done me, but continued: "You have made great sacrifices, but does not patriotism require still more? Lincoln thinks your return home would seriously injure the party and the country: and so do I." I then said: "Well, Russia is a young and powerful nation, and must greatly figure in our affairs: I will accept." Without ceremony, Baker said: "Get your hat, and we will go to the White House at once." We went; and without sending up a card, we entered Lincoln's reception-room. He was alone, and evidently awaiting us. He was quite sad and thoughtful. With his head bent down in silence he awaited Baker's report, who, without sitting down, said: "Mr. Lincoln, our friend Clay will accept the Russian mission." Lincoln then rose up, and, advancing rapidly toward me, firmly took my hand and said: "Clay, you have relieved me from great embarrassment."

I went home at once, brought my family to Washington, and was ready to set out for Europe, when the railroad and telegraph lines north were cut, and the ships sunk in the Chesapeake Bay, and the re-

bellion was fairly begun. I sent my family to Philadelphia on the last train that passed north, and stayed myself in defense of the capital. I and Senator James Lane, of Kansas, at once organized a battalion, of which I was chosen commander, and we assisted in the expulsion of the rebels, and the defence of the President, the City of Washington, the Federal offices and buildings. For the design of the Slave-Power was to capture all these, and thus gain recognition by the nations as the government *de facto.* As commander of the "Clay Battalion," I was in close contact with the President, and the age of General Winfield Scott, and the general distrust and treason of the regular army, gave me almost dictatorial power for a time in Washington. Captured and distrusted spies were brought to me directly, and a quasi-ambassador, Hurlburt, from the ostensibly loyal men of Virginia, came to me with the terms of a truce, which will be more elaborately treated of in my forthcoming "Memoirs, Writings, and Speeches." These I reduced to writing and showed to Lincoln, which he carefully read, and said: "I think your course is well; go and show them to some leading men, and act as you think best." This I did, and signed in my own name on honor, as the government could not recognize any of these revolutionary claims of disloyal authority. The capital being safe by the arrival of the New York, Massachusetts, and Penn-

sylvania volunteers, I sailed from Boston to Europe. For my services Lincoln gave me his cordial thanks, issued an order of honor through the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, and presented me with a Colt's revolver.

Through Seward's enmity I was recalled in the fall of 1862, receiving the compliments of the department and a commission of major-general of volunteers at the same time.

I found, on my return, the Union army powerless, and the City of Washington in danger of capture. I declared openly for liberation of the slaves captured in war, and of all the States in rebellion. All the Cabinet but Salmon P. Chase, were either against this policy or temporizing. Stanton and Halleck seemed determined to ruin all the old antislavery generals—as Fremont, Blair, etc.; and finding myself under their proscription, notwithstanding Secretary Chase's backing, I determined to return to Europe, if I could. I went to Lincoln and gave my reasons for a change of policy—that European Governments would go against us if we fought simply for the Union, but that England and France, especially, dared not interfere if we fought for the liberation of the slaves; that the Democrats wanted peace on any terms, and the Liberals were divided by a temporizing course. What was the use of fighting for the old Union with the cancer of slavery left? Better make

peace on any terms. Let us nail our banner of universal liberty to the mast, and if fall we must, we would at least fall with honor, leaving a legacy of inestimable value to an immortal cause. I said I had been recalled without my consent, and was now trammeled by the hatred of Stanton and Halleck, and I wanted to return to Europe. Lincoln heard me with great patience in silence. He then said: "Seward told me you wished to return." I replied, "It is untrue."* I then said for the first time: "You promised me the place of Secretary of War, which you gave to Cameron. Now Cameron drives me again from my post at St. Petersburg." Lincoln then said: "I was persuaded that such appointment of you would be a declaration of war against the South, and whoever heard of a reformer reaping the reward of his labors in his lifetime?" He then went on to say that he had no reason to refuse to send me back to Russia. Halleck had ordered me to report to General B. F. Butler at once in New Orleans. Lincoln tore up the order, and said: "There is much in what you say which has had my serious thought, but we have as much as we can now carry, and I fear if the proclamation of freedom should be issued, Kentucky would go out to the South." I said, "No; I have discussed the liberal issue all these years in my own State; those who would favor the rebellion are

* See Lincoln's letter in *Men of Progress*, 1869–70, New York.

already in arms, those remaining are for the Union with or without slavery; ten men would not be changed." "If I thought so I would act at once. The Legislature is in session, go down and see what they will do in such case." So, making a few speeches North on my way, I came to Frankfort just as Kirby Smith was marching his victorious troops against my county town—Richmond. The Legislature adjourned, and both branches heard me in the Hall of the House of Representatives. I was not only heard with patience, but often cheered. The part touching liberation was written down and handed to the reporter of the *Cincinnati Gazette.* The whole speech reported was handed by me to Lincoln, who on the 22d day of September, 1862, issued his immortal proclamation of liberation. Seward and all the leading Whig and Republican journals opposed the proclamation and my return to Russia. The *Louisville Journal* said I ought to be neither general nor minister, but deserved to be sent to prison. Mr. Lincoln said to me: "Don't be uneasy about yourself and your return to St. Petersburg. Seward and no other man can hurt you. We have no confidence in Seward's friendship, and he is kept in office only for reasons of state." I saw much of Mr. Lincoln at the White House and the Soldiers' Home. The new movement gave confidence to our cause at home and abroad, and I left my life-friend in better spirits,

and our armies on the road to victory. I saw no more of the martyr President.

When a number of the first citizens of New York desired the pardon of a former collector for defalcation, and a large delegation of gentlemen and ladies came down to Washington, my aid was invoked. I went with a number of gentlemen, and spoke to Lincoln in behalf of the delinquent. The President heard me with great patience and silence, and when I had finished, he said: "If I pardon this man, and *my* collector takes away the public money, what shall I do?" That settled it.

But he was not always so stern. Three of my friends in Kentucky, Democrats, had been imprisoned in Ohio for disloyalty. I asked their pardon, saying I was sure they would keep their mouths shut and be loyal to the government thereafter. Without a word Lincoln wrote their pardon.

I was one day with Lincoln, when a report came that one of our unionists was caught in Virginia by the rebels and condemned to death, the choice being left him to be hung or shot. I saw a trace of humor pass over his sad face when he said he was reminded of a camp-meeting of colored Methodists in his earlier days. There was a brother who responded often to the preacher with "Amen," "Bless the Lord," etc. The preacher drew a strong line, sweeping the sinners on both sides into the devil's net: "All those

who thus sin are in the downward *path* to ruin, and all those who so act, including about the whole human race, are on the sure *road* to hell." The unctuous brother, bewildered, cried out: "Bless the Lord, this nigger takes to the woods!"

When Charles Francis Adams delivered his eulogy upon Seward, by invitation, at Albany, New York, I wrote a reply which was widely spread in the journals, to which I refer those who care to know my estimate of Lincoln. I need not say that I place him first of all his contemporaries in natural ability and devoted patriotism.

C. M. CLAY.

R. G. Ingersoll

XVI.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

STRANGE mingling of mirth and tears, of the tragic and grotesque, of cap and crown, of Socrates and Rabelais, of Æsop and Marcus Aurelius, of all that is gentle and just, humorous and honest, merciful, wise, laughable, lovable and divine, and all consecrated to the use of man; while through all, and over all, an overwhelming sense of obligation, of chivalric loyalty to truth, and upon all the shadow of the tragic end.

Nearly all the great historic characters are impossible monsters, disproportioned by flattery, or by calumny deformed. We know nothing of their peculiarities, or nothing but their peculiarities. About the roots of these oaks there clings none of the earth of humanity. Washington is now only a steel engraving. About the real man who lived and loved and hated and schemed we know but little. The glass through which we look at him is of such high magnifying power that the features are exceedingly indistinct. Hundreds of people are now engaged in smoothing out the lines of Lincoln's face

—forcing all features to the common mold—so that he may be known, not as he really was, but, according to their poor standard, as he should have been.

Lincoln was not a type. He stands alone—no ancestors, no fellows, and no successors. He had the advantage of living in a new country, of social equality, of personal freedom, of seeing in the horizon of his future the perpetual star of hope. He preserved his individuality and his self-respect. He knew and mingled with men of every kind; and, after all, men are the best books. He became acquainted with the ambitions and hopes of the heart, the means used to accomplish ends, the springs of action and the seeds of thought. He was familiar with nature, with actual things, with common facts. He loved and appreciated the poem of the year, the drama of the seasons.

In a new country, a man must possess at least three virtues—honesty, courage and generosity. In cultivated society, cultivation is often more important than soil. A well executed counterfeit passes more readily than a blurred genuine. It is necessary only to observe the unwritten laws of society—to be honest enough to keep out of prison, and generous enough to subscribe in public—where the subscription can be defended as an investment. In a new country, character is essential; in the old, reputation is sufficient. In the new, they find what a man really is;

in the old, he generally passes for what he resembles. People separated only by distance are much nearer together than those divided by the walls of caste.

It is no advantage to live in a great city, where poverty degrades and failure brings despair. The fields are lovelier than paved streets, and the great forests than walls of brick. Oaks and elms are more poetic than steeples and chimneys. In the country is the idea of home. There you see the rising and setting sun ; you become acquainted with the stars and clouds. The constellations are your friends. You hear the rain on the roof and listen to the rhythmic sighing of the winds. You are thrilled by the resurrection called Spring, touched and saddened by Autumn, the grace and poetry of death. Every field is a picture, a landscape; every landscape, a poem ; every flower, a tender thought; and every forest, a fairy-land. In the country you preserve your identity—your personality. There you are an aggregation of atoms, but in the city you are only an atom of an aggregation.

Lincoln never finished his education. To the night of his death he was a pupil, a learner, an inquirer, a seeker after knowledge. You have no idea how many men are spoiled by what is called education. For the most part, colleges are places where pebbles are polished and diamonds are dimmed. If Shakespeare had graduated at Oxford, he might

have been a quibbling attorney or a hypocritical parson.

Lincoln was a many-sided man, acquainted with smiles and tears, complex in brain, single in heart, direct as light; and his words, candid as mirrors, gave the perfect image of his thought. He was never afraid to ask—never too dignified to admit that he did not know. No man had keener wit or kinder humor. He was not solemn. Solemnity is a mask worn by ignorance and hypocrisy—it is the preface, prologue, and index to the cunning or the stupid. He was natural in his life and thought—master of the story-teller's art, in illustration apt, in application perfect, liberal in speech, shocking Pharisees and prudes, using any word that wit could disinfect.

He was a logician. Logic is the necessary product of intelligence and sincerity. It cannot be learned. It is the child of a clear head and a good heart. He was candid, and with candor often deceived the deceitful. He had intellect without arrogance, genius without pride, and religion without cant—that is to say, without bigotry and without deceit.

He was an orator—clear, sincere, natural. He did not pretend. He did not say what he thought others thought, but what he thought. If you wish to be sublime you must be natural—you must keep

close to the grass. You must sit by the fireside of the heart: above the clouds it is too cold. You must be simple in your speech: too much polish suggests insincerity. The great orator idealizes the real, transfigures the common, makes even the inanimate throb and thrill, fills the gallery of the imagination with statues and pictures perfect in form and color, brings to light the gold hoarded by memory, the miser—shows the glittering coin to the spendthrift, hope—enriches the brain, ennobles the heart, and quickens the conscience. Between his lips, words bud and blossom.

If you wish to know the difference between an orator and an elocutionist—between what is felt and what is said—between what the heart and brain can do together and what the brain can do alone—read Lincoln's wondrous words at Gettysburg, and then the speech of Edward Everett. The oration of Lincoln will never be forgotten. It will live until languages are dead and lips are dust. The speech of Everett will never be read. The elocutionists believe in the virtue of voice, the sublimity of syntax, the majesty of long sentences, and the genius of gesture. The orator loves the real, the simple, the natural. He places the thought above all. He knows that the greatest ideas should be expressed in the shortest words—that the greatest statues need the least drapery.

Lincoln was an immense personality—firm but not obstinate. Obstinacy is egotism—firmness, heroism. He influenced others without effort, unconsciously; and they submitted to him as men submit to nature, unconsciously. He was severe with himself, and for that reason lenient with others. He appeared to apologize for being kinder than his fellows. He did merciful things as stealthily as others committed crimes. Almost ashamed of tenderness, he said and did the noblest words and deeds with that charming confusion—that awkwardness—that is the perfect grace of modesty. As a noble man, wishing to pay a small debt to a poor neighbor, reluctantly offers a hundred-dollar bill and asks for change, fearing that he may be suspected either of making a display of wealth or a pretense of payment, so Lincoln hesitated to show his wealth of goodness, even to the best he knew.

A great man stooping, not wishing to make his fellows feel that they were small or mean.

He knew others, because perfectly acquainted with himself. He cared nothing for place, but everything for principle; nothing for money, but everything for independence. Where no principle was involved, easily swayed—willing to go slowly, if in the right direction—sometimes willing to stop, but he would not go back, and he would not go wrong. He was willing to wait. He knew that the event

was not waiting, and that fate was not the fool of chance. He knew that slavery had defenders, but no defense, and that they who attack the right must wound themselves. He was neither tyrant nor slave. He neither knelt nor scorned. With him, men were neither great nor small,—they were right or wrong. Through manners, clothes, titles, rags and race he saw the real—that which is. Beyond accident, policy, compromise and war he saw the end. He was patient as Destiny, whose undecipherable hieroglyphs were so deeply graven on his sad and tragic face.

Nothing discloses real character like the use of power. It is easy for the weak to be gentle. Most people can bear adversity. But if you wish to know what a man really is, give him power. This is the supreme test. It is the glory of Lincoln that, having almost absolute power, he never abused it, except upon the side of mercy.

Wealth could not purchase, power could not awe this divine, this loving man. He knew no fear except the fear of doing wrong. Hating slavery, pitying the master—seeking to conquer, not persons, but prejudices—he was the embodiment of the self-denial, the courage, the hope, and the nobility of a nation. He spoke, not to inflame, not to upbraid, but to convince. He raised his hands, not to strike, but in benediction. He longed to pardon.

He loved to see the pearls of joy on the cheeks of a wife whose husband he had rescued from death.

Lincoln was the grandest figure of the fiercest civil war. He is the gentlest memory of our world.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

XVII.

A. H. MARKLAND.

NOT long after the November election of 1860, an association was formed in Washington City for the purpose of gathering information as to the real condition of political affairs in the South with reference to threatened secession, and to organize for such remedies as might seem necessary. This association was composed of gentlemen mainly from the Southern States, who were for the maintenance of the Union at whatever cost. Some were the personal friends of Abraham Lincoln, others had opposed his election. In the membership were men who had held prominent positions in the public service, and who were skilled in political diplomacy. This association held its meetings for consultation daily and nightly during the winter months of 1860 and 1861, and though the meetings were not absolutely secret they were not openly public. I was one of the young members of the association. It is not material to state what steps were taken or what methods were adopted to accomplish the work in view. It is suf-

ficient to say that while the disunionists had their agents visiting State capitals and the large cities to address Legislatures and the people generally on the beauties of secession, the Unionists were educating them in a more quiet way to its folly and danger.

It was through this association I became personally acquainted with Abraham Lincoln shortly after his inauguration.

My first interview with Mr. Lincoln was in company with some of his intimate personal friends, who called informally to pay their respects to him as the President of the United States. When the salutations and congratulations were being made to Mr. Lincoln, one of his secretaries placed some papers on his table for signature. Mr. Lincoln excused himself for the moment by this remark:

"Just wait now until I sign some papers, that this government may go on."

The papers being signed, Mr. Lincoln entered into a chatty conversation on public subjects, in which he gave his views on the situation as then presented by the attitude of the Southern States. He was then hopeful that a more serious phase of the threatened trouble might be averted, and that the better judgment of the citizens of the South might prevail. But he was very decided and determined as to what his duty was and what his action would be, if the secessionists and disunionists pressed their case. He said:

"The disunionists did not want me to take the oath of office. I have taken it, and I intend to administer the office for the benefit of the people, in accordance with the Constitution and the law."

The interview was of short duration, but of consequence as showing that Mr. Lincoln had in no measure been inattentive to the growth of disunion sentiment in the South, nor was he in doubt as to what means should be taken to check its progress. He had said to a prominent Democratic politician of the State of Kentucky who called upon him at Springfield, Illinois, immediately after the November election:

"The Fugitive Slave law will be better administered under my administration than it ever has been under that of my predecessors. If your party has been honest in its execution I will see that my party is equally honest in its execution."

The gentleman said in reply:

"Mr. Lincoln, if you will put that in writing that I make take it South and show it to the people, I will guarantee to save every State from secession except probably South Carolina."

Mr. Lincoln said:

"Sir, these are my views, given to you honestly and with good intent. You may use them as you think proper. It would be indelicate and uncalled for to put them in writing, at this time, for the pur-

pose you indicate. I have not yet been placed in charge of the government. When the time comes for me to assume authority, I will speak plainly and explicitly, and no man who is for the Union will mistake me."

The gentleman, with whom this conversation was had, has repeated it to me within the last few days.

The persuasive methods of Mr. Lincoln and his friends for the adjustment of the differences between the Unionists and disunionists were destroyed by Beauregard's bombardment of Fort Sumter. The business of active war was inaugurated. At a consultation between Mr. Lincoln and a number of Kentuckians then in Washington City, it was determined that come what would Kentucky should not be plunged into secession and war against the Union. The importance of that State in the prosecution of the struggle for the supremacy of the law and the Union was such that it was deemed advisable to observe the most conciliatory policy in relation to it. It was, however, understood that preparations should be made for the emergency if the conciliatory policy should fail. The earnestness with which Mr. Lincoln looked to the importance and action of Kentucky was shown by his language at that conference. He said:

"Kentucky must not be precipitated into secession. She is the key to the situation. With her

faithful to the Union the discord in the other States will come to an end. She is now in the hands of those who do not represent the people. The sentiment of her State officials must be counteracted. We must arouse the young men of the State to action for the Union. We must know what men in Kentucky have the confidence of the people, and who can be relied on for good judgment, that they may be brought to the support of the Government at once."

He paid a high tribute to the patriotism of the Southern men who had stood up against secession. He said:

"But they are as a rule beyond the meridian of life, and their counsels and example do not operate quickly, if at all, on the excitable nature of young men, who become inflamed by the preparations of war, and who, in such a war as this will be, if it goes on, are apt to go in on the side that gives the first opportunity. The young men must not be permitted to drift away from us. I know that the men who voted against me in Kentucky will not permit this government to be swept away by any such issue as that framed by the disunionists. We need only to organize against Governor McGoffin's followers to beat them."

In this consultation or conference Mr. Lincoln was the principal spokesman, and both in manner

and matter he gave evidence that he was not a novice in leadership.

Immediately a campaign for the Union was begun in Kentucky. A pacific campaign it was. Warlike preparations were openly going on within the borders of every other State in the Union. What was being done in Kentucky was the work of the pen and the eloquence of the orator, for the Union or neutrality, which was only another name for secession. The State could not be dragooned into open secession, therefore the neutrality policy was adopted. That policy was more rigidly observed by Mr. Lincoln than it was by his opponents, but he was not misled by it. On the contrary, he knew its treachery, and prepared for it. Lieutenant William Nelson, of the United States Army, a native of the State of Kentucky, was detailed for a special service—a service requiring intelligence, courage, and an accurate knowledge of men. Judge Joseph Holt made eloquent appeals for the Union through the columns of the press and from the forum, as did the Speeds, the Goodloes, and many others of prominence. Rousseau, Jacob, Poundbaker and others stood guard in the Legislature, and by their eloquence stayed the tide of disunion there. Camps for recruiting for the Union were formed on the north bank of the Ohio River. Cairo, Illinois, was occupied by Union troops. The

neutrality doctrine of Kentucky was fast approaching the end of its usefulness to the Confederates. It had been violated by them in the establishment of Camps Boone and Trusdale, on the southern border. Generals Pillow and Polk occupied Hickman and Columbus respectively. General Grant and his Union troops at once occupied Paducah, Kentucky, and the head-quarters of the Department of the Cumberland were removed from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Southern Kentucky. The special service of Lieutenant William Nelson, of the United States Army, had been prudently and faithfully performed, and the arms and munitions of war, with which he had been intrusted, were in the hands of Union men in the very centre of the State. The labors of Judge Holt, the Speeds, the Goodloes, Cassius M. Clay, and their followers, had brought forth fruit for the Union. The patriotic men in the Legislature had done their work well. The men in the camps on the north side of the Ohio River moved over into Kentucky, and the invasion of Confederates, which was to sweep Kentucky into secession, was at an end. Kentucky was saved to the Union by the wise counsel and pacific policy of Abraham Lincoln.

The Unionists of Kentucky who were in the City of Washington during the summer of 1861—that summer of excitement, and oftentimes of positive

discouragement—will remember with what faith and how earnestly and tenderly Abraham Lincoln clung to Kentucky. He was willing to commission her citizens, though they had declared against him, saying:

"A Kentuckian who will accept a commission from me will not betray his trust."

From the occupation of Paducah, Kentucky, may be dated the warm and unswerving friendship of Abraham Lincoln for General U. S. Grant. Other friends may have wavered in their friendship for General Grant, and even recommended his removal from command, but Abraham Lincoln was faithful to General Grant through evil and good report. If his confidence was ever shaken he had the manliness to tell him of it and ask his pardon. May it not be that when General Grant recently said, as reported, "that he had friends on the other side," he was mindful that Abraham Lincoln was among the number.

To recur to the Paducah proclamation above referred to, I heard Mr. Lincoln use these words about it:

"The modesty and brevity of that address to the citizens of Paducah show that the officer issuing it understands the situation, and is a proper man to command there at this time."

I give the official text of it:

"PROCLAMATION TO THE CITIZENS OF PADUCAH.

"I have come among you, not as an enemy, but as your friend and fellow-citizen; not to injure or annoy you, but to respect the rights and to defend and enforce the rights of all loyal citizens. An enemy in rebellion against our common Government has taken possession of and planted its guns upon the soil of Kentucky, and fired upon our flag. Hickman and Columbus are in his hands. He is moving upon your city. I am here to defend you against this enemy, and to assert and maintain the authority and sovereignty of your Government and mine. I have nothing to do with opinions. I shall deal only with armed rebellion and its aiders and abettors.

"You can pursue your usual avocations without fear or hinderance. The strong arm of the Government is here to protect its friends and to punish only its enemies.

"Whenever it is manifest that you are able to defend yourselves, to maintain the authority of the Government, and to protect the rights of all its loyal citizens, I shall withdraw the forces under my command from your city.

"U. S. GRANT,
"*Brig.-Gen. U. S. A. Commanding.*

"PADUCAH, *Sept.* 6, 1861.
"*Official.* T. S. BOWERS, A. A. G."

A few weeks after the occupation of Paducah, Kentucky, I went to that section of the State as a Government officer, and from that time until the close of the war I was in the lines of the United States army. I returned to Washington at monthly intervals and always called on Mr. Lincoln at such times. I therefore had an opportunity to see him under all circumstances, in times of victory and times of defeat. I never saw him in an ill humor, or when he did not have some cheerful word of encouragement. I remember how kindly he would ask after different officers of an army. It was the good old-fashioned way of asking after their health, how they were getting along, whether the soldiers liked them or not; and then he would tell some pleasant story of how they were brought to his attention and how it happened that they were commissioned. In many cases he had no personal acquaintance with the officers inquired after, nor were they of sufficient rank to attract his special attention. His inquiries were not directed to subjects which would be referred to in official reports, or find their way into the columns of the newspapers. It seemed to me as if it was a relief to him to learn something of every-day life in the army, that he might judge the officers by their standing with the troops of their command, or by their traits of character as developed in camp, bivouac, or on the march.

I saw Mr. Lincoln quite frequently up to the time I left Washington City in October, 1861, and he more than once expressed a desire in writing as well as by verbal request that I should take a prominent and honorable office. Finally I became an officer of the Post-office Department, and was assigned to duty within the lines of the army under the command of General Grant. While in the West my duties required me to visit Washington City almost every month, and at each time I called at the White House to see Mr. Lincoln. I was one of the officers of the government who came east with General Grant in March, 1864, when he came to take charge of the armies of the United States. From that time until December, 1864, when I left to join General Sherman with the mails for his army when it came out to the sea, there was scarcely a week I did not see him.

My last interview with Mr. Lincoln had a touch of pathos I can never forget, and I cannot properly describe. I remember his words well, but the expression of his countenance and the modulation of his voice is far beyond any description I could give. When General Grant directed me to proceed to a point where I might possibly hear something of General Sherman's approach to the sea, he directed me also to call on Mr. Lincoln in Washington, and take any message Mr. Lincoln might have for General Sherman. When I called, Mr. Lincoln was en-

gaged with some gentlemen in his office. My card was sent to him, and immediately I was admitted. As I entered the door he arose and met me in the center of the room. Extending his hand to me, he said:

"Well, Colonel, I got word from General Grant that you were going to find Sherman, and that you would take him any message I might have. I know you will find him, because we always get good news from you. Say to General Sherman, for me, whenever and wherever you see him, 'God bless him and God bless his army.' That is as much as I can say, and more than I can write."

He held my hand during the delivery of this message, and our eyes looked into each other's. The tear-drops gathered in his eyes, his lips trembled, and his voice faltered. He gave evidence of being greatly affected. He shook my hand, bade me good-by, and I proceeded toward the door, when he called to me. When I looked back he was standing like a statue where I had left him. "Now, remember what I say," and then he repeated the message. I passed out the door and never saw Mr. Lincoln again, but the language and picture of that meeting will never be forgotten.

I met General Sherman in Ossabaw Sound, on the flagship of Admiral Dahlgren, immediately after the fall of Fort McAllister, and as soon as I could strike

hands with him I delivered him the message, and by its language he was visibly affected.

It has been thought that Mr. Lincoln was controlled by his Cabinet Ministers. My observation was quite to the contrary. He was the master-spirit of his administration, and, by unsurpassed tact, he kept them in harmony with each other and in line with himself. Mr. Lincoln controlled others by good common sense, perfect frankness, and genial nature. As President he was controlled only by law and the equities. He always had the courage to do the proper thing at the proper time.

In the summer of 1864, Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General, desired to have a certain character of orders relating to the postal service within the lines of the army. When the subject was brought to the attention of General Grant, he suggested that the proper orders ought to be issued by the Secretary of War, Mr. Stanton. A draft of the proposed orders was made in the Adjutant-General's office at head-quarters, and a letter to accompany them was sent to the Postmaster-General. I was directed to go to the War Department and ask that the orders be issued. Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, declined to issue them to accommodate Mr. Blair, the Postmaster-General. The trouble was that there was a little official jealousy between the two Cabinet Ministers. When I returned to Mr. Blair with the

information that the orders would not be issued by the Secretary of War, he said, "We will see." He wrote a letter to Mr. Lincoln, which he gave to me to deliver with the accompanying papers. The letter of Mr. Blair read in this way:

"I would respectfully ask the President's attention to the within communication. While the mail communications with the army of the West have been satisfactory, those with the army here have not been. To remedy this I brought Colonel Markland here. He had been with General Grant and had his confidence. The General, you will perceive, prepared the requisite orders, but they remain unacted on in the War Department.

"M. BLAIR, P. M. G.

"*June* 9, '64."

When I delivered the letter, Mr. Lincoln read it carefully and handed it back to me, saying:

"What is the matter between Blair and Stanton?" I told him all I knew in reference to the proposed orders. He then said:

"If I understand the case, General Grant wants the orders issued, and Blair wants them issued, and you want them issued, and Stanton won't issue them. Now, don't you see what kind of a fix I will be in if I interfere? I'll tell you what to do: If you and

General Grant understand one another, suppose you try to get along without the orders, and if Blair or Stanton make a fuss I may be called in as a referee, and I may decide in your favor."

The orders were never issued, and pleasant relations were maintained on that score all around.

That Abraham Lincoln was favored with a fund of humor and a sense of the ridiculous there can be no question; but as President he used those gifts, if they may be called gifts, for a worthy and laudable purpose. When oppressed with care and anxiety, beset with importunities he could not grant, humor was to him a relief, and an encouragement to his despondent listener. His sympathies were with the people and for the people, and his only ambition was that the Union might be preserved. It is a singular fact that all men who came in official or social relations with Abraham Lincoln while he was President were impressed with his unselfish patriotism and unyielding integrity.

A. H. MARKLAND.

THE
LIBRARY

XVIII.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

THE careers of good and of great men are the true beacons of human progress. They are lights set upon a hill, illuminating the moral atmosphere around them, and their thoughts and deeds hallow the nations to which they belong, and become the most priceless legacies of mankind. Thus Moses, David, Solomon, Plato, Socrates, Xenophon, Seneca, Cicero and Epictetus, still speak to us from their tombs even more impressively than when they lived and spoke and walked upon the earth. Indeed, as Carlyle taught us, universal history is, after all, only the history of great men; and Ralph Waldo Emerson insists, with remarkable force and with unquestioned truth, that every institution is but the lengthened shadow of some great man who has passed away, as the Islamism of Mohammed, the Protestantism of Luther, the Jesuitism of Loyola, the Puritanism of Calvin, the Methodism of Wesley, the Quakerism of Fox, and the universal emancipation.

From the very beginning he believed exactly as when at the end. He compressed a whole volume of

argument into the single, clear-cut and unanswerable sentence: "If slavery is not wrong, then nothing is wrong."

Unanimously nominated for Senator by a representative State convention of Illinois, he startled and even alarmed many of his warmest and most enthusiastic friends by fearlessly advancing in his speech of acceptance far beyond their lines. With unparalleled boldness for those days and that region, he declared, in ringing sentences characteristic of the man who was to become the foremost character in American history, and as positively as if an indisputable and uncontested axiom, that famous political aphorism, that government could not stand divided against itself, half slave and half free. And in the debate that ensued with his great and talented antagonist, Stephen A. Douglas, he refused to retract or qualify a single word of this daring, defiant avowal. Thus did Lincoln become, unconscious to himself, the political prophet of the new dispensation about to open upon our land.

The success of the National cause was, with Mr. Lincoln as President, immeasurably higher than all other considerations, personal, political or humanitarian. Hence, because he did not believe the opportune moment had yet arrived, he refused, in 1861, to allow Secretary Cameron to arm the slaves, or Fremont, or Hunter, or Phelps to proclaim local

emancipation in the South. His favorite illustration in the discussions in those days with his confidential friends was, that a faithful surgeon must always strive to save both life and limb, even though the limb was gangrened and diseased; but when that was impossible, then, at all hazards, he must save life and sacrifice limb. His paramount duty was to save the life of the Union. He insisted, in his well-remembered reply to Greeley and others, that he could not strike at slavery until all other measures had failed. But at last, when forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, when every family altar was crimsoned with blood, every cemetery crowded with patriot graves, he felt the hour had struck, and he was ready.

Conversing with him one night in the telegraph office of the War Department, he suddenly turned the subject from campaigns and battles to mental idiosyncrasies, discussing the individualities of Thaddeus Stevens, of Charles Sumner, and, last of all, Henry Wilson. After discussing the characteristics of others with a keenness of analysis that strikingly illustrated his own mental powers, he added that a peculiarity of his own life from his earliest manhood had been, that he habitually studied the opposite side of every disputed question, of every law case, of every political issue, more exhaustively, if possible, than his own side. He said that the result had been, that in all his long practice at the bar he had never once been sur-

prised in court by the strength of his adversary's case —often finding it much weaker than he had feared. On the stump, as all who have heard him there will testify, he was just as ready to answer instanter the affirmations of his opponents as he was to present and vindicate his own.

This striking peculiarity of Mr. Lincoln's mental operations throws a flood of light upon the searching questions he propounded to the Chicago ministers, who called on him, in September, 1862, to demand of him a proclamation of emancipation. After listening to their appeal, he replied, pointedly: "Now, gentlemen, if I cannot enforce the Constitution down South, how am I to enforce a mere presidential proclamation? Won't the world sneer at it as being as powerless as the Pope's bull against the comet?" and they went away sorrowing, in the erroneous belief that he had decided the case adversely. Really, he had already resolved two months before on what they were pleading for, and only nine days after the interview the proclamation was issued.

He had felt embarrassed only on that one point, and as they claimed that they had studied the subject from every possible stand-point, he presented it to them, hoping that they would furnish some apt solution to strengthen him in his already inflexible purpose.

One of these ministers felt it his duty to make a

more searching appeal to the President's conscience. Just as they were retiring, he turned, and said to Mr. Lincoln, "What you have said to us, Mr. President, compels me to say to you in reply, that it is a message to you from our Divine Master, through me, commanding you, sir, to open the doors of bondage that the slave may go free!" Mr. Lincoln replied, instantly, "That may be, sir, for I have studied this question, by night and by day, for weeks and for months, but if it is, as you say, a message from your Divine Master, is it not odd that the only channel he could send it by was that roundabout route by that awfully wicked city of Chicago?"

In precisely the same sense in which we say the child is father to the man, the Abraham Lincoln of the Western prairies was the father to the President Lincoln of the White House. There, in the West, he had reasoned out his political creed, had tested every theory at the bar of his judgment and of his conscience, had settled unalterably the principles of his life, had anchored himself on convictions that were immutable. So, in the frequent local contests at the bar, waged with men who afterward obtained brilliant distinction in law, in politics, and in eloquence; in the sharp antagonism of debate with one of the ablest and most adroit of American stump speakers, Judge Douglas; he was intellectually armed and equipped for the responsibilities by which

he was to be environed in the dark and perilous times of civil war.

Time was Lincoln's Prime Minister. He always waited, as a wise man should wait, until the right moment brought up all his reserves. George W. Curtis exactly appreciated all his methods when he claimed for him that he sought to measure so accurately, so precisely, the public sentiment, that, whenever he advanced, the loyal hosts of the nation would keep step with him. In regard to the policy of arming the slaves against the rebellion, never until the tide of patriotic volunteering had ebbed, and our soldiers saw their ranks rapidly melting away, could our colored troops have been added to their brigades without perilous discontent if not open revolt. Against all appeals, all demands, against even threats of some members of his own party, Lincoln stood like a rock on this question until he felt that the opportune moment had arrived.

When he reached Washington City to take the oath of office the ground shook under his feet, but when he was called to his final rest he left our republic on a firm and solid basis. Annoyed from the very opening of his administration by persistent office-seekers engrossing nearly all his time, he used to exclaim, "I seem like a man so busy letting rooms at one end of his house that he has no time left to put out the fire that is blazing and destroying

at the other end." And when he was prostrated in the White House by an attack of small-pox, he said to his attendants, "Tell all the office-seekers to come at once, for now I have something I can give to all of them." No one except those who saw him daily at that time can realize how the nation's woes and trials bore upon him; how his inner life was clouded with somber interests and disquietudes. One morning, calling upon him at an early hour on business, I found him so pale and careworn that I inquired the cause. He replied, telling me of bad news received at a late hour of the night, and not yet printed, adding that he had not closed his eyes nor breakfasted; and then he said, with an anguished expression which I shall never forget, "How willingly would I exchange places to-day with the soldier who sleeps on the ground in the Army of the Potomac."

The morning after the bloody battle of the Wilderness, I saw him walk up and down the Executive Chamber, his long arms behind his back, his dark features contracted still more with gloom; and as he looked up, I thought his face the saddest one I had ever seen. He exclaimed: "Why do we suffer reverses after reverses! Could we have avoided this terrible, bloody war! Was it not forced upon us! Is it ever to end!" But he quickly recovered, and told me the sad aggregate of those days of blood-

shed. Of course it is perfectly well known that the battle of the Wilderness, however, then claimed as a drawn battle, was, on the contrary, a bloody reverse to our arms, our loss in killed and wounded alone being fifteen thousand more than the Confederates. Hope beamed on his face as he said, "Grant will not fail us now; he says he will fight it out on that line, and this is now the hope of our country." An hour afterward, he was telling story after story to congressional visitors at the White House, to hide his saddened heart from their keen and anxious scrutiny.

No man clothed with such vast power ever wielded it more tenderly and more forbearingly. No man holding in his hands the key of life and death ever pardoned so many offenders, and so easily. Judge Bates, of Missouri, his Attorney-General, insisted that lack of sternness was a marked defect in Lincoln's character. He told Mr. Lincoln once in my presence that this defect made him unfit to be trusted with the pardoning power. Any touching story, specially one told by a woman, was certain to warp if not to control his decision. One winter night, while Congress was in session, I left all other business and asked him to pardon the son of a former constituent sentenced to be shot at Davenport Barracks, Iowa, for desertion. He heard the story with his usual patience, although worried out

with incessant calls and cares, then replied: "Some of my generals complain that I impair discipline by my frequent pardons and reprieves; but it rests me, after a day's hard work, that I can find some excuse for saving some poor fellow's life, and I shall go to bed happy to-night as I think how joyous the signing of this name will make himself, his family and friends." And with a smile beaming on his care-furrowed face, he signed that name and saved that life.

The generals of the army were not always pleased with his calling them, so familiarly, "my generals," as I can illustrate by an incident. Walking up Pennsylvania Avenue one evening with several other members, on the road to the White House, a courier who had just dashed across the Long Bridge hailed us, and told us the news he was taking to the War Department. It seems that in the gray of that very morning a rebel raid in Falls Church, a little hamlet a dozen miles away, had surprised and captured a brigadier-general, and twelve army mules had got into the rebel lines before they could be recaptured. As we were going to the Executive Chamber, we thought we would tell Mr. Lincoln the news in advance; but he said, instantly on hearing it; "How unfortunate; I can fill his place with one of my generals in five minutes, but those *mules* cost us two hundred dollars apiece."

Thaddeus Stevens, who so often criticised Mr.

Lincoln very severely for not being aggressive and destructive enough, used to tell, with great gusto, this story of his own personal experience. Mr. Stevens had gone with an old lady from Lancaster County, Pennsylvania (his district), to the White House, to ask the pardon of her son, condemned to die for sleeping on his post. The President suddenly turned upon his cynical Pennsylvania friend, whom he knew had so often assailed him for excessive lenity, and said, "Now, Thad, what would you do in this case if you happened to be President?" Mr. Stevens knew how many hundreds of his constituents were waiting breathlessly to hear the result of that old woman's pilgrimage to Washington. Of course, Congressmen who desired to be re-elected liked to carry out the desires of their constituents. Stevens did not relish the President's home-thrust, but replied that, as he knew of the extenuating circumstances, he would certainly pardon him. "Well, then," said Mr. Lincoln, after a moment's writing in silence, "here, madam, is your son's pardon." Her gratitude filled her heart to overflowing, and it seemed to her as though her son had been snatched from the gateway of the grave. She could only thank the President with her tears as she passed out, but when she and Mr. Stevens had reached the outer door of the White House she burst out, excitedly, "I knew it was a lie! I

knew it was a lie!" "What do you mean?" asked her astonished companion. "Why, when I left my country home in old Lancaster yesterday, the neighbors told me that I would find that Mr. Lincoln was an ugly man, when he is really the handsomest man I ever saw in my life." And certainly, when sympathy and mercy lightened up those rugged features, many a wife and mother pleading for his intervention had reason to think him handsome indeed.

Another historic illustration of the President's merciful temper had less excuse. There were from time to time, of course, instances of cowardice in the army in the face of the enemy—a crime justly punishable by the laws of war thoughout the world with death. In the earlier years of the war all the death penalties of courts-martial had to be sent up to the President, as commander-in-chief, for his approval. When Judge Holt, the Judge-Advocate-General of the Army, laid the first case before the President, and explained it, he replied, "Well, I will keep this a few days until I have more time to read the testimony." That seemed quite reasonable. When the Judge explained the next case, Mr. Lincoln said, "I must put this by until I can settle in my mind whether this soldier can better serve the country dead than living."

To the third, he answered, "The general commanding the brigade is to be here in a few days

to consult with Stanton and myself about military matters ; I will wait until then, and talk the matter over with him."

Finally, there was a very flagrant case of a soldier who, in the crisis of a battle, demoralized his regiment by his cowardice, throwing down his gun and hiding behind the friendly stump. When tried for his cowardice there was no defense. The court-martial, in examining his antecedents, found that he had neither father nor mother living, nor wife nor child ; that he was unfit to wear the loyal uniform, and that he was a thief who stole continually from his comrades. "Here," said Judge Holt, "is a case which comes exactly within your requirements. He does not deny his guilt ; he will better serve the country dead than living, as he has no relations to mourn for him, and he is not fit to be in the ranks of patriots, at any rate." Mr. Lincoln's refuge of excuse was all swept away. Judge Holt expected, of course, that he would write "approved" on the paper; but the President, running his long fingers through his hair, as he so often used to do when in anxious thought, replied, "Well, after all, Judge, I think I must put this with my leg cases."

"*Leg cases*," said Judge Holt, with a frown at this supposed levity of the President, in a case of life and death. "What do you mean by *leg cases*, sir?"

"Why, why," replied Mr. Lincoln, "do you see

those papers crowded into those pigeon-holes? They are the cases that you call by that long title, 'cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them, for short, my 'leg cases.' But I put it to you, and I leave it for you to decide for yourself: if Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs how can he help their running away with him?"

Let me give another anecdote bearing on the same subject. A Congressman went up to the White House one morning on business, and saw in the anteroom, always crowded with people in those days, an old man, crouched all alone in a corner, crying as if his heart would break. As such a sight was by no means uncommon, the Congressman passed into the President's room, transacted his business, and went away. The next morning he was obliged again to go to the White House, and he saw the same old man crying, as before, in the corner. He stopped, and said to him, "What's the matter with you, old man?" The old man told him the story of his son; that he was a soldier in the Army of the James—General Butler's army—that he had been convicted by a court-martial of an outrageous crime and sentenced to be shot next week; and that his Congressman was so convinced of the convicted man's guilt that he would not intervene. "Well," said Mr. Alley, "I will take you into the Executive Chamber after I have finished my business, and you

can tell Mr. Lincoln all about it. On being introduced into Mr. Lincoln's presence, he was accosted with, "Well, my old friend, what can I do for you to-day?" The old man then repeated to Mr. Lincoln what he had already told the Congressman in the anteroom. A cloud of sorrow came over the President's face as he replied, "I am sorry to say I can do nothing for you. Listen to this telegram received from General Butler yesterday: 'President Lincoln, I pray you not to interfere with the courts-martial of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers.'—B. F. BUTLER."

Every word of this dispatch seemed like the death knell of despair to the old man's newly awakened hopes. Mr. Lincoln watched his grief for a minute, and then exclaimed, "By jingo, Butler or no Butler, here goes!"—writing a few words and handing them to the old man. The confidence created by Mr. Lincoln's words broke down when he read—"Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

"Why," said the old man, "I thought it was to be a pardon; but you say, 'not to be shot till further orders,' and you may order him to be shot next week." Mr. Lincoln smiled at the old man's fears, and replied, "Well, my old friend, I see you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death till further orders come from

me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah."

When Mr. Lincoln came into the Presidency, he called into his Cabinet his two great rivals for the nomination at Chicago, as Secretary of State and as Secretary of Treasury. And as Mr. Evarts, in his Dartmouth oration on Mr. Chase, stated most justly, this very fact proved, beyond all question and controversy, that nature had fitted and marked Lincoln for a ruler among men; that only accident had hedged his early life in Illinois in comparative obscurity. Undoubtedly Mr. Evarts but anticipated the impartial and unerring verdict of history when he added, that the presence of Seward and Chase, in the two great departments of State and Treasury, gave to the nation nearly every possible benefit that could have resulted from the Presidency of either; and that neither of these two great political leaders would have made as good a minister under the administration of the other as they both did under the Presidency of Abraham Lincoln.

In 1861, Mr. Lincoln revised, corrected and expunged Mr. Seward's letter to Charles Francis Adams, our Minister to England, on the most important foreign question of the war—belligerent rights—until he had very materially changed its tone, scope and character. The venerable Truman Smith once told me that, after examining at the State De-

partment the original draft of this most important foreign state paper, in the well-known handwriting of Mr. Seward, and the changes, corrections and interlineations in the well-known handwriting of Lincoln, he believed that but for the cautious and prudential changes by Mr. Lincoln, that document, as first written, would have involved us in serious difficulties with Great Britain. Yet, when, the next year after, all the Republican Senators but one asked, through Judge Collamer, that he should change this very Secretary of State, he indignantly refused to allow any dictation as to the *personnel* of his administration.

When the nation was all aflame for reprisals against Great Britain, you remember how he calmed it down with the reply, "One war at a time!" And thus to people and to parties, to Senators and to Cabinets, he proved himself, unmistakably, President in fact, as well as President in title.

Critics have arraigned Mr. Lincoln for lack of dignity; and he used to acknowledge, in reply, that he had never enjoyed a quarter's education in any dignity school whatever. While his Western training, so full as it had been of independent individuality, appeared to make the requirements of etiquette always chafe and gall him, you can imagine how astonished was Lord Lyons, the stately British Minister, when he presented the autograph letter from

Queen Victoria, announcing, as is the custom with European monarchies, the marriage of the Prince of Wales, and adding that whatever response the President would make he would immediately transmit to his royal mistress. Mr. Lincoln responded instantly, by shaking the marriage announcement at the bachelor minister before him, saying, "Lyons, go thou and do likewise."

As the figure of this man, raised up, as I sincerely hope, for our great national exigency, recedes and rises into history, we see, more and more clearly, the grandeur of its proportions. Conspicuous among the elements of his character was unflinching, persistent, inflexible adherence to right, without shadow of turning. Forgiving all things present, he only hated wrong to man. Closely akin to this was his conscience, to which test he brought all things; by which he was always ruled and inspired. From his mental crucible, came no dross nor slag, but only the pure, sterling gold of principle. And with his principles thus anchored, his utterances were always at par. The strong man and the water, says the old proverb, channel their own paths, and, I may add, often channel the pathway for others. Without the bold, impassionate eloquence of a Lovejoy, or the ripe classicism of an Evarts, or the ornate rhetoric of many others, he was the superior of them all in clear, logical, cogent statement of issues, and of the principles by which these

issues were defended and maintained. As was Paul among the disciples, he seemed the master logician among them all. As Lincoln stated these issues, so simply and yet so tersely and forcibly, they seemed to carry conviction with them without further argument, and he proved himself pre-eminently of all American speakers the master of political debate.

Was it possible to define more aptly and more sharply and forcibly his opposition to what was called squatter sovereignty than in the remarkably condensed statement in his Peoria speech of 1854? No politician, no statesman, no master of logic in the world could answer him. "When the white man governs himself," said he, "that, I acknowledge, is unquestionably self-government; but when the white man governs himself and governs another man besides, that is totally different from self-government, and that I call despotism."

How clearly he settled the ever-recurring conflict between capital and labor in these memorable words: "Labor was prior to capital, but property is the fruit of labor. Let no man, therefore, who is houseless, pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently to build one for himself, thus assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

How he clove every word of the sophistries by which slavery was defended when he said, in his Cooper Institute speech, "If slavery is right, all

laws and institutions against it are then wrong, and should be silenced and swept away. If it is right, we cannot justly object to its nationality and universality; but if it is wrong, we cannot justly insist upon its extension and enlargement."

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

XIX.

DANIEL W. VOORHEES.

WHEN I was a member of the House of Representatives, during the war, there lived in the county of Owen, in my Congressional District, a gentleman by the name of Bullitt, related to the well-known family of that name in Kentucky. His wife was a refined, cultivated, and very attractive woman. They were in moderate circumstances, but, in my travels and labors in their vicinity, I often partook of their warm and genial hospitality. Their friendship for me was constant and devoted, and I was strongly attached to them.

One gloomy, dark afternoon in the winter of 1863–4, while seated at my desk in the House, I received Mr. Bullitt's card, saying he was at the east door and wished to see me immediately. It was almost a year since I had met him, and I at once felt, I know not why, an ominous dread that some calamity had overtaken him. The moment I approached him, this presentiment became a certainty. His wife was standing by his side, with a look of

terror and anguish, which, once seen, could never be forgotten. Her face was white, her lips apart, and her eyes filled with an expression of intense fright, and at the same time, intense supplication against some impending and appalling disaster. They had come direct from the depot to the Capitol, and were travel-stained and without rest. We sought the shelter of a committee room, and there I heard from Mr. Bullitt, aided now and then in eager but suppressed tones by his wife, the cause of their hurried trip to Washington and of their deadly alarm.

Mrs. Bullitt's father was the Rev. Henry M. Luckett, a Methodist minister, then over seventy years of age. He had preached during his long life in Illinois, Kentucky, Missouri and elsewhere. At the time the rebellion broke out he was living at St. Charles, Missouri, and had saved up quite a competence for his old age. It happened that his means were so invested and situated that everything he had in the world was suddenly lost to him. The blow prostrated him. He was not physically strong, at best, and being of an excitable temperament, his nervous system became greatly impaired, and finally broke down. His mind and spirits partook of his general depression, and he took a very morbid view of his condition and of his future. He was exceedingly sensitive about being dependent on any one for support, and soon drifted into the gloomy belief

that he would become a pauper and die a public charge. These ideas were combated by his family and friends, but they deepened their hold on him until he was really a monomaniac on that subject, although sound on all others. In this condition he visited a niece at Memphis, then in possession of the Federal forces under command of General Hurlbut. His excited and unguarded talk on the subject of his losses and his great anxiety to repair them, if possible, soon attracted the attention of certain vigilant detectives in the employ of the government. This old man, shattered in health and unbalanced in mind, was not a difficult subject for their tact and skill. They found he was a Southern man by birth, and that he sympathized with the trials and sufferings of the Southern people. They assured him that the Southern people were at that time in the most urgent need of quinine and of percussion caps, and would pay fabulous prices for them; that there was no difficulty in trading through the lines; that they would put up the necessary amount of money, go into the enterprise with him, and make a large sum in the way of profits. This alluring scheme was successful in capturing its intended victim. The contraband articles were procured, a wagon with a false bottom was furnished to carry them to the enemy, and when all the details of the plot were ready, Mr. Luckett was arrested by his accomplices,

loaded with irons, and speedily tried and condemned by a military court.

At this stage of the narrative, which I have given in substance, we paused, and for a few moments looked at each other in silence.

"He is to be shot to-morrow," said Mr. Bullitt, while his wife shivered as with a chill. "We have come," he continued, his eyes filling with tears, "knowing you will help us if you can. We don't know what else to do, nor whether, in fact, you can do anything. Before leaving home we got some papers signed by those who know Father Luckett and know his condition."

With this he handed me several written statements, hurriedly gotten up, but which corroborated his own just made to me. It was then four o'clock, and in less than forty-eight hours this man was to die, and I felt that the volley of death poured into his breast would hardly be more fatal to him than to his devoted daughter. I thought rapidly, and yet for some minutes I could strike no plan in my own mind which promised success. There was no time for formal application to the War Department for mitigation of the sentence, and if there had been, I knew not where to make it: Stanton was Secretary of War.

I saw from the first that Mr. Lincoln himself was our only hope. I knew him well. During the first

eight years of my practice in the courts I met him very often and in all kinds of litigation. In all his intercourse with me, both before and after he became President, he was very courteous and kind, and yet, in a matter so grave as the one in hand, I doubted and hesitated as to the best method of approaching him. It was a period of great distrust; the very air was full of it, and the offense committed by Mr. Luckett was of the highest character and called for the penalty of death, unless his mental condition and the conduct of the detectives made the exercise of clemency proper and necessary. At that time the Senators from Indiana were Henry S. Lane and Thomas A. Hendricks. I had known Colonel Lane from my boyhood; had studied law in his office, and entertained for him a warm and enduring friendship. He was, indeed, a charming man to me, and upon finding myself his colleague in Congress, he in the Senate and I in the House, I had always gone to him for assistance, and never in vain, in all matters not of a political character. I knew his relations with Mr. Lincoln were excellent, and I determined to ask his aid in behalf of the unfortunate old man doomed so soon to die. I sought him at once at the Senate Chamber, and finding that body adjourned, I went to the National Hotel, where Colonel Lane lived. I met him as he was going to dinner, and begged him to allow me a few moments.

He did so, and listened until I hurriedly and imperfectly outlined the offense for which Mr. Luckett was sentenced to death. For the first and only time in his life, Colonel Lane replied to me impatiently and in a tone of some asperity:

"If the man," he exclaimed, "has been supplying the rebels with ammunition and quinine, I would not interfere to save his life if he were my own brother."

I commenced to answer with the circumstances which mitigated the offense, but observing his irritated look, I desisted, and bidding him good evening, withdrew.

I called immediately on Mr. Hendricks. I had intended to ask him to go with Colonel Lane to the President; now I was compelled to ask him to go without his colleague. He had but recently entered the Senate, knew Mr. Lincoln but slightly, and was a pronounced Democrat; yet his high ability, perfect integrity and courteous bearing had already given him great weight. He responded warmly, and without a moment's hesitation, to my appeal. Agreeing upon the hour next morning when a carriage should call for him, I next turned my steps toward the lodgings of Colonel William R. Morrison, then, as now, a member of the House from Illinois. I wanted some one of the Illinois delegation to assist me, and I knew Mr. Lincoln held Colonel Morrison

in very high estimation as a man of sincerity, courage, and ability. Upon reaching his room, he decided with characteristic promptitude and manliness to be one of the party to call on the President on the proposed errand of mercy. Then, having laid my plans as well as I could, and feeling I could do no more that night, I went wearily back toward my own quarters.

For some cause which I do not now remember, I stopped for a few moments in the office of the Metropolitan Hotel. It must have been eight or nine o'clock, and quite a large crowd was there. In the midst of the throng I observed, with surprise, Colonel Lane moving about as if in quest of some one. Directly he saw me, and approaching said:

"I have been looking for you. I mentioned the case you spoke of to Mrs. Lane at dinner, and I have been thinking of it since. I don't feel satisfied; come with me to my room, and we will talk it over."

When we reached his room he took the papers I had in my possession, read them with care, made some severe comments on detectives inducing weak and infirm people to commit crime, and reached a very decided conclusion that this was not a proper case for the death penalty to be inflicted.

At ten o'clock the next morning two carriages, in a heavy rain, drove up to the White House with a

party of six, consisting of Senators Lane and Hendricks, Colonel Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Bullitt and myself. Before starting, and on the way, I sought to reassure Mrs. Bullitt by telling her that Mr. Lincoln was a plain, kind man; that she could talk to him without dread or awe, and that I wished her to do so in her own way, about her father, as soon as she could get a chance. Of course she was suffering great distress and agitation, but her self-control, under the circumstances, was admirable.

We ascended the stairs and filed into the President's room. As we entered, I saw at a glance that Mr. Lincoln had that sad, preoccupied, far-away look I had so often seen him wear, and during which it was difficult at times to engage his attention to passing events. As we approached he slowly turned to us, inclined his head and spoke. Senator Lane at once, in his rapid, nervous style, explained the occasion of our call, and made known our reasons for asking Executive clemency. While he was talking Mr. Lincoln looked at him in a patient, tired sort of way, but not as if he was struck with the sensibilities of the subject as we were. When the Senator ceased speaking there was no immediate response; on the contrary, rather an awkward pause. My heart beat fast, for in that pause was now my great hope, and I was not disappointed. Mrs. Bullitt had taken a seat on coming in not far from the President, and now, in

quivering but distinct tones, she spoke, addressing him as "Mr. Lincoln." He turned to her with a grave, benignant expression, and as he listened his eye lost that distant look, and his face grew animated with a keen and vivid interest. The little pale-faced woman at his side talked wonderfully well for her father's life, and her eyes pleaded even more eloquently than her tongue. Suddenly, and while she was talking, Mr. Lincoln, turning to Senator Lane, exclaimed:

"Lane, what did you say this man's name was?"

"Luckett," answered the Senator.

"Not Henry M. Luckett?" quickly queried the President.

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Bullitt; "my father's name is Henry M. Luckett."

"Why, he preached in Springfield years ago, didn't he?" said Mr. Lincoln, now all animation and interest.

"Yes, my father used to preach in Springfield," replied the daughter.

"Well, this is wonderful!" Mr. Lincoln remarked; and turning to the party in front of him he continued: "I knew this man well; I have heard him preach; he was a tall, angular man like I am, and I have been mistaken for him on the streets. Did you say he was to be shot day after to-morrow? No, no! There will be no shooting nor hanging in this case.

Henry M. Luckett! There must be something wrong with him, or he wouldn't be in such a scrape as this. I don't know what more I can do for him, but you can rest assured, my child," turning to Mrs. Bullitt, "that your father's life is safe."

He touched a bell on his table, and the telegraph operator appeared from an adjoining room. To him Mr. Lincoln dictated a dispatch to General Hurlbut, directing him to suspend the execution of Henry M. Luckett and await further orders in the case.

As we thanked him and took our leave, he repeated, as if to himself:

"Henry M. Luckett! No, no! There is no shooting or hanging in this case."

With what feelings we all left his presence; how the woman's heart bore its great flood of joy and its sudden revulsion from the depths of fear and despair; how she sobbed and laughed, and how tears and smiles were in her bright face together; how in broken words and choking voice, she tried to pour out her unutterable gratitude to Abraham Lincoln; how some of the party returning in the same carriage with her and her husband were almost as deeply moved as she was; how all these things and others occurred in the swift transition from deep distress and overwhelming dread to happiness and security, cannot now be told. Perhaps they were recorded at the time somewhere else.

Two or three months later, the object of all our solicitude and labors was released and sent North to his friends. I saw him but once. The first use he made of his liberty was to travel, poor as he was, to Washington to express his gratitude for his preservation from a violent and ignominious death. He called me from my seat in the House, and I met him exactly where I had met those who came to intercede for his life a little while before. He was a tall, spare old man, with an excited, startled, haunted expression of face. He wanted to call and thank the President in person for his great kindness, but the circumstances at the time were not favorable to such a call and it was not made. He remained with me not more than fifteen minutes, and then in the hurried manner of one who has much to do and whose time is short, he moved away, and I saw him no more.

The incident I have related occurred twenty-one years ago, and of the nine actors mentioned in it, but three remain to mingle in the affairs of life. Mr. Luckett soon slept with his fathers, and, sad to realize, he has been followed to the grave by his faithful-hearted daughter and her kind and generous husband. General Hurlbut died in a foreign land, while in the diplomatic service of his government. Henry S. Lane, full of years and of honors, rests from the labors of earth in the midst of the people

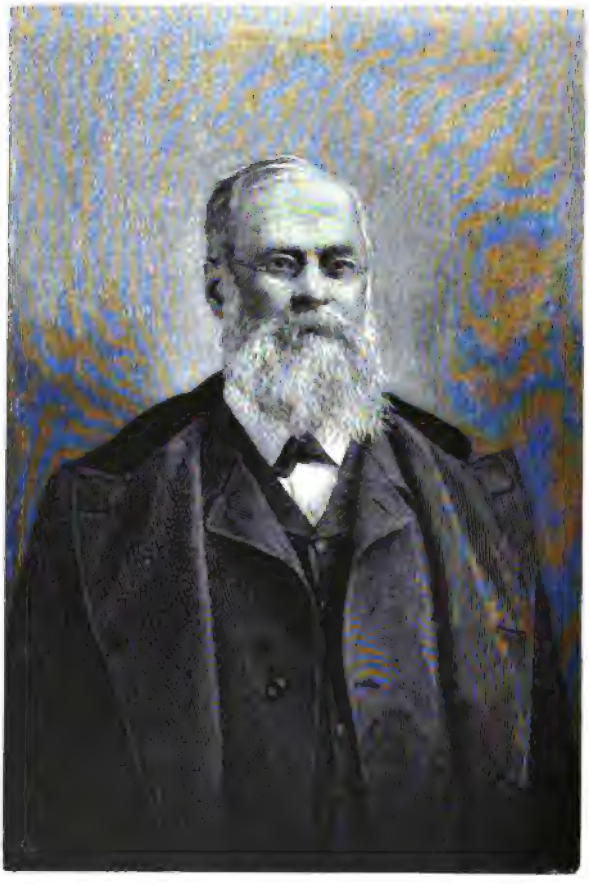
who knew and loved him from the earliest to the latest days of his manhood.

Lincoln, in the hour of his greatest glory, in the very zenith of his success and fame, was transferred, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, by red-handed murder, to the immortal pages of never-ending history. How the memory of his kind acts, his gentle deeds of charity and of mercy, plead against the deep damnation of his taking off.

Governor Hendricks, as we in Indiana always style him, is the beloved and honored Vice-President of the United States. Colonel Morrison remains one of the strong, controlling men of the House; and I live to rescue, from the fast-gathering mists of the past, the history of this very informal, but at the same time very touching and characteristic act of Executive clemency.

DANIEL W. VOORHEES.

THE
BOSTON-[illegible]
SOCIET[illegible]



C. A. Dana

XX.

CHARLES A. DANA.

THE first time I saw Mr. Lincoln was shortly after his inauguration. He had appointed Mr. Seward to be his Secretary of State, and some of the Republican leaders of New York, who had been instrumental in preventing Mr. Seward's nomination to the Presidency and in securing that of Mr. Lincoln, had begun to fear that they would be left out in the cold in the distribution of the offices. General James S. Wadsworth, George Opdyke, Lucius Robinson, T. B. Carroll, and Henry B. Stanton were among the number of these gentlemen. Their apprehensions were somewhat mitigated by the fact that Mr. Chase, to whom we were all friendly, was Secretary of the Treasury. But, notwithstanding, they were afraid that the superior tact and pertinacity of Mr. Seward and Mr. Weed would get the upper hand, and that the power of the Federal Administration would be put into the control of the rival faction. Accordingly, several of them determined to go to Washington, and I was asked to go with them.

I believe the appointment for our interview with

the President was made through Mr. Chase; but at any rate we all went up to the White House together, except Mr. Stanton, who stayed away because he was himself an applicant for office.

Mr. Lincoln received us in the large room up-stairs in the east wing of the White House, where the President had his working office, and stood up while General Wadsworth, who was our principal spokesman, and Mr. Opdyke, stated what was desired. After the interview was begun a big Indianian, who was a messenger in attendance in the White House, came into the room and said to the President:

"She wants you."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Lincoln without stirring.

Soon afterward the messenger returned again, exclaiming:

"I say she wants you!"

The President was evidently annoyed, but instead of going out after the messenger he remarked to us:

"One side shall not gobble up everything. Make out a list of the places and men you want, and I will endeavor to apply the rule of give and take."

General Wadsworth answered:

"Our party will not be able to remain in Washington, but we will leave such a list with Mr. Carroll, and whatever he agrees to will be agreeable to us."

Mr. Lincoln continued, "Let Mr. Carroll come in to-morrow and we will see what can be done."

This is the substance of the interview, and what most impressed me was the evident fairness of the President. We all felt that he meant to do what was right and square in the matter. While he was not the man to promote factious quarrels and difficulties within his party, he did not intend to leave in the lurch the friends through whose exertions his nomination and election had finally been brought about. At the same time he understood perfectly that we and our associates in the Republican body had not gone to Chicago for the purpose of nominating him, or of nominating any one in particular, but only to beat Mr. Seward, and to do the best that could be done as regards the selection of the candidate.

Two years later I entered the service of the War Department, and from that time until the close of the rebellion I had constant opportunities of seeing Mr. Lincoln and of conversing with him in the cordial and unofficial manner which he always preferred. Not that there was ever any lack of dignity in the man. Even in his freest moments one always felt the presence of a will and an intellectual power which maintained the ascendency of the President. He never posed or put on airs or attempted to make any particular impression; but he was always conscious of his own ideas and purposes, even in his most unreserved moments.

In one of the interesting passages which occurred

during this period, I was not myself either a principal actor or a personal witness, but I knew all about it.

My friend and colleague, the Hon. Peter H. Watson, who was the earliest Assistant Secretary of War appointed by Mr. Stanton, had caught some quartermasters in extensive frauds in forage furnished to the Army of the Potomac. The mode of the fraud consisted in a dishonest mixture of oats and Indian corn for the horses and mules of the army. By changing the proportions of the two sorts of grain, they were able to make a great difference in the cost of the bushel, and it was quite difficult to detect the cheat. However, Watson found it out and at once arrested the two officers who were most directly involved. They soon surrendered a large sum of money. If my memory serves me correctly, they returned $175,000 from the product of the swindle. They were men of some political importance about Lycoming, and eminent politicians took a hand in getting them out of the scrape. Among these the Hon. David Wilmot, then Senator of the United States and author of the famous Wilmot Proviso, was very active. He went to Mr. Lincoln and made such representations and appeals that finally the President consented to go with him over to the War Department and see Watson in his office. Wilmot remained outside, and Mr. Lincoln went in to labor

with the Assistant Secretary. Watson eloquently described to him the nature of the fraud and the extent to which it had already been developed by his partial investigation. The fact that $175,000 had been refunded by the guilty men was dwelt upon, and when the President urged the safety of the cause and the necessity of preserving united the powerful support which Pennsylvania was giving to the Administration in suppressing the rebellion, Watson answered :

"Very well, Mr. President, if you wish to have these men released, all that is necessary is to give the order; but I shall ask to have it in writing. In such a case as this it would not be safe for me to obey a verbal order; and let me add that, if you do release them, the fact and the reason will necessarily become known to the public."

Finally Mr. Lincoln took up his hat and went out, and when Wilmot, who was waiting in the corridor, met him, he said :

"I can't do anything with Watson; he won't release them."

The reply which the Senator made to this remark cannot be printed here, but it did not affect the judgment of the President. The men were retained for a long time afterward. The fraud was fully investigated, and future swindles of the kind were rendered impossible. If Watson could have had his

way, the guilty parties—and there were some whose names never got to the public—would have been tried by court-martial and sternly dealt with. But all my reflections upon the subject since lead me to the conclusion that the moderation of the President was wiser than the unrelenting justice of the Assistant Secretary would have been.

Another incident connected with Pennsylvania recurs to my memory which interested me greatly at that time as showing the habitual breadth of Mr. Lincoln's judgment and action.

In the spring of 1864 some question arose about affairs in that State, and, Mr. Stanton being absent, Mr. Lincoln sent for me. I found Mr. Seward with him in the President's room. Mr. Lincoln entered at once upon the subject, and Mr. Seward said, "My advice is to send for Aleck McClure." After a few words between them on the subject, and the reiterated expression of Mr. Seward's opinion, Mr. Lincoln said, "We will do it," and asked Mr. Seward to forward the necessary telegram. Then he turned to me, "What do you say, Dana?" "Well, sir," I replied, "McClure is very good, but I would suggest that it would be well to send for Wayne MacVeagh also." Mr. Seward thought this would not be necessary, and I took my leave with the impression that my advice was not to be heeded. Next morning, however, MacVeagh came into my office.

"Did Mr. Lincoln send for you?" I asked. "Yes, he did," was the answer, "and I think it will be all right;" and so it was. The cause of anxiety proved to be more than half imaginary.

The relations between Mr. Lincoln and the members of his Cabinet were always friendly and sincere on his part. He treated every one of them with unvarying kindness; but though several of them were men of extraordinary force and self-assertion—this is true especially of Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Stanton—and though there was nothing of selfhood or domination in his manner toward them, it was always plain that he was the master and they the subordinates. They constantly had to yield to his will, and if he ever yielded to theirs it was because they convinced him that the course they advised was judicious and appropriate. I fancied during the whole time of my intimate intercourse with him and with them that he was always prepared to receive the resignation of any one of them; and at the same time I do not recollect a single occasion when either of the members of the Cabinet had got his mind ready to quit his post from any feeling of dissatisfaction with the orders or the conduct of the President.

In the beginning of May, Grant moved the Army of the Potomac across the Rappahannock and fought the battle of the Wilderness. For two days we had no authentic news in Washington, and both Mr.

Lincoln and the Secretary of War were very much troubled about it. One night at about ten o'clock I was sent for to the War Department, and on reaching the office I found the President and the Secretary together.

"We are greatly disturbed in mind," said Mr. Lincoln, "because Grant has been fighting two days and we are not getting any authentic account of what has happened since he moved. We have concluded to send you down there. How soon will you be ready to start?"

"I will be ready," I said, "in half an hour, and will get off just as soon as a train and an escort can be got ready at Alexandria."

"Very good," said the President; "go then, and God bless you."

I at once made the necessary preparations and gave orders for a train from Alexandria to the Rappahannock. At the appointed time, just before midnight, I was on board the cars in Maryland Avenue, which were to take me and my horse to Alexandria, when an orderly rode up in haste to say that the President wanted to see me at the War Department. Riding there as fast as I could I found the President still there.

"Since you went away," said he, "I have been feeling very unhappy about it. I don't like to send you down there. We hear that Jeb Stewart's cavalry

is riding all over the region between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, and I don't want to expose you to the danger you will have to meet before you can reach Grant."

"Mr. Lincoln," I said, "I have got a first-rate horse, and twenty cavalrymen are in readiness at Alexandria. If we meet a small force of Stewart's people, we can fight, and if they are too many, they will have to have mighty good horses to catch us."

"But are you not concerned about it at all?" said he.

"No, sir," said I, "don't feel any hesitation on my account. Besides it is getting late, and I want to get down to the Rappahannock by daylight."

"All right," said he; "if you feel that way, I won't keep you any longer. Good-night, and good-by."

Another side of this remarkable character was illustrated on the evening of election day in November. The political struggle had been most intense, and the interest taken in it, both in the White House and in the War Department, had been almost painful. All the power and influence of the War Department, then something enormous from the vast expenditure and extensive relations of the war, had been employed to secure the re-election of Mr. Lincoln; and after the arduous toil of the canvass there was necessarily a great suspense of feeling until the result of the voting should be ascertained

I went over to the War Department about half-past eight in the evening and found the President and Mr. Stanton together in the Secretary's office. General Eckert, who then had charge of the telegraph department of the War Office, was coming in continually with telegrams containing election returns. Mr. Stanton would read them and the President would look at them and comment upon them. Presently there came a lull in the returns, and Mr. Lincoln called me up to a place by his side.

"Dana," said he, "have you ever read any of the writings of Petroleum V. Nasby?" "No, sir," I said, "I have only looked at some of them, and they seemed to me quite funny."

"Well," said he, "let me read you a specimen," and, pulling out a thin yellow-covered pamphlet from his breast-pocket, he began to read aloud. Mr. Stanton viewed this proceeding with great impatience, as I could see, but Mr. Lincoln paid no attention to that. He would read a page or a story, pause to con a new election telegram, and then open the book again and go ahead with a new passage. Finally Mr. Chase came in and presently Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and then the reading was interrupted. Mr. Stanton went to the door and beckoned me into the next room. I shall never forget the fire of his indignation at what seemed to him to be mere nonsense. The idea that when the safety of the

Republic was thus at issue, when the control of an empire was to be determined by a few figures brought in by the telegraph, the leader, the man most deeply concerned, not merely for himself but for his country, could turn aside to read such balderdash and to laugh at such frivolous jests, was to his mind something most repugnant and damnable. He could not understand, apparently, that it was by the relief which these jests afforded to the strain of mind under which Lincoln had so long been living and to the natural gloom of a melancholy and desponding temperament—this was Mr. Lincoln's prevailing characteristic—that the safety and sanity of his intelligence was maintained and preserved.

Another interesting incident occurs to me. A spy whom we employed to report to us the proceedings of the Confederate Government and its agents, and who passed continually between Richmond and St. Catherines, reporting at the War Department upon the way, had come in from Canada and had put into my hands an important dispatch from Mr. Clement C. Clay, Jr., addressed to Mr. Benjamin. Of course the seal was broken and the paper read immediately. It showed unequivocally that the Confederate agents in Canada were making use of that country as a starting point for warlike raids which were to be directed against frontier towns like St. Albans in Vermont. Mr. Stanton thought it important that

this dispatch should be retained as a ground of reclamation to be addressed to the British Government. It was on a Sunday that it arrived, and he was confined to his house by a cold. At his directions I went over to the President and made an appointment with him to be at the Secretary's office after church. At the appointed time he was there, and I read the dispatch to them. Mr. Stanton stated the reasons why it should be retained, and before deciding the question Mr. Lincoln turned to me, saying :

"Well, Dana?"

I observed to them that this was a very important channel of communication, and that if we stopped such a dispatch as this it was at the risk of never obtaining any more information through that means.

"Oh," said the President, "I think you can manage that. Capture the messenger, take the dispatch from him by force, put him in prison, and then let him escape. If he has made Benjamin and Clay believe his lies so far, he won't have any difficulty in telling them new ones that will answer for this case."

This direction was obeyed. The paper was sealed up again and was delivered to its bearer. General Augur, who commanded the District, was directed to look for a Confederate messenger at such a place on the road south that evening. The man was arrested, brought to the War Department, searched, the paper

found upon him and identified, and he was committed to the Old Capitol Prison. He made his escape about a week later, being fired upon by the guard. A large reward for his capture was advertised in various papers East and West, and when he reached St. Catherines with his arm in a sling, wounded by a bullet which had passed through it, his story was believed by Messrs. Clay and Jacob Thompson, or, at any rate, if they had any doubts upon the subject, they were not strong enough to prevent his carrying their messages afterward.

The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln to speak with him was in the afternoon of the day of his murder. The same Jacob Thompson was the subject of our conversation. I had received a report from the Provost Marshal of Portland, Maine, saying that Mr. Thompson was to be in that town that night for the purpose of taking the steamer for Liverpool; and what orders had the Department to give? I carried the telegram to Mr. Stanton. He said promptly, "Arrest him;" but as I was leaving his room, he called me back, adding, "You had better take it over to the President." It was now between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and business at the White House was completed for the day. I found Mr. Lincoln with his coat off in a closet attached to his office washing his hands. "Halloo, Dana," said he, as I opened the door, "what is it now?" "Well, sir," I said,

"here is the Provost Marshal of Portland, who reports that Jacob Thompson is to be in that town to-night, and inquires what orders we have to give." "What does Stanton say?" he asked. "Arrest him," I replied. "Well," he continued, drawling his words, "I rather guess not. When you have an elephant on hand, and he wants to run away, better let him run."

This answer I carried back to the War Department, and, accordingly, no reply was sent to the Provost Marshal. That night Mr. Lincoln was shot, and in the room adjoining the small chamber in which he lay unconscious and breathing heavily, Mr. Stanton, the only member of the Administration who seemed to retain his self-possession and undiminished energy, gave all the orders for hours that seemed necessary to carry on the government. I left him at about two o'clock in the morning and went home to sleep. But at five o'clock Colonel Pelouse knocked at my front door. Opening the window, I asked, "What is it?" "Mr. Dana," said he, "Mr. Lincoln is dead, and Mr. Stanton directs you to arrest Jacob Thompson."

The order was sent to Portland, but Thompson did not come there. Some years afterward he told me that he had thought it safer to go to England by way of Halifax.

CHARLES A. DANA.

XXI.

JOHN A. KASSON.

PRIOR to Lincoln's election as President I never met him—not, indeed, until after he sent my name to the Senate for the post of First Assistant-Postmaster-General. I think this was the second nomination he sent to that body. Afterward I had frequent occasion to see him, both during the period of that service and during my subsequent congressional service, but almost wholly on official business.

From the President's room in the White House you can see prominent objects in Alexandria, six miles down the Potomac. The one prominent object which then for days attracted and offended the patriot's eye from those windows, was the rebel flag floating from the staff on the roof of the hotel in that city, as if in defiance of the national Capitol, a few miles away. President Lincoln's young neighbor of Springfield, Ill., Ellsworth, mounted alone to the roof, cut it down, and was himself killed by the rebel owner as he descended the staircase. I called on the President just after that occurrence, and con-

gratulated him, as I stood by the window, on the improved view down the Potomac, where, instead of the Confederate, the Union flag now floated. I was taken aback by Mr. Lincoln's joyless response, "Yes, but it was at a terrible cost!" and the tears rushed into his eyes as he said it. It was his first personal realization of what the war meant. His tender respect for human life had received its first wound. It was not battle, it was assassination. He did not foresee the hundreds of thousands who were to fall before the great strife, would be ended. He afterward learned to bear the loss of thousands in battle more bravely than he bore the loss of this one in the beginning of the contest. But the loss of a single life, otherwise than in the ranged fight, was always hard for him, as so often shown in his action upon the judgments of courts-martial.

Early in his first term there was a vacancy in the United States Supreme Court to be filled from the Western States. Among the candidates was a lawyer whom I knew, whose reputation for ability was locally well established, but who had no national reputation. The recommendations had been for many weeks on file, but no action taken. One day this gentleman came to me, said something was operating as a check on his nomination, and he was satisfied I could remove it if I would call on the

President. I went to the White House and called up the case. Mr. Lincoln said: "I never heard of this man before, unless it is ——, who had an election contest in Congress over the Mormon vote. Is that the man?" I answered him, "No, there is no common blood in their veins." I then described the character of the candidate, his history and the qualities which in my judgment fitted him especially for the high place to which he aspired. The hitch was in the President's supposition that an ordinary politician had been recommended for a high judicial place, and he could not approve such a proposition. In a few days the nomination went in and was confirmed, and to-day, by the general judgment of the bar, the gentleman so appointed, if not in fact the brightest luminary on the bench, is unsurpassed in constitutional learning and in force of logic. His opinions rank with the best since the time of Marshall. This incident is worthy of mention, because it shows that in appointments of high importance Mr. Lincoln was careful and conscientious, although in the less important places he was too much inclined to oblige friends, and to trust to superficial assurances.

Many smiles have been caused by President Lincoln's quaint remark, in reply to some applicant for office, in which he said, "My dear sir, I have not much influence with this administration." An inci-

dent of my intercourse with him illustrates the truth of his remark, and was followed by singular consequences. It was in the days—which heaven grant may come to a speedy end—when Congressmen were considered the necessary and inevitable agents for procuring offices, and even advancements, in the army. Numerous officers in the field had written to me to have Colonel ——, of the —— Iowa regiment, promoted to be a brigadier-general, and had intimated in one of their petitions that they would hold me responsible for a failure, and that soldiers were voters. The colonel deserved the promotion, but it was difficult to obtain. At last there came an Iowa resignation, and I went again to the President, who signed an order to the Secretary of War to let Colonel —— have the commission in place of the resigning brigadier. In a happy frame of mind I walked, with the order in my hand, to the War Department, to see the Secretary, Mr. Stanton, not doubting my success, as I had a command from the constitutional head of the army. My confidence was all the firmer because my absolute devotion to the Union cause, and my constant fidelity to the Republican Party, were well known and universally recognized; and my relations with all the members of the Cabinet were perfectly friendly.

Mr. Stanton was seated on the sofa talking with a friend, and his immediate clerk was standing at a

neighboring desk, with his pen in hand. As I advanced, taking off my hat, Mr. Stanton turned to me to hear what I had to say. I told him my errand, and handed him the President's order. He glanced at it, and said, in an angry tone, "I sha'n't do it, sir; I sha'n't do it!" and passed the paper up to his clerk. Utterly amazed at his words, and indignant at his tone, I inquired why he refused to obey the President's order. "It isn't the way to do it, sir, and I sha'n't do it." I was going on to speak of the merits of the officer, and of the proceeding, my wrath rising, when he cut me off with, "I don't propose to argue the question with you, sir; I sha'n't do it." Utterly indignant, I turned to the clerk and asked to withdraw the paper. "Don't you let him have it, sir," said Stanton; "don't let him have it." The clerk, whose hands were trembling like an Eastern slave before his pasha, withdrew the document which he was in the act of giving to me. I felt my indignation getting too strong for me, and putting on my hat and turning my back to the Secretary, I slowly went to the door, with set teeth, saying to myself, "As you will not hear me in your own forum, you shall hear from me in mine."

A few days later, after recovering my coolness, I reported the affair to the President. A look of vexation came over his face, and he seemed unwilling then to talk of it, and desired me to see him another

day. I did so, when he gave me a positive order for the promotion of the colonel to be a brigadier, and told me to take it over to the War Department. I replied that I could not speak again with Mr. Stanton till he apologized for his insulting manner to me on the previous occasion. "Oh," said the President, "Stanton has gone to Fortress Monroe, and Dana is acting. He will attend to it for you." This he said with a manner of relief, as if it was a piece of good luck to find a man there who would obey his orders. The nomination was sent to the Senate and confirmed.

Very soon after this incident, I walked into the House from my committee-room one morning, and found Thaddeus Stevens on the floor defending Stanton on some question. My opportunity had come. I hurried to the clerk's desk to find the question under debate. It was a resolution for an investigation of the inmates of the old Capitol prison, when it was charged upon the administration that many innocent men, including Unionists, were confined by arbitrary orders from the War Department, some of them for criticisms on the Secretary's action; and not only without written charges against them, but with a refusal to let them know why they were arrested. Such action I knew to be abhorrent to Mr. Lincoln's sense of justice and equity, and that the sole responsibility was on the very able, but very

tyrannical, Secretary, in whose presence I had seen men and women tremble. As soon as Mr. Stevens had finished I sought the floor. I let loose my denunciations of his willful and arbitrary action, for which I denied the responsibility of President Lincoln; and, in support of the President, related an instance, in my personal experience, of his disobedience to his chief. In three minutes every newspaper and every pen in the House was laid aside, and everybody listening to what was equally an assault on the Secretary's conduct and a defense of the President. The vote was soon taken, and as I remember the figures, only six votes were given on the Secretary's side, to one hundred and twenty-five for the resolution. I think it was on the following night that a numerous and, it was said, a general gaol delivery was made; and rumor had it that the men were carried away in carriages, under promise to make no further complaint. At all events, it was the end of the system of arbitrary and causeless arrests. Messages and letters from far and near came to me, with thanks for my arraignment of the Secretary's action, and giving instances which showed that there was, in Washington especially, a reign of moral terror of which I had no previous knowledge. The next time I saw Mr. Lincoln, I remember well his change of manner to me. He showed his gratification in his peculiar and familiar manner, by his twinkling eyes,

and by his slapping me on the thigh, as I thought quite unnecessarily. His War Secretary was a very able man, and rendered enormous service to the Union; he was very resolute, and often selfishly willful, and the President was somewhat in awe of his arbitrary character. While his patience was unequaled among public men, Stanton had none at all.

I cannot refrain from adding one incident connected, not with Lincoln living, but with Lincoln dead by a murderer's hand. I was on the way to my home in the heart of Iowa. As the car was leaving Davenport, a friend jumped upon the platform while the train moved away, and said to me: "News has just come by telegraph that Lincoln is assassinated!" "It can't be true; it can't be true;" was my response as the quickening speed forced my friend to leap to the ground. Hours of intense anxiety passed as station after station was touched and not a word more could be heard. From the railway I mounted the stage coach, for only Eastern Iowa then had the roads of iron. So, on and on through the darkness, still without news, until in the dead of night the stage stopped at the town of Newton to change horses. Here was a small telegraph office. I hurried to it. A little crowd of villagers and working-men stood half dressed, many in shirt-sleeves, around the open window, listening, with faces in which suppressed wrath and sorrow were mingled, to the click-click-click of the telegraph

register. As the words were spelled out slowly, one after the other, the operator repeated them, rehearsing with painful distinctness the assassin's shot, the leap on the stage floor, the falling head of the great patriot and martyr, the oozing wound, the escape of the guilty. It was the heart of the people throbbing with the pulsations of the passing vitality of their hero, in the deep darkness and silence of the night. Not a word was spoken; there were only the gloomy eyes and the firm-set teeth. It is one of the traditions of Iowa that on that night no "copperhead" went forth from his house, and that for days afterward none ventured to open his mouth anywhere over the rolling prairies of our loyal State. The Union heart was too deeply wounded; it was sullen and wrathful, and there was danger in the air.

JOHN N. KASSON.

THE
[illegible]
[illegible]

James B. Fry

XXII.

JAMES B. FRY.

ALTHOUGH I do not remember to have seen Lincoln until the day of his first inauguration as President, I knew him through my father. Pioneers from Kentucky to Illinois, they were friends from an early period. Lincoln was a private in the volunteer forces commanded by my father in the Black Hawk War of 1831–2. He was always a man of note among his associates, in the Indian campaign as well as in subsequent political campaigns, especially in the contest with Douglas for the United States Senate. My father was an ardent personal and political friend of Douglas, and in his circle it was looked upon as presumptuous and ridiculous for Abe Lincoln to compete with the "Little Giant" for the Senate of the United States.

The contest proved that the so-called rail-splitter was the real giant, and led to his selection for the head of the new party at Chicago in the summer of 1860, and to his election to the Presidency in the following autumn. Lincoln and his Illinois competitor, Stephen A. Douglas, formed a striking contrast.

Douglas was low in stature, rotund in figure, with a short neck, a big bullet-head, and a chubby face. His lips were forced into the fixed smile characteristic of the popular and well-satisfied public man of a period when political success depended largely upon what a man said, how he said it, and how he appeared in personal intercourse with the people; and not, as now, much upon what newspapers say of him and for him.

Lincoln was tall and thin; his long bones were united by large joints, and he had a long neck and an angular face and head. Many likenesses represent his face well enough, but none that I have ever seen do justice to the awkwardness and ungainliness of his figure. His feet, hanging loosely to his ankles, were prominent objects; but his hands were more conspicuous even than his feet—due perhaps to the fact that ceremony at times compelled him to clothe them in white kid gloves, which always fitted loosely. Both in the height of conversation and in the depth of reflection his hand now and then ran over or supported his head, giving his hair habitually a disordered aspect. I never saw him when he appeared to me otherwise than a great man, and a very ugly one. His expression in repose was sad and dull; but his ever-recurring humor, at short intervals, flashed forth with the brilliancy of an electric light. I observed but two well-defined expressions in his

countenance; one, that of a pure, thoughtful, honest man, absorbed by a sense of duty and responsibility; the other, that of a humorist so full of fun that he could not keep it all in. His power of analysis was wonderful. He strengthened every case he stated, and no anecdote or joke ever lost force or effect from his telling. He invariably carried the listener with him to the very climax, and when that was reached in relating a humorous story, he laughed all over. His large mouth assumed an unexpected and comical shape, the skin on his nose gathered into wrinkles, and his small eyes, though partly closed, emitted infectious rays of fun. It was not only the aptness of his stories, but his way of telling them, and his own unfeigned enjoyment, that gave them zest, even among the gravest men and upon the most serious occasions.

Nevertheless, Lincoln—a good listener—was not a good conversationalist. When he talked, he told a story or argued a case. But it should be remembered that during the entire four years of his Presidency, from the spring of 1861 until his death in April, 1865, civil war prevailed. It bore heaviest upon him, and his mind was bent daily, hourly even, upon the weighty matters of his high office; so that, as he might have expressed it, he was either lifting with all his might at the butt-end of the log, or sitting upon it whittling, for rest and recreation.

Lincoln was as nearly master of himself as it is possible for a man clothed with great authority and engaged in the affairs of public life to become. He had no bad habits, and if he was not wholly free from the passions of human nature, it is quite certain that passion but rarely if ever governed his action. If he deviated from the straight course of justice, it was usually from indulgence for the minor faults or weaknesses of his fellow-men. I observed but one craving that he could not overcome: that was for a second term of the Presidency. He was fully conscious of the grip this desire had upon him, and once said in the way of apology for it:

"No man knows what *that gnawing* is till he has had it."

During the spring of 1861 I was in charge of the appointment branch of the Adjutant-General's Department. Upon one occasion, when I was at the White House in the course of duty, the President, after disposing of the matter in hand, said:

"You are in charge of the appointment office. I have here a bushel-basketful of applications for offices in the army. I have tried to examine them all, but they have increased so rapidly that I have got behind and may have neglected some. I will send them all to your office. Overhaul them, lay those that require further action before the Secretary of War, and file the others."

The bushel-basketful came, and the papers were overhauled. They were dotted with notes, comments, and queries by the President. One slip of paper—which I handed back to the President with the remark that I supposed he would not care to have it placed upon the official files—bore a memorandum in his own handwriting as follows:

"On this day Mrs. —— called upon me. She is the wife of Major —— of the regular army. She wants her husband made a brigadier-general. She is a saucy little woman, and I think she will torment me till I have to do it.—A. L."

It was not long before that little woman's husband was appointed a brigadier-general.

At a later date I heard a conversation between Lincoln and Stanton in relation to the selection of brigadier-generals. The many applications and recommendations were examined and discussed. Lincoln finally said:

"Well, Mr. Secretary, I concur in pretty much all you say. The only point I make is, that there has got to be something done that will be unquestionably in the interest of the Dutch, and to that end I want Schemmelfinnig appointed."

The Secretary replied:

"Mr. President, perhaps this Schemmel-what's-his-name is not as highly recommended as some other German officer."

"No matter about that," said Lincoln, "his name will make up for any difference there may be, and I'll take the risk of his coming out all right."

Then, with a laugh, he repeated, dwelling upon each syllable of the name, and accenting the last one, "Schem-mel-fin-*nig* must be appointed."

There is no purpose here to question General Schemmelfinnig's merits. The only object is to show that Lincoln had reasons, in addition to Schemmelfinnig's recommendations, for appointing him brigadier-general.

After I became Provost-Marshal-General of the United States—March, 1863—the duty of enrolling and drafting the national forces required me to see a great deal of the President.

Once when I went into his office at the White House, I found a private soldier making a complaint to him. It was a summer afternoon. Lincoln looked tired and careworn; but he was listening as patiently as he could to the grievances of the obscure member of the military force known as "Scott's nine hundred," then stationed in Washington. When I approached Lincoln's desk I heard him say:

"Well, my man, that may all be so, but you must go to your officers about it."

The man, however, presuming upon Lincoln's good-nature, and determined to make the most of

his opportunity, persisted in re-telling his troubles and pleading for the President's interference. After listening to the same story two or three times as he gazed wearily through the south window of his office upon the broad Potomac in the distance, Lincoln turned upon the man, and said in a peremptory tone that ended the interview:

"Now, my man, go away, *go away!* I cannot meddle in your case. I could as easily bail out the Potomac River with a teaspoon as attend to all the details of the army."

The following is a good example of Lincoln's clearness and force in stating a case. It relates to the vexed question that prevailed in 1864–65 concerning the quota of troops to be furnished by the States. The Legislature of Rhode Island sent a committee to Washington to confer with the President upon the subject of the number of men required from that State. The committee said in its report:

"The President at this point interrupted the committee to say that complaints from several States had already been made to the same effect, and in one instance the subject had been earnestly pressed to his attention, and that he had personally taken the pains to examine for himself the formula which the Provost-Marshal-General had adopted for the calculation and distribution of the quotas for the different States, and had arrived at the conclusion

that it was impossible for any candid mind to doubt or question its entire fairness. In order that your committee might be fully possessed of his opinion upon this subject, the President read the following paper, the original of which had been forwarded to his Excellency the Governor of the State of Vermont:

"'EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, *February* 8, 1865.

"'Complaint is made to me by Vermont that the assignment of her quota for the draft on the impending call is intrinsically unjust, and also in bad faith of the government's promise to fairly allow credits for men previously furnished.

"'To illustrate, a supposed case is stated as follows: Vermont and New Hampshire must between them furnish six thousand (6,000) men on the pending call; and being equals, one must furnish as many as the other in the long-run. But the government finds that on former calls Vermont furnished a surplus of five hundred (500), and New Hampshire a surplus of fifteen hundred (1,500). These two surpluses make 2,000, and added to the six thousand (6,000) make eight thousand (8,000) to be furnished by the two States; or four thousand each, less fair credits. Then subtracting Vermont's surplus of five hundred (500) from her four thousand (4,000), leaves three thousand five hun-

dred (3,500) as her quota on the pending call; and likewise subtracting New Hampshire's surplus of fifteen hundred (1,500) from her four thousand (4,000), leaves two thousand five hundred (2,500) as her quota on the pending call. These three thousand five hundred (3,500) and two thousand five hundred (2,500) make precisely the six thousand (6,000) which the supposed case requires from the two States; and it is just equal for Vermont to furnish one thousand (1,000) more *now* than New Hampshire, *because* New Hampshire has heretofore furnished one thousand (1,000) more than Vermont, which equalizes the burdens of the two in the long-run; and this proceeding, so far from being bad faith to Vermont, is indispensable to keeping good faith with New Hampshire. By no other process can the six thousand (6,000) men be obtained from the two States, and at the same time deal justly and keep faith with both; and we do but confuse ourselves in questioning the operation by which the right result is reached.

"'The supposed case is perfect as an illustration.

"'The pending call is not for three hundred thousand (300,000) men, subject to fair credits, but is for three hundred thousand (300,000) remaining after all fair credits have been deducted; and it is impossible to concede what Vermont asks without coming out short of the three hundred thousand (300,000) men,

or making other localities pay for the partiality shown her. This upon the case stated. If there be different reasons for making an allowance to Vermont, let them be presented and considered.

(Signed) "'A. LINCOLN.'"

This statement of the case by Lincoln was a conclusive answer to both Vermont and Rhode Island.

A story has long been current that Lincoln sent an applicant for office with a note to the Secretary of War, directing that a letter of appointment be prepared for the man to the office he sought; that the applicant returned to the President and announced that Stanton refused to obey the order; that the President looked disappointed, but merely expressed his regret at the result, and remarked that he had not much influence with the administration. The anecdote has generally been interpreted as meaning that Lincoln could not control Stanton. The inference is erroneous. Lincoln, so far as I could discover, was in every respect the actual head of the administration, and whenever he chose to do so he controlled Stanton as well as all the other Cabinet ministers.

I will cite one instance in relation to Stanton.

After compulsory military service was resorted to, States and districts tried to fill their quotas, and save their own citizens from being drafted into the army, by voting bounties to buy men wherever they could

be found. The agent appointed by a county in one of the Middle States, and supplied with bounty money, learned that some Confederate prisoners of war at Chicago were about to be released and enlisted in our army for service against the Indians in the North-west. The thrifty thought occurred to the agent to pay these prisoners a bounty for what they were going to do without any pay at all, and in return for this payment have them credited as soldiers furnished by his county. Being an acquaintance of Lincoln, the agent obtained from him an order to have the men credited as desired. But the Secretary of War refused to have the credits allowed. Indignant and disappointed, the agent returned to the President, who reiterated the order, but without effect. Then Lincoln went in person to Stanton's office, and I was called there by the latter to state the facts in the case.

I reported to the two high officials, as I had previously done to the Secretary alone, that these men already belonged to the United States, being prisoners of war; that they could not be used against the Confederates; that they had no relation whatever to the county to which it was proposed they should be credited; that all that was necessary toward enlisting them in our army for Indian service was the government's release of them as prisoners of war; that to give them bounty and credit them to a

county which owed some of its own men for service against the Confederates would waste money and deprive the army operating against a powerful enemy of that number of men, etc.

Stanton said:

"Now, Mr. President, those are the facts, and you must see that your order cannot be executed."

Lincoln sat upon a sofa with his legs crossed, and did not say a word until the Secretary's last remark. Then he said in a somewhat positive tone: "Mr. Secretary, I reckon you'll have to execute the order."

Stanton replied with asperity:

"Mr. President, I cannot do it. The order is an improper one, and I cannot execute it."

Lincoln fixed his eye upon Stanton, and in a firm voice, and with an accent that clearly showed his determination, he said:

"*Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done.*"

Stanton then realized that he was overmatched. He had made a square issue with the President and been defeated, notwithstanding the fact that he was in the right. Upon an intimation from him I withdrew and did not witness his surrender. A few minutes after I reached my office I received instructions from the Secretary to carry out the President's order. Stanton never mentioned the subject to me afterward, nor did I ever ascertain the special,

and no doubt sufficient, reasons which the President had for his action in the case.

The vexatious duties of the general government concerning the draft made demands upon Lincoln's ability not only in deciding important questions, but in avoiding decisions when it was not best to risk a rupture with State officials by rendering them. Upon one occasion the Governor of a State came to my office bristling with complaints in relation to the number of troops required from his State, the details for drafting the men, and the plan of compulsory service in general. I found it impossible to satisfy his demands, and accompanied him to the Secretary of War's office, whence, after a stormy interview with Stanton, he went alone to press his ultimatum upon the highest authority. After I had waited anxiously for some hours, expecting important orders or decisions from the President, or at least a summons to the White House for explanation, the Governor returned, and said with a pleasant smile that he was going home by the next train, and merely dropped in *en route* to say good-by. Neither the business he came upon nor his interview with the President was alluded to.

As soon as I could see Lincoln, I said:

"Mr. President, I am very anxious to learn how you disposed of Governor ——. He went to your office from the War Department in a towering

rage. I suppose you found it necessary to make large concessions to him, as he returned from you entirely satisfied."

"Oh, no," he replied, "I did not concede anything. *You* know how that Illinois farmer managed the big log that lay in the middle of his field! To the inquiries of his neighbors one Sunday, he announced that he had got rid of the big log. 'Got rid of it!' said they, 'how did you do it? It was too big to haul out, too knotty to split, and too wet and soggy to burn; what did you do?' 'Well, now, boys,' replied the farmer, 'if you won't divulge the secret, I'll tell you how I got rid of it—*I ploughed around it.*' Now," said Lincoln, "don't tell anybody, but that's the way I got rid of Governor ——. *I ploughed around him*, but it took me three mortal hours to do it, and I was afraid every minute he'd see what I was at."

Lincoln was a good judge of men, and quickly learned the peculiar traits of character in those he had to deal with.

I recall an anecdote by which he pointed out a marked trait in one of our Northern Governors. This Governor was earnest, able and untiring in keeping up the war spirit in his State, and in raising and equipping troops; but he always wanted his own way, and illy brooked the restraints imposed by the necessity of conforming to a general

system. Though devoted to the cause, he was at times overbearing and exacting in his intercourse with the general government. Upon one occasion he complained and protested more bitterly than usual, and warned those in authority that the execution of their orders in his State would be beset by difficulties and dangers. The tone of his dispatches gave rise to an apprehension that he might not co-operate fully in the enterprise in hand. The Secretary of War, therefore, laid the dispatches before the President for advice or instructions. They did not disturb Lincoln in the least. In fact, they rather amused him. After reading all the papers, he said in a cheerful and reassuring tone:

"Never mind, never mind; those dispatches don't mean anything. Just go right ahead. The Governor is like a boy I saw once at a launching. When everything was ready they picked out a boy and sent him under the ship to knock away the trigger and let her go. At the critical moment everything depended on the boy. He had to do the job well by a direct vigorous blow, and then lie flat and keep still while the ship slid over him. The boy did everything right, but he yelled as if he was being murdered from the time he got under the keel until he got out. I thought the hide was all scraped off his back; but he wasn't hurt at all. The master of the yard told me that this boy was

always chosen for that job, that he did his work well, that he never had been hurt, but that he always squealed in that way. That's just the way with Governor ——. Make up your minds that he is not hurt, and that he is doing the work right, and pay no attention to his squealing. He only wants to make you understand how hard his task is, and that he is on hand performing it."

Time proved that the President's estimate of the Governor was correct.

Lincoln watched the operations of the armies in the field with the deepest interest, the keenest insight, and the widest comprehension. The congratulatory order which General Meade published to his troops after the battle of Gettysburg was telegraphed to the War Department. During those days and nights of anxiety, Lincoln clung to the War Office, and devoured every scrap of news as it came over the telegraph wires. He hoped for and expected substantial fruits from our dearly bought victory at Gettysburg. I saw him read General Meade's congratulatory order. When he came to the sentence about "driving the invaders from our soil," an expression of disappointment settled upon his face, his hands dropped upon his knees, and in tones of anguish he exclaimed, "*Drive the invaders from our soil! My God! Is that all?*"

I was designated by the Secretary of War as a

sort of special escort to accompany the President from Washington to Gettysburg upon the occasion of the first anniversary of the battle at that place. At the appointed time I went to the White House, where I found the President's carriage at the door to take him to the station; but he was not ready. When he appeared it was rather late, and I remarked that he had no time to lose in going to the train. "Well," said he, "I feel about that as the convict in one of our Illinois towns felt when he was going to the gallows. As he passed along the road in custody of the sheriff, the people, eager to see the execution, kept crowding and pushing past him. At last he called out: 'Boys, you needn't be in such a hurry to get ahead, *there won't be any fun till I get there.*'"

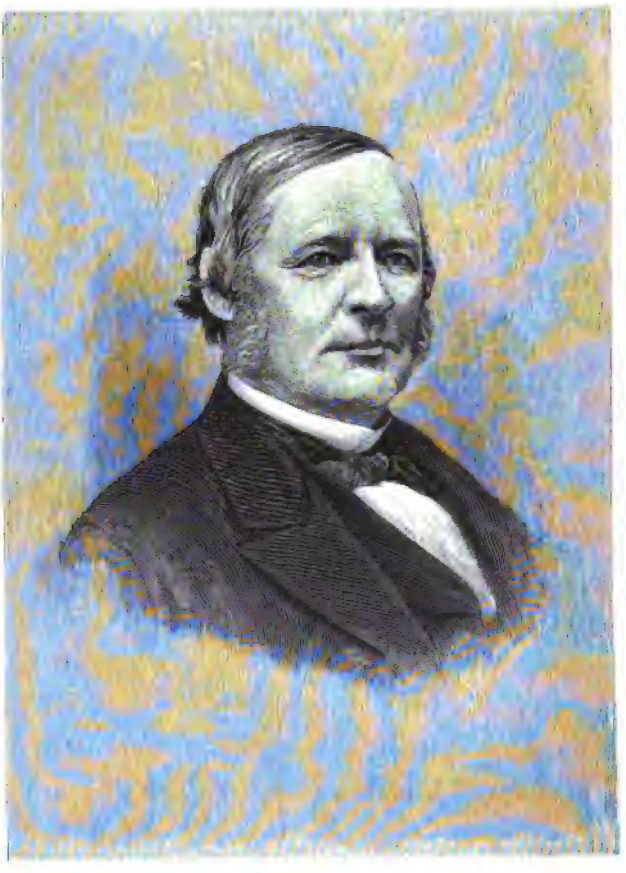
It has been said, I believe, that Lincoln wrote in the car *en route* to Gettysburg the celebrated speech which he delivered upon that historic battle-ground. I am quite sure that is an error. I have no recollection of seeing him writing or even reading his speech during the journey. In fact, there was hardly any opportunity for him to read or write.

In April, 1865, I was sent with the government excursion from Washington to Charleston to take part in the ceremony of raising over Fort Sumter the flag that had been lowered there in April, 1861. When I reported to Stanton upon my return, he

gave me a detailed account of the awful tragedy which had been enacted in the national capital during our absence. He said that he had never felt so sensible of his deep affection for Lincoln as he did during their final interview. At last they could see the end of bloody fratricidal war. Peace was dawning upon their beloved country. "Well done, good and faithful servants!" was upon the lips of the nation. As they exchanged congratulations, Lincoln, from his greater height, dropped his long arm upon Stanton's shoulders, and a hearty embrace terminated their rejoicings over the close of the mighty struggle. Stanton went home happy. That night Lincoln was assassinated, and a black pall covered the land.

JAMES B. FRY.

THE
BOSTON-LIBRARY
SOCIETY



Hugh McCulloch

XXIII.

HUGH MCCULLOCH.

THE history of Mr. Lincoln's life is an exceedingly interesting one—more interesting in many respects than that of any other man which our country has produced.

Of humble parentage, without opportunities for mental culture in early life, he became an able lawyer, a forcible writer, a captivating and instructive speaker, an executive officer of singular foresight and wisdom in the most trying period of our nation's history. Before his joint debate with Mr. Douglas in 1858, he was little known outside of his own State. The ability which he displayed in that debate gave him a national reputation. He and Mr. Douglas were the rival candidates for a seat in the United States Senate, of which Mr. Douglas was a prominent member, but whose term of office was about to expire. They had frequently met as opposing counsel in important suits. They were therefore well known to each other, and by their public speeches they were well known to the people of Illinois. They had, in one or two instances, addressed the same audiences upon po-

litical subjects, but they had never met by agreement, at that time a common occurrence in the West, in public debate. The question which then was exciting the greatest interest throughout the Union was slavery—not (with the exception of a comparatively few ultra-antislavery men in the Northern States) whether it should be abolished in the States where it existed, but whether it should be extended into the Territories.

Mr. Douglas, as a United States Senator, had been largely instrumental in effecting a repeal of the compromise by which Missouri had been admitted into the Union and the extension of slavery into other Territories prohibited. He was the leading advocate, in fact the father, of the doctrine of popular sovereignty—the right of the people of the Territories, in preparing constitutions for admission into the Union as sovereign States, to determine for themselves whether they should be slave States or free.

Mr. Lincoln, although a hater of slavery, was not an Abolitionist. He had a profound reverence for the Constitution upon which the Union was founded, which recognized slavery as a local institution, but he was firm and unyielding in his opposition to its extension.

Thus they stood before the people of Illinois the acknowledged representatives of their respective parties—one, the advocate of the nationalization of

slavery; the other, the advocate of freedom for all, and everywhere except in those States in which slavery had a constitutional existence. Neither was an extremist; neither was the exponent of ultra doctrines on either side. Mr. Lincoln did not go far enough, in merely opposing the extension of slavery, to satisfy the Abolitionists of the North, who demanded the extirpation of slavery, root and branch, without regard to the sanctions of the Constitution. Mr. Douglas, who was neither an advocate nor an opponent of slavery, did not go far enough to satisfy the pro-slavery leaders of the South, who contended for the right of slave-holders to take their slaves into the Territories and hold them there, in perpetual servitude, regardless of what he called popular, and they denounced as squatter, sovereignty. While, therefore, neither of them came up to the high standard of either Abolitionists on the one hand or pro-slavery men on the other, the difference between them was decided and irreconcilable; and in order that the difference might be fairly and thoroughly discussed before the same audiences, Mr. Lincoln invited Mr. Douglas to meet him in a joint debate in some of the most populous counties of the State. The invitation was promptly accepted. The debate began on the 21st of August and closed on the 15th of October. They spoke in the open air, and their speeches were listened to with the deepest interest by the

many thousands who thronged to hear them. They were fully and carefully reported, and were published in the leading journals North and South. No speeches ever made in the United States commanded so great attention or made so deep an impression upon the public mind. It was, indeed, the opening of the "irrepressible conflict" which Mr. Seward had predicted.

Mr. Lincoln, in a speech which he made a short time before, had avowed the sentiment that the United States could not permanently continue to be "part slave and part free;" that freedom or slavery sooner or later must become dominant in all the States; that slavery was local; that there was no warrant under the Constitution for its extension; and that its extension could rightfully be prevented by Congress. On the contrary, Mr. Douglas was committed to the doctrine that slavery was nationalized by the Constitution; that Congress had no authority to prevent its introduction to the Territories; that the people of each Territory and each State could alone decide whether they should be slave States or free. In a word, he was committed to the doctrine of popular sovereignty in its widest sense.

This really was the question to be discussed, but the discussion was not confined to it. In the course of the debate, slavery, its inhumanity, its influence upon the white population, its inconsistency with republicanism, were freely considered.

At the beginning of the debate the advantages seemed to be on the side of Mr. Douglas. The anti-slavery sentiment had not taken root in Illinois. Washed by the Ohio on the south, and the Wabash on the west, by which the largest part of her surplus productions were sent to the Southern markets, her pecuniary interests bound her to the South. From her earliest settlement the slave-owners had been her best, almost her only reliable customers. Nor was this all. Illinois had been largely settled by immigrants from the slave States, so that she was connected with the South by social as well as pecuniary ties. For more than half a century the Union had existed and rapidly grown in wealth and population, part slave and part free. Why might it not remain so, and still continue to thrive and prosper? Besides, there was something captivating in the doctrine of popular sovereignty—the right of the people to govern themselves according to their own good pleasure. Nor were these the only advantages possessed by Mr. Douglas. He was one of the ablest debaters in the country. To an almost unlimited command of language were added audacity and tact, which made him a formidable opponent in the United States Senate, filled as the Senate then was with very able and accomplished men. Upon the stump he had no equal. His voice was sonorous and flexible. Thoroughly versed in the political

history of the country—bold, dashing, self-confident, and self-possessed—he was one whom very few men would have dared to encounter in a public debate. All this Mr. Lincoln perfectly understood, but he knew himself, and he was thoroughly convinced of the justice of his cause. He carried his conscience with him into the discussion. He made no statement which he did not believe to be true, took no position which he was not able to defend. Less gifted in language, he was clearer in statement, more persuasive and simple in style, stronger in his convictions, more earnest in presenting them, and more familiar with the character of those whom he was wont to call plain people, than his opponent.

It can hardly be said that he was a victor in the debate, but it cannot be denied that when it closed the advantage was not on the side of Mr. Douglas.

Like everybody else, I was greatly interested in the debate. Mr. Lincoln's speeches were not only very able, but they left the impression upon my mind that he possessed the elements of great personal popularity. So strong was this impression that, happening to be in Chicago in 1860, when the Republican Convention was in session, and being asked by some of the delegates (when it was certain that either Mr. Seward or Mr. Lincoln would be nominated) to which I thought their votes should be given, I did not hesitate to say "that that depended upon what they

wanted to do—if they wanted to vindicate the principles of the party, they should vote for Mr. Seward; if they wanted to elect a President, they should vote for Mr. Lincoln." Mr. Seward had rendered great service to his party, of which he stood at the head; his ability was undoubted, and he was the decided choice of the delegates from the Eastern States, but I doubted that enough of the Western States could be carried to secure his election.

Mr. Lincoln's election precipitated the rebellion, but the time had come, sooner than had been expected and in a different way, for the settlement of the question whether the United States were a Nation, to which allegiance was due by the people, or a confederation of States, from which any State or number of States might withdraw by their own independent action; and of the equally important question whether slavery or freedom should dominate throughout the Union. These questions were settled by war, and it is now quite certain that they could not have been settled by any other means. The cost of this settlement in treasure and blood was enormous, but it was incomparably less than would have been the evils which would have resulted from the nationalization of slavery or the perpetual strife which must have occurred between the sections if the Union had been disrupted. That the election of Mr. Lincoln was fortunate for the coun-

try, and the whole country, is generally admitted. It would have been quite impossible for either of the other distinguished men whose names were before the convention for nomination for the Presidency to have retained the confidence of the people through the protracted struggle to the same extent that he did.

Mr. Lincoln's character it is difficult to analyze, so rare and seemingly incongruous were its combinations. Instead, therefore, of attempting an analysis, I must confine my remarks to a description of his appearance, and of his prominent and singular, if not inconsistent, characteristics.

In form, Mr. Lincoln was tall and angular, lacking in compactness, but strong and sturdy, with great capacity for work and power of endurance. His features were coarse, and to strangers uncomely, but prepossessing to those who became his friends. His face, dull and heavy when in repose, was all alight with intelligence when in conversation. "I thought," said a lady, "when I first saw him that he was one of the ugliest of men. Now that I know him well, he seems to me to be perfectly charming." Grave and sedate in manner, he was full of kind and gentle emotions. He was fond of poetry. Shakespeare was his delight. Few men could read with equal expression the plays of the great dramatist.

The theater had great attractions for him, but it

was comedy, not tragedy, he went to hear. He had great enjoyment of the plays that made him laugh, no matter how absurd and grotesque, and he gave expression to his enjoyment by hearty and noisy applause. He was a man of strong religious convictions, but he cared nothing for the dogmas of the churches, and had little respect for their creeds. As a lawyer and advocate, Mr. Lincoln had no superior in Illinois and few superiors in the older States. His practice was not broad or varied enough to require constant study of authorities, but his mind was keen, clear, discriminating, and he was well grounded in the elementary principles of the law. His arguments before the court were always carefully prepared, pointed, and cogent. Before a jury he was especially effective. One of his most distinguished characteristics as an advocate was the suppression of himself in his arguments to the jurors. It was his aim to fix the facts, and the facts only, upon their minds. Comprehending perfectly the points upon which the case depended, to them he directed the attention of the jury, wasting no words upon unimportant matters; never wearisome by long speeches, with great aptitude discovering the characters of jurors, always intelligible and earnest, he never failed to interest and rarely to convince. The same qualities were displayed in his public speeches—models they were

of clear, simple, and consequently of forcible speaking.

The first time I saw and heard him was at Indianapolis, shortly after the conclusion of his debate with Mr. Douglas. Careless of his attire, ungraceful in his movements, I thought as he came forward to address the audience that his was the most ungainly figure I had ever seen upon a platform. Could this be Abraham Lincoln whose speeches I had read with so much interest and admiration—this plain, dull-looking man the one who had successfully encountered in debate one of the most gifted speakers of his time? The question was speedily answered by the speech. The subject was slavery—its character, its incompatibility with Republican institutions, its demoralizing influences upon society, its aggressiveness, its rights as limited by the Constitution; all of which were discussed with such clearness, simplicity, earnestness, and force as to carry me with him to the conclusion that the country could not long continue part slave and part free—that freedom must prevail throughout the length and breadth of the land, or that the great Republic, instead of being the home of the free and the hope of the oppressed, would become a by-word and a reproach among the nations.

Mr. Lincoln was not a polished writer, but he wrote correctly and with great precision. In clearness

of expression, in conciseness, in the use of apt and appropriate language, which everybody could understand, it would be difficult to find his superior. His letters in explanation and defense of his hesitation to proclaim freedom to the slaves, especially his reply to Mr. Greeley, are masterpieces of clear and forcible writing. The concluding paragraph of his first inaugural—"The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature"—is as happy in expression as it is touching and beautiful in thought.

Mr. Lincoln was not an orator, and yet where in the English language can be found eloquence of higher tone or more magnetic power than was exhibited in his little speech at the consecration of the battle-field cemetery near Gettysburg?—

"Four-score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here

gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we *say* here, but it can never forget what they *did* here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is, rather, for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

He followed Edward Everett, whose speech was worthy of his reputation as one of the most accomplished orators of the age, and when he concluded, it is said that Mr. Everett, taking Mr. Lincoln's hand, remarked: "My speech will soon be forgotten; yours never will be. How gladly would I exchange my hundred pages for your twenty lines!"

Mr. Lincoln excelled as a story-teller. The habit

of story-telling was formed in his early professional life, when in company with a few other prominent members of the bar, he visited counties, at long distances from his own, to try important cases. The journeys from county to county were long and protracted, and as there were no newspapers nor books in the cabins where they spent the nights, these lawyer circuit-riders, as they were called, killed the time, as the saying was, by telling stories, in which invention as well as memory was brought into play. In inventing stories and skill in telling them Mr. Lincoln was the acknowledged leader. The habit of story-telling, thus formed, became part of his nature, and he gave free rein to it, even when the fate of the nation seemed to be trembling in the balance. Some eight or ten days after the first battle of Bull Run, when Washington was utterly demoralized by its result, I called upon him at the White House, in company with a few friends, and was amazed when, referring to something which had been said by one of the company about the battle which was so disastrous to the Union forces, he remarked, in his usual quiet manner, "That reminds me of a story," which he told in a manner so humorous as to indicate that he was free from care and apprehension. This to me was surprising. I could not then understand how the President could feel like telling a story when Washington was in danger of being capt-

ured, and the whole North was dismayed; and I left the White House with the feeling that I had been mistaken in Mr. Lincoln's character, and that his election might prove to have been a fatal mistake. This feeling was changed from day to day as the war went on; but it was not entirely overcome until I went to Washington in the spring of 1863, and as an officer of the government was permitted to have free intercourse with him. I then perceived that my estimate of him before his election was well grounded, and that he possessed even higher qualities than I had given him credit for; that he was a man of sound judgment, great singleness and tenacity of purpose, and extraordinary sagacity; that story-telling was to him a safety-valve, and that he indulged in it, not only for the pleasure it afforded him, but for a temporary relief from oppressing cares; that the habit had been so cultivated that he could make a story illustrate a sentiment and give point to an argument. Many of his stories were as apt and instructive as the best of Æsop's fables. All of his stories, however, were not of this character. Next to the theater he liked to tell stories and to listen to them. The evening of the day on which the reports of Sheridan's great victory in the Valley of Virginia were received I spent with him, in company with Mr. Randall, Postmaster-General, and a few of Mr. Lincoln's personal

friends, at the Soldiers' Home. Mr. Lincoln was in the best of spirits, and Randall was also a good story-teller. For two hours there was a constant run of story-telling—Lincoln leading and Randall following—a contest between them as to which should tell the best story and provoke the heartiest laughter. The stories were not such as would be listened to with pleasure by very refined ears, but they were exceedingly funny. The verdict of the listeners was that, while the stories were equally good, Mr. Lincoln had displayed the most humor and skill.

Mr. Lincoln was severely denounced not only by the out-and-out Abolitionists, but by men less pronounced in their antislavery views, such as Mr. Wade and Mr. Greeley, for his delay in emancipating the slaves, under his war power, as it was called. This delay was caused by his doubts as to whether the public sentiment of the North, with which he always kept abreast, was prepared for a measure so momentous and far-reaching; by his profound respect for the Constitution which he had sworn to maintain; and especially by his fears that emancipation would retard, if it did not prevent, the restoration of the Union. In his letter to Mr. Greeley, on the 22d of August, 1862, he said:

"My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could

save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do it."

It must be admitted that this language was hardly consistent with the opinion he had so frequently expressed before his election, that the United States could not continue to be part slave, part free, or with his well-known abhorrence of slavery; but it was in perfect harmony with his utterances after he became President, and with the avowed purpose of the government in prosecuting the war. He did, however, subject himself to the charge of inconsistency, by exempting from the operation of his proclamation West Virginia and such parts of the other Southern States as were in the possession of the Federal forces; by proclaiming freedom to the slave where his authority could not be exercised, and leaving, where it was felt and acknowledged, many thousands in bondage. Nothing was or could be gained by not including all slaves in his proclamation of freedom, and his failure to do it greatly prejudiced the Union cause in Great Britain and other European states. The right to confiscate the property that could be reached in the South was unquestionable; his right to liberate the slaves, which was one form of confiscation, where the Confederate authority was dominant, was at least doubtful. Fortunately for the

country, this was not left an open question. The doom of slavery in the United States was sealed by the amendments of the Constitution soon after the war was ended.

Whether Mr. Lincoln would have been competent to deal with the questions which were presented after the war, in the reconstruction of the Southern States—whether he would have exhibited the qualities of a statesman—is, I know, regarded by many as somewhat doubtful; but it is, I think, only fair to infer, from the ability which he displayed as President, that he would have been equal to the new duties which he would have been called to perform, if he had completed the term for which he had been elected. He was well versed in constitutional law, his mind was well balanced, he was free from vindictiveness, and he was eminently patriotic. He would not have quarreled with his party, as his successor, Mr. Johnson, did. He had the confidence of the people, and could, therefore, have given direction to reconstructive legislation. His aim would have been to bring about by honorable conciliation harmonious relations between the sections, to secure the supremacy of the government without interference with the reserved rights of the States. There is nothing on his record to indicate that he would have favored the immediate and full enfranchisement of those who, having been always in servitude, were unfitted for

an intelligent and independent use of the ballot. In the plan for the rehabilitation of the South which he and his Cabinet had partially agreed upon, and which Mr. Johnson and the same Cabinet endeavored to perfect and carry out, no provision was made for negro suffrage. This question was purposely left open for further consideration and for Congressional action, under such amendments of the Constitution as the changed condition of the country might render necessary. From some of his incidental expressions, and from his well-known opinions upon the subject of suffrage and the States to regulate it, my conclusion is that he would have been disposed to let that question remain as it stood before the war; with, however, such amendments of the Constitution as would have prevented any but those who were permitted to vote in Federal elections from being included in the enumeration for representatives in Congress, thus inducing the recent slave States, for the purpose of increasing their Congressional influence and power, to give the ballot to black men as well as white.

Nor would Mr. Lincoln have been vindictive against the masses who had been in arms against the government. Educated, as the people of the South had been, in the doctrine that the Union was a confederation of States, from which any State or number of States might withdraw when, in the opinion

of a majority of their citizens, it had failed to accomplish the object for which it was formed, he would not have regarded the attempted secession as being treason, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; nor would he have regarded as traitors any of the Southern people except those who, while continuing to hold Federal offices and to draw their pay from the Federal Treasury, used the influence of their positions to overthrow the government whose servants they were. For *them* he would have favored no forgiveness, to *them* he would have granted no pardons. *They* were guilty of treason, for which there could be no palliation. These, however, were comparatively few. The war on the part of the South was revolutionary. It was not only so considered by other nations, but by those who administered the government after the war was ended. Officers of high standing in the Confederate army were appointed to Federal offices by General Grant. The Vice-President of the Confederacy, when subsequently in Congress, was treated with great respect by both parties. Two of the members of the present Cabinet, and nearly every one of the Southern Senators in the last and present Congress, held distinguished civil or military positions under the Confederate Government. This would not, could not, have been the case had they been guilty of treason. They were revolutionists, not traitors, and

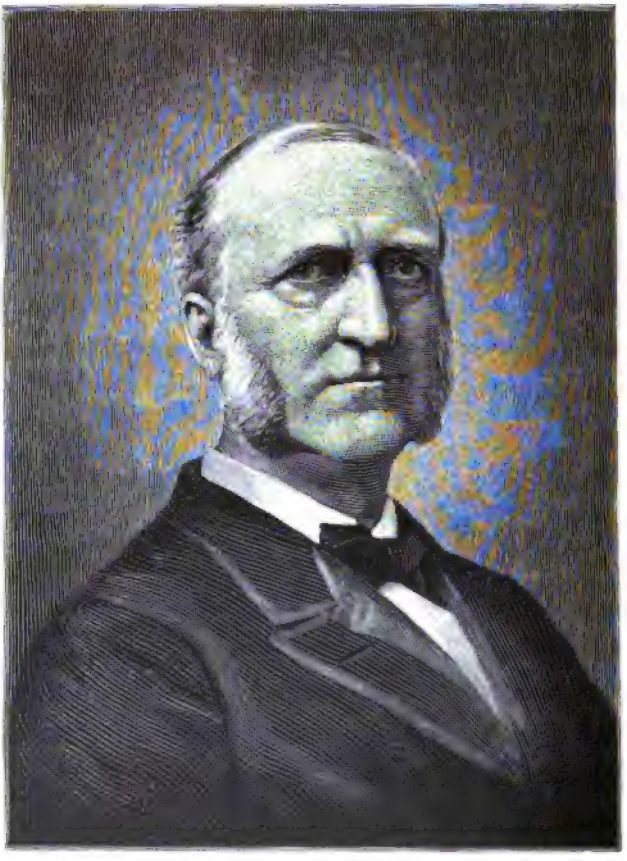
as such they would have been treated by Mr. Lincoln.

Nor would Mr. Lincoln have appointed to Southern offices such men as, unfortunately, were appointed, whose chief mission seemed to have been to enrich themselves, overload the States with debt, and perpetuate the sectional discord which had always, to some extent, existed, and which had been aggravated and intensified by the war. His sympathy was as broad as his patriotism. Devoted to the Union—not merely a geographical union, but a true national Union—his aim would have been to build up the waste places, give new life to Southern industry, and bind together North and South, the people of the country and the whole country, by ties of mutual respect, brotherhood and interest.

In what, then, consisted Mr. Lincoln's greatness? Not in his legal acquirements; not in his skill as a writer or effectiveness as a speaker; not in his executive ability—although in these respects he commanded great respect; but in the strength of his convictions; his unwavering adherence to the principles which he avowed; his personal uprightness; his sound judgment; his knowledge of the people, gained rather by a study of himself than of them; his love of country; his humanity; his sublime faith in Republican institutions.

It was these qualities, rarely found in combination, which made him great and fitted him for the high position which he filled with so much credit to himself and with lasting honor and benefit to the nation.

HUGH McCULLOCH.



Chauncey M. Depew.

XXIV.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

I SAW Mr. Lincoln a number of times during the canvass for his second election. The characteristic which struck me most was his superabundance of common sense. His power of managing men, of deciding and avoiding difficult questions, surpassed that of any man I ever met. A keen insight of human nature had been cultivated by the trials and struggles of his early life. He knew the people and how to reach them better than any man of his time. I heard him tell a great many stories, many of which would not do exactly for the drawing-room; but for the person he wished to reach, and the object he desired to accomplish with the individual, the story did more than any argument could have done.

He said to me once, in reference to some sharp criticisms which had been made upon his story-telling: "They say I tell a great many stories; I reckon I do, but I have found in the course of a long experience that common people"—and repeating it—"common people, take them as they run,

are more easily influenced and informed through the medium of a broad illustration than in any other way, and as to what the hypercritical few may think, I don't care."

He said: "I have originated but two stories in my life, but I tell tolerably well other people's stories." He said that, "riding the circuit for many years and stopping at country taverns where were gathered the lawyers, jurymen, witnesses and clients, they would sit up all night narrating to each other their life adventures; and that the things which happened to an original people, in a new country, surrounded by novel conditions, and told with the descriptive power and exaggeration which characterized such men, supplied him with an exhaustless fund of anecdote which could be made applicable for enforcing or refuting an argument better than all the invented stories of the world."

Several times when I saw him, he seemed to be oppressed not only with the labors of the position, but especially with care and anxiety growing out of the intense responsibility which he felt for the issue of the conflict and the lives which were lost. He knew the whole situation better than any man in the administration, and virtually carried on in his own mind not only the civic side of the government, but all the campaigns. And I knew when he threw himself (as he did once when I was there) on a

lounge, and rattled off story after story, that it was his method of relief, without which he might have gone out of his mind, and certainly would not have been able to have accomplished anything like the amount of work which he did.

Governor Seymour was elected on the Democratic ticket in 1862 as Governor of the State of New York, and the following year I was elected at the head of the Republican ticket as Secretary of State. A law was passed by the Legislature, which was Republican, to take the soldiers' vote. Well, ordinarily this duty would have devolved upon the Governor. Because the Legislature in this instance imposed it upon me, I spent much time in Washington endeavoring to get the data to send out the necessary papers enabling the New York soldiers to vote. Under the Act each soldier was to make out his ballot, and it was to be certified by the commanding officer of his company or regiment, and then sent to some friend at his last voting place to be deposited on election day. It was therefore necessary for me to ascertain the location of every New York company and regiment. They were scattered all over the South, and in all the armies. Secretary Stanton refused to give me any information whatever, and, finally, with a great deal of temper, informed me one day that information of that character given to politicians would reach the newspapers, and through

them the enemy, and in that way the Confederates would know by the location of the New York troops precisely the condition and situation of every army corps, brigade, and battery. As I was leaving the War Department I met Mr. Washburne and the Marshal of the district coming in. Mr. Washburne said: "Depew, you seem to be in a state of considerable excitement." I told him of my interview with Mr. Stanton, and that I was going home to New York, and would publish in the morning papers a card that the soldiers' votes could not be taken, owing to the action of Secretary Stanton. And I added: "I can inform you that a failure to get them will lose Mr. Lincoln the electoral vote of New York." Mr. Washburne said: "You don't know Lincoln; he is as good a politician as he is a President, and if there was no other way to get those votes he would go round with a carpet-bag and collect them himself." He then asked me to wait until the President could be informed as to the facts. I stood in the corridor leading to Mr. Stanton's room, and in about fifteen minutes an orderly came out and said the Secretary wanted to see Mr. Depew. I went in, and Secretary Stanton met me with the most cordial politeness; inquired when I arrived in Washington, if I had any business with his department, and whether he could do anything for me. I restated to him what I had already stated at least

half a dozen times before. He sent me with an order so peremptory to the head of one of the bureaus, that I left Washington that night with a list and location of every organization of New York troops.

When I reached New York I summoned the officers of the express companies of that day to know if they could get the packages containing the blanks for the soldiers' votes to the various regiments and companies and batteries of New York troops, scattered as they were all over the South. Without consultation, they said it could not be done. I then sent for old Mr. Butterfield, the originator of the American Express Company, and stated the case to him. He said they were organized for such purposes, and if they could not accomplish them they had better disband. He then undertook to arrange through the various express companies, by his own direct superintendence, to secure the safe delivery in time to every company—and he succeeded.

This anecdote illustrates the difference between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton. Mr. Stanton, in his anxiety to protect the inviolability of the secrets of his department, was unable to see that if the administration of which he was a member was defeated in the election, the most disastrous result to the cause which he had at heart might follow, while Mr. Lincoln comprehended at once that the minor

danger was of no moment in comparison with the end to be gained.

While Mr. Lincoln's appreciation of humor was wonderful, I do not think his estimate of humor was very critical. He told me that, in his judgment, one of the two best things he ever originated was this: He was trying a cause in Illinois where he appeared for a prisoner charged with aggravated assault and battery. The complainant had told a horrible story of the attack, which his appearance fully justified, when the district attorney handed the witness over to Mr. Lincoln for cross-examination. Mr. Lincoln said he had no testimony, and unless he could break down the complainant's story he saw no way out. He had come to the conclusion that the witness was a bumptious man, who rather prided himself upon his smartness in repartee, and so, after looking at him for some minutes, he said: "Well, my friend, how much ground did you and my client here fight over?" The fellow answered: "About six acres." "Well," said Mr. Lincoln, "don't you think that this is an almighty small crop of fight to gather from such a big piece of ground?" The jury laughed, the court and district attorney and complainant all joined in, and the case was laughed out of court.

His skill in parrying troublesome questions was wonderful. I was in Washington at a critical period of the war, when the late John Ganson, of Buffalo,

one of the ablest lawyers in our State, and who, though elected as a Democrat, supported all Mr. Lincoln's war measures, called on him for explanations. Mr. Ganson was very bald, with perfectly smooth face, and had a most direct and aggressive way of stating his views, or of demanding what he thought he was entitled to. He said: "Mr. Lincoln, I have supported all of your measures, and think I am entitled to your confidence. We are voting and acting in the dark in Congress, and I demand to know—think I have the right to ask and to know—what is the present situation, and what are the prospects and conditions of the several campaigns and armies." Mr. Lincoln looked at him quizzically for a moment, and then said: "Ganson, how clean you shave!" Most men would have been offended, but Ganson was too broad and intelligent a man not to see the point and retire at once, satisfied, from the field.

The late Schuyler Colfax told me that he was present at an interview accorded to the representatives of the moneyed interests of New York, when the *Merrimac* escaped from Hampton Roads and was supposed to be making its way to that port.

The delegation arose one after another, one man stating that he was worth $10,000,000, and another that he represented $50,000,000, and another that he was worth several millions of dollars and represented

many times as many millions more; and that they had paid their taxes, subscribed to the Government's loans, and ought to be protected. Mr. Lincoln said: "Well, gentlemen, the Government has no vessel as yet, that I know of, which can sink the *Merrimac*, and our resources, both of money and credit, are strained to the utmost. But if I had as much money as you say you have got, and was as 'skeered' as you seem to be, I would find means to prevent the *Merrimac* ever reaching my property."

Mr. Lincoln's avidity for a new story was very great. I remember once at a reception, as the line was passing and he was shaking hands with each one in the usual way, that he stopped a friend of mine who was moving immediately ahead of me. He whispered something in his ear, and then listened attentively for five minutes—the rest of us waiting, devoured with curiosity as to what great secret of state could have so singularly interrupted the festival. I seized my friend the instant we passed the President, as did everybody else who knew him, to find out what the communication meant. I learned that he had told Mr. Lincoln a first-class anecdote a few days before, and the President, having forgotten the point, had arrested the movement of three thousand guests in order to get it on the spot.

He had a very sharp controversy with Mr. Greeley with reference to what was known as the Clifton

House proposition for the settlement of the war. Thompson, Clay and Saunders appeared at the Clifton House, Canada, and gave out that they were commissioners from the Confederate Government, entitled to treat for peace. Mr. Greeley wrote a letter to Mr. Lincoln, in which he said, among other things, that, if Mr. Lincoln did not meet these commissioners in the same spirit, he would be held personally responsible, by his countrymen and by posterity, for every drop of blood that was thereafter shed, every dollar that was thereafter spent. Mr. Lincoln then wrote a private letter to Mr. Greeley, requesting him to go quietly to Niagara Falls to see the alleged commissioners (two of whom Mr. Greeley knew intimately as old Whig politicians), and ascertain whether they had any credentials, then report to him. Instead of that, Mr. Greeley sat himself down at the Cataract House as a sort of minister plenipotentiary, and, surrounded by a cloud of reporters, proceeded to communicate by formal messages with the gentlemen at the Clifton House. The matter became so embarrassing to the government, that Mr. Lincoln recalled Mr. Greeley, and issued his famous "To all whom it may concern;" saying in substance that, if any one was authorized by the Confederate Government to treat for peace, he should have safe conduct to Washington and return.

It turned out that Thompson, Clay and Saunders

had no authorization whatever, as Mr. Lincoln suspected. Mr. Greeley, however, never would believe this, and every few days he criticised the conduct of the President with great severity. It annoyed Mr. Lincoln probably more than anything which happened during his administration.

He was talking the matter over one day, and complaining of the injustice to himself involved in Mr. Greeley's criticisms, and the false light in which they put him before the country. A friend of mine who enjoyed Mr. Lincoln's confidence, said, with great earnestness:

"Why don't you publish these facts in a card; they will be printed in every newspaper in the United States? The people will then understand exactly your position, and your vindication will be complete."

Mr. Lincoln replied: "Yes, all the newspapers will publish my letter, and so will Greeley. The next day he will take a line and comment upon it, and he will keep it up, in that way, until, at the end of three weeks, I will be convicted out of my own mouth of all the things which he charges against me. No man, whether he be private citizen or President of the United States, can successfully carry on a controversy with a great newspaper, and escape destruction, unless he owns a newspaper equally great, with a circulation in the same neighborhood."

While Mr. Lincoln was in the broadest sense a statesman—comprehending thoroughly the situation as it stood, the things necessary to be done to re-establish the unity of the Republic on a permanent basis, and the materials with which he had to bring about the desired results—he was at the same time a thoroughly practical politician. He knew the value of "workers," as they are called, of trained politicians, of political methods, and precisely how to utilize them, better than any man in his Cabinet or out of it, with the possible exception of Thurlow Weed.

When we come to consider, however, his place in history, the human side of his character, his humor, his fondness for anecdote, his keen apprehension of character, and his rough-and-ready way of handling men, will be forgotten. He did enough of solid and enduring work to place him among the very few supremely great men this country has produced. No conditions had before existed nor can ever again arise which will put it in the power of another statesman to issue an emancipation proclamation.

His controversy with Douglas and his speech at Gettysburg will continue him in the front rank of American Presidents, while, more and more, as the facts are sifted, and minor details drop out so that only the great salient points of the civil war and its

results are seen, the world will find that he discovered first the weaknesses of generals, and removed them ; the defects of plan of campaign, and repaired them ; and that he was not only one of the greatest of constructive statesmen, but that he was also a general of the rarest ability.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

THE
BOSTON-LIBRARY
SOCIETY

David R. Locke

XXV.

DAVID R. LOCKE.

TO write recollections of Abraham Lincoln is a pleasant task. The greatest man, in some respects, who ever lived, and in all respects the most lovable—a man whose great work gave him the heart of every human being—with a heart—throughout the civilized world, and whose tragic death made a world sigh in pity. It was an honor to know him, and more than an honor to be approved by him.

The first time I saw the great and good Lincoln (alas! that "great" and "good" cannot be more frequently associated in speaking of public men) was at Quincy, Ill., in October—I think it was—1858. It was at the close of the greatest political struggle this country ever witnessed. Stephen A. Douglas was the acknowledged champion of the Democratic Party, a position he had held unquestioned for years. He came into his heritage of leadership at an unfortunate time, just when the scepter was departing from the organization which he had headed, but he was especially unfortunate in being pitted against the most honest statesman in the opposition,

a man upon whose face the Creator had set the assurance of absolute, unselfish integrity—of one whose outward seeming was a true index of the inward man. Douglas was perhaps as honest as politicians usually are; he had doubtless worked himself up to the point of actually believing the lies which he had fashioned to subserve his own ends; but Lincoln had never so deceived himself. He was absolutely honest—honest all the way through—and in face and manner satisfied all men that he was so. What might happen to him never influenced either his advocacy or opposition of any measure that might come before the people.

A mere politician like Douglas, who was so full of self that there was room for nothing else, was very indiscreet in trying conclusions before the people with any such man as Lincoln. The average instinct of the masses in such matters is unerring.

I found Mr. Lincoln in a room of a hotel, surrounded by admirers, who had made the discovery that one who had previously been considered merely a curious compound of genius and simplicity was a really great man. When Lincoln was put forward as the antagonist of the hitherto invincible Douglas, it was with fear and trembling, with the expectancy of defeat; but this mature David of the new faith had met the Goliath of the old, and had prac-

tically slain him. He had swept over the State like a cyclone—not a raging, devastating cyclone, the noise of which equaled its destructive power, but a modest and unassuming force, which was the more powerful because the force could not be seen. It was the cause which won, but in other hands than Lincoln's it might have failed. Therefore, wherever he went crowds of admiring men followed him, all eager to worship at the new shrine around which such glories were gathering.

I succeeded in obtaining an interview with him after the crowd had departed, and I esteem it something to be proud of that he seemed to take a liking to me. He talked to me without reserve. It was many years ago, but I shall never forget it.

He sat in the room with his boots off, to relieve his very large feet from the pain occasioned by continuous standing; or, to put it in his own words: "I like to give my feet a chance to breathe." He had removed his coat and vest, dropped one suspender from his shoulder, taken off his necktie and collar, and thus comfortably attired, or rather unattired, he sat tilted back in one chair with his feet upon another in perfect ease. He seemed to dislike clothing, and in privacy wore as little of it as he could. I remember the picture as though I saw it but yesterday.

Those who accuse Lincoln of frivolity never knew

him. I never saw a more thoughtful face, I never saw a more dignified face, I never saw so sad a face. He had humor of which he was totally unconscious, but it was not frivolity. He said wonderfully witty things, but never from a desire to be witty. His wit was entirely illustrative. He used it because, and only because, at times he could say more in this way, and better illustrate the idea with which he was pregnant. He never cared how he made a point so that he made it, and he never told a story for the mere sake of telling a story. When he did it, it was for the purpose of illustrating and making clear a point. He was essentially epigrammatic and parabolic. He was a master of satire, which was at times as blunt as a meat-ax, and at others as keen as a razor; but it was always kindly except when some horrible injustice was its inspiration, and then it was terrible. Weakness he was never ferocious with, but intentional wickedness he never spared.

In this interview the name came up of a recently deceased politician of Illinois, whose undeniable merit was blemished by an overweening vanity. His funeral was very largely attended: "If General —— had known how big a funeral he would have had," said Mr. Lincoln, "he would have died years ago."

But with all the humor in his nature, which was

more than humor because it was humor with a purpose (that constituting the difference between humor and wit), his was the saddest face I ever looked upon.

His flow of humor was a sparkling spring gushing out of a rock—the flashing water had a somber background which made it all the brighter. Whenever merriment came over that wonderful countenance it was like a gleam of sunshine upon a cloud—it illuminated, but did not dissipate. The premonition of fate was on him then; the shadow of the tragic closing of the great destiny in the beyond had already enveloped him.

At the time, he said he should carry the State on the popular vote, but that Douglas would, nevertheless, be elected to the Senate, owing to the skillful manner in which the State had been districted in his interest. "You can't overturn a pyramid, but you can undermine it; that's what I have been trying to do."

He undermined the pyramid that the astute Douglas had erected, most effectually. It toppled and fell very shortly afterward.

The difference between the two men was illustrated the next day in their opening remarks. Lincoln said (I quote from memory):

"I have had no immediate conference with Judge Douglas, but I am sure that he and I will agree that

your entire silence when I speak and he speaks will be most agreeable to us."

Douglas said at the beginning of his speech: "The highest compliment *you can pay* ME is by observing a strict silence. *I desire rather to be heard than applauded.*"

The inborn modesty of the one and the boundless vanity of the other could not be better illustrated. Lincoln claimed nothing for himself—Douglas spoke as if applause *must* follow his utterances.

The character of the two men was still better illustrated in their speeches. The self-sufficiency of Douglas in his opening might be pardoned, for he had been fed upon applause till he fancied himself a more than Cæsar; but his being a popular idol could not justify the demagogy that saturated the speech itself. Douglas was the demagogue all the way through. There was no trick of presentation that he did not use. He suppressed facts, twisted conclusions, and perverted history. He wriggled and turned and dodged; he appealed to prejudices; in short, it was evident that what he was laboring for was Douglas and nothing else. The cause he professed was lost sight of in the claims of its advocate. Lincoln, on the other hand, kept strictly to the questions at issue, and no one could doubt but that the cause for which he was speaking was the only thing

he had at heart; that his personal interests did not weigh a particle. He was the representative of an idea, and in the vastness of the idea its advocate was completely swallowed up.

Lincoln admitted frankly all the weak points in the position of his party in the most open way, and that simple honesty carried conviction with it. His admissions of weakness, where weakness was visible, strengthened his position on points where he was strong. He knew that the people had intelligence enough to strike the average correctly. His great strength was in his trusting the people instead of considering them as babes in arms. He did not profess to know everything. The audience admired Douglas, but they respected his simple-minded opponent.

Nothing so illustrates the fact that events are stronger than men, and that one attacking an evil can never commence using the little end of a club without changing very soon to the butt, than the position of Lincoln at this time. The Republican leaders, and Lincoln as well, were afraid of only one thing, and that was of having imputed to them any desire to abolish slavery. Douglas, in all the debates between himself and Lincoln, attempted to fasten Abolition upon him, and this it was Lincoln's chief desire to avoid. Great as he was, he had not then reached the point of declaring war upon slav-

ery; he could go no farther than to protest against its extension into the territories, and that was pressed in so mild and hesitating a way as to rob it of half its point. Did he foresee that within a few years the irresistible force of events would compel him to demand its extinction, and that his hand would sign the document that killed it? Logic is mightier than man's reason. He did not realize that the reason for preventing its extension was the very best reason for its extinction. Anything that should be restricted should be killed. It took a war to bring about this conclusion. Liberty got its best growth from blood-stained fields.

I met Lincoln again in 1859, in Columbus, Ohio, where he made a speech, which was only a continuation of the Illinois debates of the year before. Douglas had been previously brought there by the Democracy, and Lincoln's speech was, in the main, an answer to Douglas. It is curious to note in this speech that Lincoln denied being in favor of negro suffrage, and took pains to go out of his way to affirm his support of the law of Illinois forbidding the intermarriage of whites and negroes.

I asked him if such a denial was worth while, to which he replied:

"The law means nothing. I shall never marry a negress, but I have no objection to any one else doing so. If a white man wants to marry a negro

woman, let him do it—*if the negro woman can stand it.*"

By this time his vision had penetrated the future, and he had got a glimmering of what was to come. In his soul he knew what he should have advocated, but he doubted if the people were ready for the great movement of a few years later. Hence his halting at all the half-way houses.

"Slavery," said he, "is doomed, and that within a few years. Even Judge Douglas admits it to be an evil, and an evil can't stand discussion. In discussing it we have taught a great many thousands of people to hate it who had never given it a thought before. What kills the skunk is the publicity it gives itself. What a skunk wants to do is to keep snug under the barn—in the day-time, when men are around with shot-guns."

The discussions with Douglas made him the Republican nominee for the Presidency, and elected him President.

The "Nasby Letters," which I began in 1861, attracted his attention, and he was very much pleased with them. He read them regularly. He kept a pamphlet which contained the first numbers of the series in a drawer in his table, and it was his wont to read them on all occasions to his visitors, no matter who they might be, or what their business was. He seriously offended many of the great men of the

Republican Party in this way. Grave and reverend Senators who came charged to the brim with important business—business on which the fate of the nation depended—took it ill that the President should postpone the consideration thereof while he read them a letter from "Saint's Rest, wich is in the state uv Noo Jersey," especially as grave statesmen, as a rule, do not understand humor, or comprehend its meaning or effect.

Lincoln also seized eagerly upon everything that Orpheus C. Kerr wrote, and he knew it all by heart.

It was in 1863 that I received a letter from Lincoln, which illustrates two points in his character; viz., his reckless generosity, and the caution which followed close at its heels.

This is the conclusion of the letter:

"Why don't you come to Washington and see me? Is there no place you want? Come on and I will give you any place you ask for—*that you are capable of filling—and fit to fill.*"

What led to this was, he had read a letter of mine which pleased him, and the generosity of his nature prompted him to write me to come and see him, and that was supplemented by an offer to give me *any place I asked for.* After he had finished the letter and added his signature, it occurred to him that to promise a man of whom he knew but little, except through the medium of the press, *any place that he*

might ask for, was rather risky. So he added a dash, and likewise the saving clause, "*that you are capable of filling*," and, to guard himself entirely, "*that you are fit to fill.*"

I did go and see him, but not to ask for a place. He gave me an hour of his time, and a delightful hour it was. The end of the terrible struggle was within sight, the country he loved so well had passed through the throes of internecine strife and demonstrated its right to live, and the great and good man was on the eve of passing from labor to reward. It was a fact that treason was more rampant at the North than ever; that great dangers were still threatening; but the army was actually an army, and the loyal sentiment of the North had shown that it could be depended upon. He bubbled over with good feeling; he expressed a liking for my little work, which I have not the assurance to put upon paper, and I departed.

I was in Washington once more in 1864, when the great struggle was nearer its close. My business was to secure a pardon for a young man from Ohio, who had deserted under rather peculiar circumstances. When he enlisted he was under engagement to a young girl, and went to the front very certain of her faithfulness, as a young man should be, and he made a most excellent soldier, feeling that the inevitable "she" at home would be proud

of him. It is needless to say that the young girl, being exceptionally pretty, had another lover, whom she had rejected for the young volunteer, and also, it is needless to add, that the stay-at-home rejected hated the accepted soldier with the utmost cordiality. Taking advantage of the absence of the favored lover, the discarded one renewed his suit with great vehemence, and rumors reached the young man at the front that his love had gone over to his enemy, and that he was in danger of losing her entirely. He immediately applied for a furlough, which was refused him, and half mad and reckless of consequences, deserted. He found the information he had received to be partially true, but he came in time. He married the girl, but was immediately arrested as a deserter, tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be shot. I stated the circumstances, giving the young fellow a good character, and the President at once signed a pardon.

"I want to punish the young man—probably in less than a year he will wish I had withheld the pardon. We can't tell, though. I suppose when I was a young man I should have done the same fool thing."

No man on earth hated blood as Lincoln did, and he seized eagerly upon any excuse to pardon a man when the charge could possibly justify it. The generals always wanted an execution carried out

before it could possibly be brought before the President.

He was as tender-hearted as a girl. He asked me if the masses of the people of Ohio held him, in any way, personally responsible for the loss of their friends in the army. "It's a good thing for individuals," he said, "that there's a government to shove over their acts upon. No man's shoulders are broad enough to bear what must be."

The strifes and jars in the Republican Party at this time disturbed him more than anything else, but he avoided taking sides with any of the faction, with the dexterity that comes of simple honesty, which always finds the right road because it is looking for nothing else. I asked him why he did not take some pronounced position in one trying encounter between two very prominent Republicans.

"I learned," said he, "a great many years ago, that in a fight between man and wife, a third party should never get between the woman's skillet and the man's ax-helve."

The name of a most virulent and dishonest official was mentioned, one who, though very brilliant, was very bad.

"It's a big thing for B——," said Lincoln, "that there is such a thing as a death-bed repentance."

The favorite poem of the President was, as is well known, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be

proud?" A member of Congress from Ohio came into his presence in a state of unutterable intoxication, and sinking into a chair, exclaimed in tones that welled up fuzzy through the gallon or more of whisky that he contained, "Oh, why should (hic) er spirit of mortal be proud?"

"My dear sir," said the President, regarding him closely, "I see no reason whatever."

A prominent Senator was charged with an attempt to swindle the government out of some millions. The President said he could not understand why men should be so eager after wealth. "Wealth," said he, "is simply a superfluity of what we don't need."

A few months after, the rebellion collapsed, the country rejoiced in the peace that had been so long hoped for but so long delayed, and Abraham Lincoln was the world's hero. A few days later the bullet of a madman ended his career, and a world mourned.

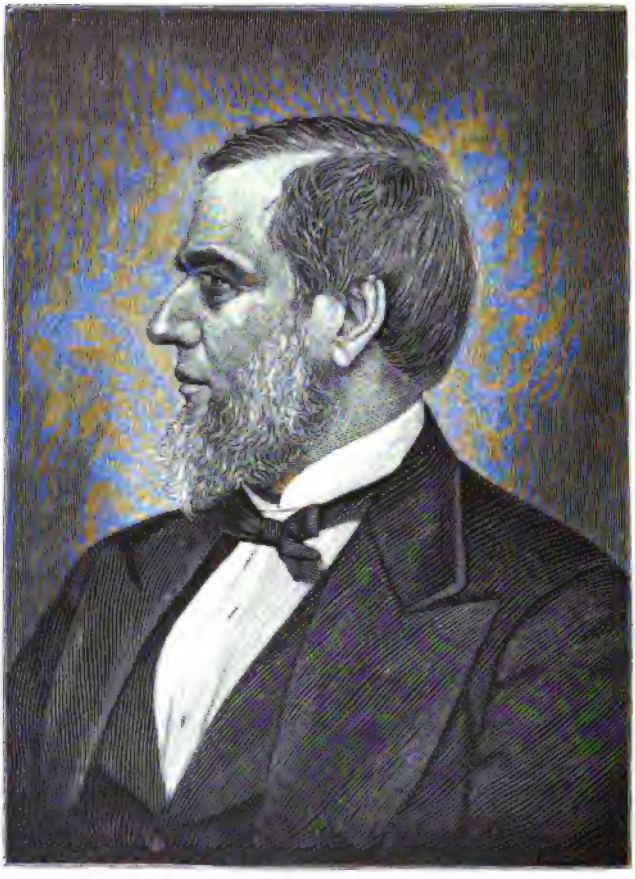
I saw him, or what was mortal of him, on the mournful progress to his last resting-place, in his coffin. The face was the same as in life. Death had not changed the kindly countenance in any line. There was upon it the same sad look that it had worn always, though not so intensely sad as it had been in life. It was as if the spirit had come back to the poor clay, reshaped the wonderfully

sweet face, and given it an expression of gladness that he had finally gone "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The face had an expression of absolute content, of relief, at throwing off a burden such as few men have been called upon to bear—a burden which few men could have borne. I had seen the same expression on his living face only a few times, when, after a great calamity, he had come to a great victory. It was the look of a worn man suddenly relieved.

Wilkes Booth did Abraham Lincoln the greatest service man could possibly do for him—he gave him peace.

DAVID R. LOCKE.

THE
BOSTON LIBRARY
SOCIETY



XXVI.

LEONARD SWETT.

MR. LINCOLN'S STORY OF HIS OWN LIFE.

IN the autumn of 1849, I was sitting with Judge David Davis in a small country hotel in Mt. Pulaski, Illinois, when a tall man, with a circular blue cloak thrown over his shoulders, entered one door of the room, and passing through without speaking, went out another. I was struck by his appearance. It was the first time I had ever seen him, and I said to Judge Davis, when he had gone, "Who is that?" "Why, don't you know him? That is Lincoln." In a few moments he returned, and, for the first time, I shook the hand and made the acquaintance of that man who since then has so wonderfully impressed himself upon the hearts and affections of mankind.

The State of Illinois contained at that time in round numbers about 500,000 souls, and Chicago about 28,000 instead of 700,000 as now. The county seats of the State, now containing 5,000 and 20,000 as a general rule, then contained 500 to 1,000, with a log court house and a log jail. The settlements in

the country skirted along the timber, the streams were without bridges, and the prairies were wholly unsettled. Dim roads or trails extended from one county seat to another, and the ordinary mode of travel was on horseback or, occasionally, in a buggy.

We were then attending the circuit court, which circuit embraced fourteen counties. These courts commenced about the first of September and closed about Christmas, and commenced again about February and closed about June. The time allotted for holding court was from two to three days to a week at a place.* Mr. Lincoln had, just before that time, closed his only term in Congress, and had, when I met him, returned to his former life as a lawyer upon this, the Eighth Judicial Circuit. For eleven years thereafter we traversed this circuit together, the size of the circuit being diminished by the Legislature as the country increased in settlement; staying at the same little country hotel, riding and driving together over the country, and trying suits together, or, more frequently, opposed to each other.

In the fall of 1853, as I was riding with him in a buggy from De Witt County to Champaign, a distance of about fifty miles, upon the business of attending this court, and as we were traversing a prairie some twelve or fifteen miles in width, and nearing Champaign, I said to Mr. Lincoln, "I have heard a great many curious incidents of your early

* See Note, p. 468.

life, and I would be obliged if you would begin at your earliest recollection and tell me the story of it continuously." The season and the surroundings seemed adapted to lazy story telling. The weather was the perfection of Indian summer time, and the tall grasses covered the prairie everywhere like ripened grain. Occasionally, a distant prairie fire filled the air with hazy smoke, the quail whistled to his mate, and, at times, the red deer started from the tall grasses of the dell as we passed along. I give this story as nearly as I can in the substance of his own language:

"I can remember," he said, "our life in Kentucky; the cabin, the stinted living, the sale of our possessions, and the journey with my father and mother to Southern Indiana."

I think he said he was then about six years old. Shortly after his arrival in Indiana his mother died.

"It was pretty pinching times," he said, "at first in Indiana, getting the cabin built, and the clearing for the crops; but presently we got reasonably comfortable, and my father married again."

He had very faint recollections of his own mother, he was so young when she died, but he spoke most kindly of her and of his step-mother, and of her care for him in providing for his wants.

He told me of earning his first half dollar. Standing upon the shore of a river a steamboat was passing

along in the middle of the stream. Some one on board the boat called to him to come with a small boat. He went, took off a passenger, and was paid the half dollar. Afterwards, playing upon a flat-boat which was fastened so as to reach out into the stream, he dropped his half dollar from the farthest end of the boat.

Said he, "I can see the quivering and shining of that half dollar yet, as in the quick current it went down the stream and sunk from my sight forever."

"My father," he said, "had suffered greatly for the want of an education, and he determined at an early day that I should be well educated. And what do you think he said his ideas of a good education were? We had an old dog-eared arithmetic in our house, and father determined that somehow, or somehow else, I should cipher clear through that book."

With this standard of an education, he started to a school in a log-house in the neighborhood, and began his educational career. He had attended this school but about six weeks, however, when a calamity befell the father. He had endorsed some man's note in the neighborhood, for a considerable amount, and the prospect was he would have it to pay, and that would sweep away all their little possessions. His father, therefore, explained to him that he wanted to hire him out and receive the fruits of his labor, and his aid in averting this calamity. Accordingly,

THE
BOSTON LIBRARY
SOCIETY

EARLY HOME OF LINCOLN, IN ILLINOIS.

at the expiration of six weeks, he left school, and never returned to it again. These six weeks, therefore, constitute the entire sum of his education in school. From this time until he was about nineteen, he lived in Southern Indiana. He was a strong, athletic boy, good-natured, and ready to out-run, out-jump and out-wrestle or out-lift anybody in the neighborhood. There were in that vicinity a few books which he literally devoured—the Bible, *Shakespeare*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Weems' *Life of Washington*, Weems' *Life of Marion*, etc. He said to me that he had got hold of and read through every book he ever heard of in that country for a circuit of about fifty miles.

At the age of nineteen his father sold out his possessions in Indiana, and loaded all their movable goods upon a wagon, and Lincoln drove the oxen that hauled them upon this new migration westward. They arrived in Coles County, Illinois, about the month of August, and that fall built a cabin for the coming winter and broke land for a crop the next year. Lincoln's father gave him his time in the autumn of the next year, he coming of age the following February. It was a few months before he would be entitled to it by operation of law, and he started off into the world to seek his fortune. His step-mother tied up all his earthly possessions in a bundle, and Lincoln, running a stick through it where

the knot was tied, threw it over his shoulder, and started, with his father's and mother's blessing, upon a wonderful journey of life.

It commenced along an old Indian trail from Coles to Macon County. See him, as he goes on foot through the grasses of the prairie—a tall, lithe, young man, a stick and a pack upon his back, starting out on that unknown journey which took him, first to be a rail-splitter, then to the captaincy of a flat-boat, then to the life of a little merchant, then to a captaincy in the Black Hawk War, to the county surveyorship of Sangamon County, to a membership in the legislature of the State, to the electorship at large for the State, to the championship of oratory for Henry Clay in 1844, to a membership in Congress, in 1846 to 1848, to a conceded position of leadership as a member of the bar in the State of Illinois, and, lastly, to the presidency and to martyrdom in the country upon which he was then so humbly walking.

Arriving at Macon County he found some cousins by the name of Hanks, and in connection with one of these young men, that winter took the job of splitting rails, at a fixed price per hundred. He worked about in this manner, for a year or more, when he drifted over the line of Macon into Sangamon County, and worked for some prominent farmer, whose name I have forgotten.

It was an easy task in those days, in Illinois, to raise products, but corn was worth only ten cents a bushel, and was sometimes used for fuel. If the products could only be marketed, liberal profits would arise. Hence Lincoln, while working there, conceived the idea of building a flat-boat upon the Sangamon River, running it down the Sangamon into the Illinois, down the Illinois to the Mississippi, and thence to New Orleans. This had never been done, and the apparent obstacle was a dam across the Sangamon River near Springfield. Lincoln had some device by which he thought this obstacle could be overcome.

The enterprise being agreed upon, Mr. Lincoln felled in the forest, the timber, and hewed the beams, built the boat, loaded it with provisions, and was then elected to his first office, which was the captaincy of that flat-boat. The crew consisted of Lincoln, himself the Captain, and one or two other men. The dam was successfully passed at high water by some device I have forgotten, and Lincoln passed down the Illinois and the Mississippi to New Orleans, sold his cargo there, and worked his passage back by assisting in firing on a steamboat. Since his assassination I have seen and conversed with one of the captains of a boat upon which he thus worked his passage coming back.

On the occasion of one of these passages, in the

vicinity of Natchez, a negro came very near smashing the head of the future emancipator of his race. The boat one night was tied up to the shore and the crew asleep below. A noise being heard Captain Lincoln came up, and just as his head emerged through the hatchway, a negro, who was pilfering, struck him a blow with a heavy stick, but the point of the stick reached over his head, and struck the floor beyond, at the same time, thus lightening the blow on his head, but making a scar which he wore always, and which he showed me at the time of telling this story.

After his experience in flat-boating, which lasted two or three years, Lincoln resided for awhile in the town of New Salem, in Sangamon County. Here he was employed as a clerk in a store, and afterward became a partner. I remember well his expression in describing that little store, which contained a very few goods of various kinds. Turning to me he said, "I reckon that was *the* store-keeping." A difference, however, soon arose between him and the old proprietor, the present partner of Lincoln, in reference to the introduction of whiskey into the establishment. The partner insisted that, on the principle that honey catches flies, a barrel of whiskey in the store would invite custom, and their sales would increase, while Lincoln, who never liked liquor, opposed this innovation. He told me, not

more than a year before he was elected President, that he had never tasted liquor in his life. "What!" I said, "do you mean to say you never tasted it?" "Yes, I never tasted it." The result was that a bargain was made by which Lincoln should retire from his partnership in the store. He was to step out as he stepped in. He had nothing when he stepped in, and he had nothing when he stepped out. But the partner took all the goods, and agreed to pay all the debts, for a part of which Mr. Lincoln had become jointly liable.

About this time, the Black Hawk War broke out. Black Hawk, an Indian chief near Rock Island, had committed some depredations upon the whites, and the inhabitants of the State becoming exasperated, formed companies and joined the nucleus of officers and soldiers of the regular army, and marched together to Rock Island, and then marched back again. This was about all there was to the war. A company was raised and organized at New Salem.

During Lincoln's youth he had everywhere been distinguished as the crowning athlete of the neighborhood in which he lived. Everywhere along the frontier, since that frontier has marched from the east westward, some fellow in every neighborhood had been "cock of the walk," who could out-wrestle, out-run, and out-jump everybody. Lincoln was that person wherever he lived in early life. He was that

boy when young in Indiana, and afterward in New Salem he made a hero of himself by wrestling, running, jumping, lifting, and other innocent amusements of that character. He was six feet three and a-half inches tall, long-armed, long-limbed, brawny-handed, with no superfluous flesh, toughened by labor in the open air, of perfect health, and his grip was like the grip of Hercules.

Together with the talk of organizing a company in New Salem, began the talk of making Lincoln captain of it. His characteristics as an athlete had made something of a hero of him. Turning to me with a smile at the time, he said, "I cannot tell you how much the idea of being the captain of that company pleased me."

But when the day of organization arrived, a man who had been captain of a real company arrived in his uniform, and assumed the organization of the company. The mode of it was as follows: A line of two was formed by the company, with the parties who intended to be candidates for officers standing in front. The candidate for captain then made a speech to the men, telling them what a gallant man he was, in what wars he had fought, bled and died, and how he was ready again, for the glory of his country, to lead them. Then another candidate; and when the speech-making was ended, they commanded those who would vote for this man, or that,

to form a line behind their favorite. Thus there were one, two or three lines behind the different men, as there were different candidates, and then they counted back, and the fellow who had the longest tail to his kite, was the real captain. It was a good way. There was no chance for ballot-box stuffing or a false count.

When the real captain with his regimentals came and assumed the control, Lincoln's heart failed him. He formed in the line with the boys, and after the speech was made they began to form behind the old captain, but the boys seized Lincoln, and pushed him out of the line, and began to form behind him, and cried form behind "Abe," and in a moment of irresolution he marched ahead, and when they counted back he had two more than the other captain, and he became real captain.

Whatever was to be done in this war, Lincoln did well, as we may infer from the facts which succeeded his return. As he returned home, he found his old partner had been his own best customer at that whiskey barrel, and that all the goods were gone, but having failed to pay the debts, there were eleven hundred dollars for which Lincoln was jointly liable. I cannot forget his face of seriousness as he turned to me and said, "That debt was the greatest obstacle I have ever met in life; I had no way of speculating, and could not earn money

except by labor, and to earn by labor eleven hundred dollars, besides my living, seemed the work of a lifetime. There was, however, but one way. I went to the creditors and told them that if they would let me alone, I would give them all I could earn, over my living, as fast as I could earn it."

Providence is often kinder than our fears. About this time events of this character occurred in Lincoln's life. He had previously borrowed some books and learned something of surveying, and upon his return from the war, was employed in the County Surveyor's office of the County of Sangamon, and for four years thereafter was elected member of the State legislature.

"At that time," said he, "members of the legislature got four dollars a day, and four dollars a day was more than I had ever earned in my life."

With an economical mode of life which he knew so well, he succeeded, with what he saved in winter, at the legislature, and what he earned in the summer as surveyor, in paying what he called "the national debt."

The life, in the legislature, with politicians developed the natural gift he had for public speaking, and that legislature, in which he was celebrated, is to-day remembered in Illinois as the legislature of the "long nine," of which Lincoln was one, each of the nine being more than six feet tall.

Although deficient in education acquired at school, life was to him a school, and he was always studying and mastering every subject which came before him. He knew how to dig out any question from its very roots, and when his own children began to go to school, he studied with them, and acquired in mature life the elements of an education. I have seen him myself, upon the circuit, with "a geometry," or "an astronomy," or some book of that kind, working out propositions in moments of leisure, or acquiring the information that is generally acquired in boyhood. He is the only man I have ever known to bridge back thoroughly in the matter of spelling. There are but very few college graduates who spell as well as Mr. Lincoln spelled.

At the close of his term in the legislature he was persuaded to move to Springfield and study law. John T. Stuart, a most eminent lawyer in the State, loaned him books, and William Butler, still remembered as State Treasurer of the State, loaned him money and board, and he immediately commenced studying and practicing law. He rose in his profession with great rapidity, and soon became distinguished as a leader in it. He was also a leader of the Whig party in the State, and canvassed it in 1840. Again, with distinguished ability, he was the champion of Henry Clay in 1844, was elevated to Congress in

1846, and in 1848, having made a canvass for President Taylor, returned upon the circuit, to the practice of the law, where I first met him, as described.

Mr. Lincoln told this story as the story of a happy childhood. There was nothing sad nor pinched, and nothing of want, and no allusions to want, in any part of it. His own description of his youth was that of a joyous, happy boyhood. It was told with mirth and glee, and illustrated by pointed anecdote, often interrupted by his jocund laugh which echoed over the prairies. His biographers have given to his early life the spirit of suffering and want, and as one reads them, he feels like tossing him pennies for his relief. Mr. Lincoln gave no such description, nor is such description true. His was just such life as has always existed and now exists in the frontier States, and such boys are *not* suffering, but are rather like Whittier's "Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan," and I doubt not Mr. Lincoln in after-life would gladly have exchanged the pleasures of gratified ambition and of power for those hours of happy contentment and rest.

LEONARD SWETT.

NOTE.—The courts referred to, on page 456, were presided over by David Davis, who was the judge from 1849 until 1862, when he left the bench for the Supreme Court of the United States, to which post Mr. Lincoln had appointment. Ward W. Lamar was the prosecuting attorney for the last five or six years, and also travelled the circuit.

Walt Whitman

XXVII.

WALT WHITMAN.

GLAD am I to give even the most brief and shorn testimony in memory of Abraham Lincoln. Everything I heard about him authentically, and every time I saw him (and it was my fortune through 1862 to '65 to see, or pass a word with, or watch him, personally, perhaps twenty or thirty times*), added to and annealed my respect and love

---

* From my Note-book in 1864, at Washington City, I find this memorandum, under date of August 12 :

I see the President almost every day, as I happen to live where he passes to or from his lodgings out of town. He never sleeps at the White House during the hot season, but has quarters at a healthy location, some three miles north of the city, the Soldiers' Home, a United States military establishment. I saw him this morning about 8.30 coming in to business, riding on Vermont Avenue, near L Street. He always has a company of twenty-five or thirty cavalry, with sabres drawn, and held upright over their shoulders. The party makes no great show in uniforms or horses. Mr. Lincoln, on the saddle, generally rides a good-sized, easy-going gray horse, is dress'd in plain black, somewhat rusty and dusty; wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire, &c., as the commonest man. A lieutenant, with yellow straps, rides at his left, and following behind, two by two, come the cavalry men in their yellow-striped jackets. They are generally going at a slow trot, as that is the pace set them by the One they wait upon. The sabres and accoutrements clank, and the entirely unornamental *cortege* as it trots toward Lafayette Square arouses no sensation, only some curious stranger stops and gazes. I see very plainly ABRAHAM

at the passing moment. And as I dwell on what I myself heard or saw of the mighty Westerner, and blend it with the history and literature of my age, and of what I can get of all ages, and conclude it with his death, it seems like some tragic play, superior to all else I know—vaster and fierier and more convulsionary, for this America of ours, than Eschylus or Shakspeare ever drew for Athens or for England. And then the Moral permeating, underlying all! the Lesson that none so remote, none so illiterate—no age, no class—but may directly or indirectly read!

LINCOLN'S dark brown face, with the deep cut lines, the eyes, &c., always to me with a latent sadness in the expression. We have got so that we always exchange bows, and very cordial ones.

Sometimes the President goes and comes in an open barouche. The cavalry always accompany him, with drawn sabres. Often I notice as he goes out evenings—and sometimes in the morning, when he returns early—he turns off and halts at the large and handsome residence of the Secretary of War on K Street, and holds conference there. If in his barouche, I can see from my window he does not alight, but sits in the vehicle, and Mr. Stanton comes out to attend him. Sometimes one of his sons, a boy of ten or twelve, accompanies him, riding at his right on a pony.

Earlier in the summer I occasionally saw the President and his wife, toward the latter part of the afternoon, out in a barouche, on a pleasure ride through the city. Mrs. Lincoln was dressed in complete black, with a long crape veil. The equipage is of the plainest kind, only two horses, and they nothing extra. They pass'd me once very close, and I saw the President in the face fully, as they were moving slow, and his look, though abstracted, happen'd to be directed steadily in my eye. He bow'd and smiled, but far beneath his smile I noticed well the expression I have alluded to. None of the artists or pictures have caught the subtle and indirect expression of this man's face. One of the great portrait painters of two or three centuries ago is needed.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Abraham Lincoln's was really one of those characters, the best of which is the result of long trains of cause and effect—needing a certain spaciousness of time, and perhaps even remoteness, to properly enclose them—having unequaled influence on the shaping of this Republic (and therefore the world) as to-day, and then far more important in the future. Thus the time has by no means yet come for a thorough measurement of him. Nevertheless, we who live in his era—who have seen him, and heard him, face to face, and are in the midst of, or just parting from, the strong and strange events which he and we have had to do with, can in some respects bear valuable, perhaps indispensable testimony concerning him.

I should first like to give what I call a very fair and characteristic likeness of Lincoln, as I saw him and watched him one afternoon in Washington, for nearly half an hour, not long before his death. It was as he stood on the balcony of the National Hotel, Pennsylvania Avenue, making a short speech to the crowd in front, on the occasion either of a set of new colors presented to a famous Illinois regiment, or of the daring capture, by the Western men, of some flags from "the enemy," (which latter phrase, by the by, was not used by him at all in his remarks.) How the picture happened to be made I do not know, but I bought it a few days afterward in Washington, and it was endorsed by every one

to whom I showed it. Though hundreds of portraits have been made, by painters and photographers (many to pass on, by copies, to future times), I have never seen one yet that in my opinion deserved to be called a perfectly *good likeness;* nor do I believe there is really such a one in existence. May I not say too, that, as there is no entirely competent and emblematic likeness of Abraham Lincoln in picture or statue, there is not—perhaps cannot be—any fully appropriate literary statement or summing-up of him, yet in existence.

The best way to estimate the value of Lincoln is to think what the condition of America would be today, if he had never lived—never been President. His nomination and first election were mainly accidents, experiments. Severely viewed, one cannot think very much of American Political Parties, from the beginning, after the Revolutionary War, down to the present time. Doubtless, while they have had their uses—have been and are "the grass on which the cow feeds"—and indispensable economies of growth—it is undeniable that under flippant names they have merely identified temporary passions, or freaks, or sometimes prejudice, ignorance, or hatred. The only thing like a great and worthy idea vitalizing a party and making it heroic was the enthusiasm in '64 for re-electing Abraham Lincoln, and the reason behind that enthusiasm.

How does this man compare with the acknowledged "Father of his country?" Washington was modeled on the best Saxon and Franklin of the age of the Stuarts (rooted in the Elizabethan period)—was essentially a noble Englishman, and just the kind needed for the occasions and the times of 1776–'83. Lincoln, underneath his practicality, was far less European, far more Western, original, essentially non-conventional, and had a certain sort of out-door or prairie stamp. One of the best of the late commentators on Shakespeare (Professor Dowden), makes the height and aggregate of his quality as a poet to be, that he thoroughly blended the ideal with the practical or realistic. If this be so, I should say that what Shakespeare did in poetic expression, Abraham Lincoln essentially did in his personal and official life. I should say the invisible foundations and vertebra of his character, more than any man's in history, were mystical, abstract, moral and spiritual—while upon all of them was built, and out of all of them radiated, under the control of the average of circumstances, what the vulgar call *horse-sense*, and a life often bent by temporary but most urgent materialistic and political reasons.

He seems to have been a man of indomitable firmness (even obstinacy) on rare occasions, involving great points; but he was generally very easy, flexible, tolerant, respecting minor matters. I note

that even those reports and anecdotes intended to level him down, all leave the tinge of a favorable impression of him. As to his religious nature, it seems to me to have certainly been of the amplest, deepest-rooted kind.

But I do not care to dwell on the features presented so many times, and that will readily occur to every one in recalling Abraham Lincoln and his era. It is more from the wish—and it no doubt actuates others—to bring for our own sake, some record, however incompetent—some leaf or little wreath to place, as on a grave.

Already a new generation begins to tread the stage, since the persons and events of the Secession War. I have more than once fancied to myself the time when the present century has closed and a new one opened, and the men and deeds of that contest have become vague and mythical—fancied perhaps in some great Western city, or group collected together, or public festival, where the days of old, of 1863 and '4 and '5 are discussed—some ancient soldier sitting in the background as the talk goes on, and betraying himself by his emotion and moist eyes —like the journeying Ithacan at the banquet of King Alcinoüs, when the bard sings the contending warriors, and their battles on the plains of Troy:

> "So from the sluices of Ulysses' eyes,
> Fast fell the tears, and sighs succeeded sighs."

I have fancied, I say, some such venerable relic of this time of ours, preserved to the next or still the next generation of America. I have fancied on such occasion, the young men gathering around; the awe, the eager questions. "What! have you seen Abraham Lincoln — and heard him speak — and touched his hand? Have you, with your own eyes, looked on Grant, and Lee and Sherman?"

Dear to Democracy, to the very last! And among the paradoxes generated by America not the least curious, was that spectacle of all the kings and queens and emperors of the earth, many from remote distances, sending tributes of condolence and sorrow in memory of one raised through the commonest average of life—a rail-splitter and flat-boatman!

Considered from contemporary points of view—who knows what the future may decide?—and from the points of view of current Democracy and The Union (the only thing like passion or infatuation in the man was the passion for the Union of These States), Abraham Lincoln seems to me the grandest figure yet, on all the crowded canvas of the Nineteenth Century.

WALT WHITMAN.

XXVIII.

DONN PIATT.

NO greater truth found expression in poetic words than that which Sir Henry Taylor puts in the speech of Philip Van Artevelde, when he says, "the world knows not its greatest men." The poet restricted his meaning to

> "The kings of thought,
> Who wage contention with their time's decay,
> And of the past are all that will not pass away.

But it extends, as well, to those men of affairs who earn the admiration of the crowd they control. This ignorance comes of the fact that great men have enemies while alive, and friends when dead; and, between the two, the objects of hate and love pass into historical phantoms far more unreal than their ghosts are supposed to be. With us, when a leader dies, all good men go to lying about him, and from the monument that covers his remains to the last echo of the rural press, in speeches, sermons, eulogies and reminiscences, we have naught but pious lies. There is no tyranny so despotic as that of public opinion among a free people. The rule

of the majority is to the last extent exacting and brutal. When brought to bear upon our eminent men, it is also senseless. Poor Garfield, with his sensitive temperament, was almost driven to suicide by abuse while alive. He fell by the shot of an assassin, and passed in an instant to the roll of popular saints. One day it was contempt to say a word in his favor, the next it was dangerous to repeat any of the old abuse.

History is, after all, the crystallization of popular beliefs. As a pleasant fiction is more acceptable than a naked fact, and as the historian shapes his wares, like any other dealer, to suit his customers, one can readily see that our chronicles are only a duller sort of fiction than the popular novels so eagerly read; not that they are true, but they deal in what we long to have—the truth. Popular beliefs, in time, come to be superstitions, and create gods and devils. Thus Washington is deified into an impossible man, and Aaron Burr has passed into a like impossible human monster. Through the same process Abraham Lincoln, one of our truly great, has almost gone from human knowledge. I hear of him, read of him in eulogies and biographies, and fail to recognize the man I encountered, for the first time, in the canvass that called him from private life to be President of the then disuniting United States.

General Robert E. Schenck and I had been

selected to canvass Southern Illinois in behalf of free soil and Abraham Lincoln. That part of Illinois was then known as Egypt, and in our missionary labors we learned there that the American eagle sometimes lays rotten eggs. Our labors on the stump were closed in the wigwam at Springfield a few nights previous to the election. Mr. Lincoln was present, and listened, with intense interest, to General Schenck's able argument. I followed in a cheerful review of the situation, that seemed to amuse the crowd, and none more so than our candidate for the Presidency. We were both invited to return to Springfield, at the jubilee, should success make such rejoicing proper. We did return, for this homely son of toil was elected, and we found Springfield drunk with delight. On the day of our arrival we were invited to a supper at the house of the President-elect. It was a plain, comfortable frame structure, and the supper was an old-fashioned mess of indigestion, composed mainly of cake, pies and chickens, the last evidently killed in the morning, to be eaten, as best they might, that evening.

After the supper, we sat, far into the night, talking over the situation. Mr. Lincoln was the homeliest man I ever saw. His body seemed to me a huge skeleton in clothes. Tall as he was, his hands and feet looked out of proportion, so long and

clumsy were they. Every movement was awkward in the extreme. He sat with one leg thrown over the other, and the pendent foot swung almost to the floor. And all the while, two little boys, his sons, clambered over those legs, patted his cheeks, pulled his nose, and poked their fingers in his eyes, without causing reprimand or even notice. He had a face that defied artistic skill to soften or idealize. The multiplicity of photographs and engravings makes it familiar to the public. It was capable of few expressions, but those were extremely striking. When in repose, his face was dull, heavy and repellent. It brightened, like a lit lantern, when animated. His dull eyes would fairly sparkle with fun, or express as kindly a look as I ever saw, when moved by some matter of human interest.

I soon discovered that this strange and strangely gifted man, while not at all cynical, was a sceptic. His view of human nature was low, but good-natured. I could not call it suspicious, but he believed only what he saw. This low estimate of humanity blinded him to the South. He could not understand that men would get up in their wrath and fight for an idea. He considered the movement South as a sort of political game of bluff, gotten up by politicians, and meant solely to frighten the North. He believed that, when the leaders saw their efforts in that direction were unavailing, the

tumult would subside. "They won't give up the offices," I remember he said, and added, "were it believed that vacant places could be had at the North Pole, the road there would be lined with dead Virginians." He unconsciously accepted, for himself and party, the same low line that he awarded the South. Expressing no sympathy for the slave, he laughed at the Abolitionists as a disturbing element easily controlled, and without showing any dislike to the slave-holders, said only that their ambition was to be restrained.

I gathered more of this from what Mrs. Lincoln said than from the utterances of our host. This good lady injected remarks into the conversation with more force than logic, and was treated by her husband with about the same good-natured indifference with which he regarded the troublesome boys. In the wife's talk of the coming administration there was an amusing assumption that struck me as very womanly, but somewhat ludicrous. For instance, she said, "The country will find how we regard that abolition sneak, Seward!" Mr. Lincoln put the remarks aside, very much as he did the hand of one of his boys when that hand invaded his capacious mouth.

We were not at a loss to get at the fact, and the reason for it, in the man before us. Descended from the poor whites of a slave State, through many

generations, he inherited the contempt, if not the hatred, held by that class for the negro. A self-made man, with scarcely a winter's schooling from books, his strong nature was built on what he inherited, and he could no more feel a sympathy for that wretched race than he could for the horse he worked or the hog he killed. In this he exhibited the marked trait that governed his public life. He never rose above the mass he influenced, and was strong with the people from the fact that he accompanied the commons without any attempt to lead, save in the direction they sought to follow. He knew, and saw clearly, that the people of the free States had, not only, no sympathy with the abolition of slavery, but held fanatics, as Abolitionists were called, in utter abhorrence. While it seemed a cheap philanthropy, and therefore popular, to free another man's slave, the fact was that it was not another man's slave. The unrequited toil of the slave was more valuable to the North than to the South. With our keen business instincts, we of the free States utilized the brutal work of the masters. They made, without saving, all that we accumulated. The Abolitionist was hunted and imprisoned under the shadow of the Bunker Hill Monument as keenly as he was tracked by bloodhounds at the South. Wendell Phillips, the silver-tongued advocate of human rights, was, while Mr. Lincoln talked to us,

being ostracized at Boston and rotten-egged at Cincinnati. A keen knowledge of human nature in a jury, more than a knowledge of law, in his case, had put our President-elect at the head of his profession, and this same knowledge made him master of the situation when he came to mold into action the stirred impulses of the people.

I felt myself studying this strange, quaint, great man with keen interest. A newly fashioned individuality had come within the circle of my observation. I saw a man of coarse, rough fiber, without culture, and yet of such force that every observation was original, incisive and striking, while his illustrations were as quaint as Æsop's fables. He had little taste for, and less knowledge of, literature, and while well up in what we call history, limited his acquaintance with fiction to that somber poem known as "Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

It was well for us that our President proved to be what I then recognized. He was equal to the awful strain put upon him in the four years of terrible strife that followed. A man of delicate mold and sympathetic nature, such as Chase or Seward, would have broken down, not from overwork, although that was terrible, but from the over-anxiety that kills. Lincoln had none of this. He faced and lived through the awful responsibility of the situation with the high courage and comfort that came of indiffer-

ence. At the darkest period, for us, of the war, when the enemy's cannon were throbbing in its roar along the walls of our Capitol, I heard him say to General Schenck, "I enjoy my rations, and sleep the sleep of the innocent."

Mr. Lincoln did not believe, could not be made to believe, that the South meant secession and war. When I told him, subsequently to this conversation, at a dinner-table in Chicago, where the Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, General Schenck, and others were guests, that the Southern people were in dead earnest, meant war, and I doubted whether he would be inaugurated at Washington, he laughed and said the fall of pork at Cincinnati had affected me. I became somewhat irritated, and told him that in ninety days the land would be whitened with tents. He said in reply, "Well, we won't jump that ditch until we come to it," and then, after a pause, he added, "I must run the machine as I find it." I take no credit to myself for this power of prophecy. I only said what every one acquainted with the Southern people knew, and the wonder is that Mr. Lincoln should have been so blind to the coming storm.

The epigrammatic force of his expressions was remarkable for the singular purity of his words. What he said was so original that I reduced much of it to writing at the time. One of these was this,

on secession: "If our Southern friends are right in their claim, the framers of the government carefully planned the rot that now threatens their work with destruction. If one State has the right, at will, to withdraw, certainly a majority have the right, and we have the result given us of the States being able to force out one State. That is logical."

We remained at Springfield several days, and then accompanied the President-elect, on his invitation, to Chicago. The invitation was so pressing that I believed Mr. Lincoln intended calling General Schenck to his Cabinet. I am still of this opinion, and attribute the change to certain low intrigues hatched at Chicago by the newly created politicians of that locality, who saw in the coming administration opportunities for plunder that Robert E. Schenck's known probity would have blasted.

Subsequent to the supper we had gatherings at Mr. Lincoln's old law office, and at the political head-quarters, at which men only formed the company; and before those good honest citizens, who fairly worshiped their distinguished neighbor, Mr. Lincoln gave way to his natural bent for fun, and told very amusing stories, always in quaint illustration of the subject under discussion, no one of which will bear printing. They were coarse, and were saved from vulgarity only by being so strangely in point, and told not for the sake of the telling, as

if he enjoyed the stories themselves, but that they were, as I have said, so quaintly illustrative.

The man who could open a Cabinet meeting called to discuss the Emancipation Proclamation by reading Artemus Ward, who called for a comic song on the bloody battle-field, was the same man who could guide with clear mind and iron hand the diplomacy that kept off the fatal interference of Europe, while conducting at home the most horrible of all civil wars that ever afflicted a people. He reached with ease the highest and the lowest level, and on the very field that he shamed with a ribald song he left a record of eloquence never reached by human lips before.

There is a popular belief that Abraham Lincoln was of so kind and forgiving a nature that his gentler impulses interfered with his duty. In proof of this, attention is called to the fact that through all the war he never permitted a man to be shot for desertion. The belief is erroneous. There never lived a man who could say "no" with easier facility, and abide by his saying with more firmness, than President Lincoln. His good-natured manner misled the common mind. It covered as firm a character as nature ever clad with human flesh, and I doubt whether Mr. Lincoln had at all a kind, forgiving nature. Such traits are not common to successful leaders. They, like Hannibal, melt their way

through rocks with hot vinegar, not honey. And that good-natured way more generally covers a selfish than a generous disposition. Men instinctively find it easier to glide comfortably through life with a round, oily, elastic exterior, than in an angular, hard one. Such give way in trifles and hold their own adversely in all the more serious sacrifices of self to the good or comfort of others. If one doubts what I here assert, let such turn and study the hard, angular, coarse face of this great man. Nature never gave that as an indication of a tender, yielding disposition. Nor had his habits of life in any respect softened its hard lines. Hazlitt tells us, with truth, that while we may control the voice, and discipline the manner, the face is beyond command. Day and night, waking and sleeping, our character is being traced there, to be read by all men who care to make the face a study. It is common, for example, for the President to be in continual trouble over supposed promises to office-seekers. Mr. Lincoln had none of this. He would refuse so clearly and positively that it left no doubt and no hope, and yet in such a pleasant manner that the applicant left with no ill feeling in his disappointment. I heard Secretary Seward say, in this connection, that President Lincoln "had a cunning that was genius." As for his steady refusal to sanction the death penalty in cases of desertion, there was far more policy in the

course than kind feeling. To assert the contrary is to detract from Lincoln's force of character as well as intellect. As Secretary Chase said at the time, "such kindness to the criminal is cruelty to the army, for it encourages the bad to leave the brave and patriotic unsupported." The fact is that our war President was not lost in his high admiration of brigadiers and major-generals, and had a positive dislike for their methods and the despotism on which an army is based. He knew that he was dependent on volunteers for soldiers, and to force on such the stern discipline of the regular army was to render the service unpopular. And it pleased him to be the source of mercy, as well as the fountain of honor, in this direction.

I was sitting with General Dan Tyler, of Connecticut, in the antechamber of the War Department, shortly after the adjournment of the Buell court of inquiry, of which we had been members, when President Lincoln came in from the room of Secretary Stanton. Seeing us, he said : "Well, gentlemen, you did not survive the war, and now have you any matter worth reporting, after such a protracted investigation?" "I think so, Mr. President," replied General Tyler. "We had it proven that Bragg, with less than ten thousand men, drove your eighty-three thousand under Buell back from before Chattanooga, down to the Ohio at Louisville, marched round us

twice, then doubled us up at Perryville, and finally got out of Kentucky with all his plunder." "Now, Tyler," said the President, "what is the meaning of all this; what is the lesson? Don't our men march as well, and fight as well, as these rebels? If not, there is a fault somewhere. We are all of the same family—same sort." "Yes, there is a lesson," replied General Tyler. "We are of the same sort, but subject to a different handling. Bragg's little force was superior to our larger number, because he had it under control. If a man left his ranks, he was punished; if he deserted, he was shot. We had nothing of that sort. If we attempt to shoot a deserter, you pardon him, and our army is without discipline." The President looked perplexed. "Why do you interfere?" General Tyler continued. "Congress has taken from you all responsibility." "Yes," answered the President impatiently, "Congress has taken the responsibility, and left the women to howl about me;" and so he strode away, and General Tyler remarked that, as it was not necessary for the President to see one of these women, to jeopard an army on such grounds was very feeble. The fact was, however, as I have said, the President had other and stronger motives for his conduct.

Of President Lincoln's high sense of justice, or rather fair play, I have a vivid recollection. Previous to Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, rumors of which

reached Washington in advance of that suicidal movement on the part of the Confederates, General Halleck issued one of his non-committal orders to General Schenck, then in command at Baltimore, advising the concentration of our troops at Harper's Ferry. This referred especially to General Milroy's 10,000 men at Winchester. I was sent, as chief of staff, to look into Milroy's condition, and empowered to let him remain or order him back, as I might see fit. Winchester, as a fortified place, was a military blunder. It covered nothing, while a force there was in constant peril. I had learned enough in the service to know that a subordinate should take no chances, and I ordered Milroy back to Harper's Ferry. General Schenck, at Milroy's earnest request, countermanded my order, and three days after Milroy found himself surrounded by Lee's entire army. The gallant old soldier cut his way out, with his entire command. Of course there was a heavy loss of material. For this Milroy was put under arrest by Secretary Stanton, and court-martialed by Halleck. Milroy shielded himself behind Schenck's order, so that the court convened was really trying my general without the advantages given him, as defendant, of being heard in his defense. General Schenck was summoned to appear, and instead of appearing drew up a protest, that he directed me not only to take to the President, but read to him, fearing the protest would

be pigeon-holed for consideration when consideration would be too late. It was late in the afternoon, and riding to the White House, I was told the President could be found at the War Department. I met him coming out, and delivered my message. "Let me see the protest," said the President as we walked toward the Executive Mansion. "General Schenck ordered me, Mr. President, to read it to you." "Well, I can read," he responded sharply, and as he was General Schenck's superior officer I handed him the paper. He read as he strode along. Arriving at the entrance to the White House, we found the carriage awaiting to carry him to the Soldiers' Home, where he was then spending the summer, and the guard detailed to escort him drawn up in front. The President sat down upon the steps of the porch, and continued his study of the protest. I have him photographed on my mind, as he sat there, and a strange picture he presented. His long, slender legs were drawn up until his knees were level with his chin, while his long arms held the paper, which he studied regardless of the crowd before him. He read on to the end, then, looking up, said: "Piatt, don't you think that you and Schenck are squealing, like pigs, before you're hurt?" "No, Mr. President." "Why, I am the Court of Appeal," he continued, "and do you think I am going to have an injustice done Schenck?" "Before the appeal can be heard, a sol-

dier's reputation will be blasted by a packed court," I responded. "Come, now," he exclaimed, an ugly look shading his face, "you and I are lawyers, and know the meaning of the word 'packed.' I don't want to hear it from your lips again. What's the matter with the court?" "It is illegally organized by General Halleck." "Halleck's act is mine." "I beg your pardon, Mr. President, the Rules and Regulations direct that in cases of this sort you shall select the court; you cannot delegate that to a subordinate any more than you can the pardoning power," and opening the book I pointed to the article. "That *is* a point," he said, slowly rising. "Do you know, Colonel, that I have been so busy with this war I have never read the Regulations. Give me that book, and I'll study them to-night." "I beg your pardon, Mr. President," I said, giving him the book, "but in the mean time my general will be put under arrest for disobedience, and the mischief will be done." "That's so," he replied. "Here, give me a pencil," and tearing off a corner of the paper General Schenck had sent him, he wrote: "All proceedings before the court convened to try General Milroy are suspended until further orders.—A. LINCOLN." The next morning I clanked into the court-room with my triangular order, and had the grim satisfaction of seeing the owls in epaulets file out, never to be called again.

With all his awkwardness of manner, and utter disregard of social conventionalities that seemed to invite familiarity, there was something about Abraham Lincoln that enforced respect. No man presumed on the apparent invitation to be other than respectful. I was told at Springfield that this accompanied him through life. Among his rough associates, when young, he was leader, looked up to and obeyed, because they felt of his muscle and his readiness in its use. Among his associates at the bar, it was attributed to his ready wit, which kept his duller associates at a distance. The fact was, however, that this power came from a sense of a reserve force of intellectual ability that no one took account of, save in its results. Through one of those freaks of nature that produce a Shakespeare at long intervals, a giant had been born to the poor whites of Kentucky, and the sense of superiority possessed President Lincoln at all times. Unobtruding and even unassuming as he was, he was not modest in his assertion, and he as quietly directed Seward in shaping our delicate and difficult foreign policy as he controlled Chase in the Treasury and Edwin M. Stanton in the War Department. These men, great as they were, felt their inferiority to their master, and while all three were eaten into and weakened by anxiety, he ate and slept and jested as if his shoulders did not carry, Atlas-like, the fate of an empire.

I never saw him angry but once, and I had no wish to see a second exhibition of his wrath. We were in command of what was called the Middle Department, with head-quarters at Baltimore. General Schenck, with that intense loyalty which distinguished this eminent soldier, shifted the military sympathy from the aristocracy of Maryland to the Union men, and made the eloquent Henry Winter Davis and the well-known jurist Judge Bond our associates and advisers. These gentlemen could not understand why, having such entire command of Maryland, the government did not make it a free State, and so, taking the property from the disloyal, render them weak and harmless, and bring the border of free States to the capital of the Union. The fortifications about Baltimore, used heretofore to threaten that city, now, under the influence of Davis, Bond, Wallace, and others, had their guns turned outward for the protection of the place, and it seemed only necessary to inspire the negroes with a faith in us as liberators to perfect the work. The first intimation I received that this policy of freeing Maryland was distasteful to the administration came from Secretary Stanton. I had told him what we thought, and what we hoped to accomplish. I noticed an amused expression on the face of the War Secretary, and when I ended he said dryly, "You and Schenck had better attend to your own business." I asked

him what he meant by "our business." He said, "Obeying orders, that's all."

Not long after this talk with Mr. Stanton, the gallant General William Birney, son of the eminent James G. Birney, came into Maryland to recruit for a negro brigade, then first authorized. I directed Birney to recruit slaves only. He said he would be glad to do so, but wanted authority in writing from General Schenck. I tried my general, and he refused, saying that such authority could come only from the War Department, as Birney was acting directly under its instructions. I could not move him, and knowing that he had a leave of absence for a few days, to transact some business at Boston, I waited patiently until he was fairly off, and then issued the order to General Birney. The General took an idle government steamer, and left for the part of Maryland where slaves were most abundant. Birney was scarcely out of sight before I awakened to the opposition I had excited. The Hon. Reverdy Johnson appeared at head-quarters, heading a delegation of solid citizens who wanted the Union and slavery saved, one and inseparable. I gave them scant comfort, and they left for Washington. That afternoon came a telegram from the War Department, asking who was in command at Baltimore. I responded that General Schenck, being absent for a few days only, had left affairs in control of his

chief of staff. Then came a curt summons, ordering me to appear at the War Department. I obeyed, arriving in the evening at the old, somber building. Being informed that the Secretary was at the Executive Mansion, I repaired there, sent in my card, and was at once shown into the presence, not of Mr. Stanton, but of the President. I do not care to recall the words of Mr. Lincoln. I wrote them out that night, for I was threatened a shameful dismissal from the service, and I intended appealing to the public. They were exceedingly severe, for the President was in a rage. I was not allowed a word in my own defense, and was only permitted to say that I would countermand my order as well as I could. I was saved cashiering through the interference of Stanton and Chase, and the further fact that a row over such a transaction at that time would have been extremely awkward.

My one act made Maryland a free State. Word went out, and spread like wildfire, that "Mr. Linkum was a callin' on de slaves to fight foh freedum," and the hoe-handle was dropped, never again to be taken up by unrequited toil. The poor creatures poured into Baltimore with their families, on foot, on horseback, in old wagons, and even on sleds stolen from their masters. The late masters became clamorous for compensation, and Mr. Lincoln ordered a commission to assess damages. Secretary

Stanton put in a proviso that those cases only should be considered where the claimant could take the iron-bound oath of allegiance. Of course no slaves were paid for.

The President never forgave me. Subsequently, when General Schenck resigned command to take his seat in Congress, the Union men of Maryland and Delaware, headed by Judge Bond, waited on the President with a request that I be promoted to brigadier-general and put in command of the Middle Department. Mr. Lincoln heard them patiently, and then refused, saying, "Schenck and Piatt are good fellows, and if there were any rotten apples in the barrel they'd be sure to hook 'em out. But they run their machine on too high a level for me. They never could understand that I was boss." Edwin M. Stanton told me, after he left the War Department, that when he sent a list of officers to the President, my name included, as worthy promotion, Lincoln would quietly draw his pen through my name. I do not blame him. His great, thoughtful brain saw at the time what has taken years for us to discover and appreciate. He understood the people he held to a death struggle in behalf of the great Republic, and knew that, while the masses would fight to the bitter end in behalf of the Union, they would not kill their own brothers, and spread mourning over the entire land, in behalf of the negro. He

therefore kept the cause of the Union to the front, and wrote to Horace Greeley the memorable words: "If to preserve the Union it is necessary to destroy slavery, slavery will be destroyed; and if to preserve the Union slavery is to be maintained, slavery will be maintained." He well knew that the North was not fighting to liberate slaves, nor the South to preserve slavery. The people of the slave States plunged into a bloody war to build a Southern empire of their own, and the people of the North fought to preserve the government of the fathers on all the land the fathers left us. In that awful conflict slavery went to pieces.

We are quick to forget the facts and slow to recognize the truths that knock from us our pretentious claims to a high philanthropy. As I have said, abolitionism was not only unpopular when the war broke out, but it was detested. The minority that elected Mr. Lincoln had fallen heir to the Whig votes of the North, and while pledging itself, in platforms and speeches, to a solemn resolve to keep slavery under the Constitution in the States, restricted its antislavery purpose to the prevention of its spread into the Territories. I remember when the Hutchinsons were driven from the camps of the Potomac Army by the soldiers for singing their abolition songs, and I remember well that for two years nearly of our service as soldiers we were engaged in

returning slaves to their masters, when the poor creatures sought shelter in our lines.

President Lincoln's patriotism and wisdom rose above impulse, or his positive temperament and intellect kept him free of mere sentiment. Looking back now at this grand man, and the grave situation at the time, I am ashamed of my act of insubordination, and although it freed Maryland it now lowers me in my own estimation. Had the President carried his threat of punishment into execution, it would have been just.

The popular mind is slow of study, and I fear it will be long ere it learns that, while an eminent man wins our admiration through his great qualities, he can hold our love only from his human weaknesses that make him one of ourselves. We are told that, with the multitude, nothing is so successful as success, yet there is often more heroism in failure than in triumph. The one is frequently the result of accident, while the other holds in itself all that endears the martyr to the human heart. The unfortunate Hector is, after all, the hero of the Iliad, and not the invulnerable Achilles, and by our popular process of eliminating all human weakness from our great men we weaken, and in a measure destroy, their immortality, for we destroy them. As we accept the sad, rugged, homely face, and love it for what it is, we should accept it as it was, the grandest figure loom-

ing up in our history as a nation. Washington taught the world to know us, Lincoln taught us to know ourselves. The first won for us our independence, the last wrought out our manhood and self-respect.

DONN PIATT.

XXIX.

E. W. ANDREWS.

ONE morning, early in the spring of 1863, a middle-aged lady appeared at the garrison gate of Fort McHenry, and applied for permission to visit head-quarters.

This was some time after the battle fought at Nashville, Tennessee, where our troops were victorious under the command of General Franklin.

The lady's request was sent up to head-quarters by the officer of the guard. At that time, I was chief of staff to General W. W. Morris, of the regular army, then commanding the defenses of Baltimore. Representing my chief, who was absent, I granted the lady's request.

Her appearance, as she entered head-quarters, inspired every one with the deepest interest, for, with the calm self-possession and distinguished bearing of an accomplished lady, there was an expression of profound sadness in her face which appealed touchingly to every heart.

She told me her story with modest dignity. She was a widow, she said, and resided near Nashville,

Tennessee, but, although a native of that State, she had no sympathy with the rebellion. She had an only son. At the outbreak of the war he was a student in a Southern college. Without her knowledge or consent he enlisted in a rebel regiment, and was severely wounded at the battle of Nashville, taken prisoner, and carried North.

The day after the battle, to her great astonishment and grief, she first heard of these facts. She at once applied to the commanding general for leave to go through the lines and follow her son. Leave was granted. She first found her son at Louisville, then followed him to Wheeling, West Virginia, and thence to Fort McHenry, Baltimore. Here he was placed in the garrison hospital.

The mother desired the privilege of seeing her son in order to learn his present condition, and to furnish him any little comforts he might need which were not supplied under army regulations.

Only a short time before, an order had been received from the War Department prohibiting all intercourse between citizens and prisoners of war.

I expressed my regret that, under this order, I must deny her request, but assured her that she should be fully informed as to her son's condition, and have permission to send him anything for his comfort that the post surgeon should approve of.

The post surgeon was sent for, but said that he

had not personally examined the case of this special prisoner, but added that she might go with him to his office in the hospital, and he would make inquiries. She went, and learned that her son's wound had been aggravated by his journey from Wheeling, but that with rest and careful treatment he was certain to recover.

To remove all doubts from her mind as to the comforts furnished patients who were our prisoners of war, the surgeon said to her, as she arose to go:

"Let me show you, madam, one or two of our prisoners' wards, so that you may see for yourself how our government provides for the sick and wounded of the enemy who are captured."

Gladly the mother accepted the invitation. Hardly had they entered, when the lady, descrying her boy through a half-open door in an adjoining room, rushed from the surgeon's side. Rapidly following her, he saw "a scene," which, he said, "was too sacred to interrupt." The mother was on her knees by the cot of her pale and emaciated boy, exclaiming, as she clasped him to her bosom:

"Oh! my blessed child! I *must* see you if I die for it!"

The kind-hearted surgeon turned away and left the mother and son undisturbed.

Soon the lady returned to the waiting officer, her

face suffused with tears, but beaming with hope and joy, as she said :

"Oh, sir! my blessed boy is sorry he entered the army, and wishes to give his parole and leave the Confederate service forever. Will the authorities permit him to do this? Can I go again to head-quarters?"

They came together to head-quarters. She approached me with a look of mingled fear and exultation that greatly puzzled me; but she recounted all that had occurred at the hospital with perfect frankness, and said :

"If I have done wrong, punish me; but I could not help it."

Of course I did not utter a word of censure, but in answer to her request to have her son paroled, I told her that this power was vested in the President or Secretary of War alone, and advised her to go to Washington and appeal to Secretary Stanton.

The next day she went, taking with her a letter of introduction to the Commissary-General of Prisoners.

In two days she returned to Fort Henry, disappointed and crushed in heart at the treatment she had received from Secretary Stanton. She told me her story.

"I took your note of introduction to General Hoffman," she said, "and he kindly spoke to the

Secretary of my purpose in visiting Washington, and afterward he went with me and introduced me at the War Department.

"As we entered the Secretary's office, Mr. Stanton was writing at his desk. General Hoffman said:

"'Mr. Secretary, this is the lady I spoke to you about. She wishes to consult you about releasing her son, who is a prisoner of war, wounded, in the hospital at Fort Henry.' The General then turned and left the room. I was standing near the door of the office. Mr. Stanton never looked at me nor spoke. After a minute or two the Secretary turned round in his chair, and abruptly, in a severe tone, said:

"'So, *you* are the woman who has a son prisoner of war in Fort McHenry.'"

"'I am so unfortunate,' I said.

"The Secretary then answered in a still louder and sterner tone of voice, leaving me standing all the time:

"'I have nothing to say to you, and no time to waste on you. If you have raised up sons to rebel against the best government under the sun, you and they must take the consequences.'

"I attempted to say to him," continued the lady, "that my son was a mere boy, scarcely seventeen years old, and had entered the Confederate service without my knowledge or approval, but before I had

uttered five words he fairly yelled at me, as if in an insane rage:

"'I don't want to hear a word from you. I've no time to waste on you. I want you to go at once. I'll do nothing for you.'

"I left," she said, "and am thankful I got out of Washington alive. Oh! why are *such* men intrusted with power?"

And she sobbed as if her heart would break.

After a brief silence, I asked her if she could go to Washington again?

"What! to see *that* man? No, sir! Not for all Washington," she exclaimed, before she had given a moment for explanation.

After ascertaining that the necessary action would not be hampered by poverty—that she had means enough to pay traveling expenses—I drew up, next day, a paper addressed to the President, concisely stating the case, and asking a parole for the boy. She signed it; the surgeon certified it. She was advised to call on the President, and given directions how and when to get an interview.

After an absence of three days, she returned to Fort McHenry. As she approached the desk of the officer commanding, tears glistened in her eyes, but they were tears of gratitude. Her whole countenance was luminous with joy. Handing to me the same official envelope which had inclosed the docu-

ment prepared for her to present to the President, she pointed to an order written *in pencil* upon it, and exclaimed with deep emotion:

"My boy is free! Thank God for such a President! He is the soul of goodness and honor!"

The order was as follows:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
March 13, 1863.

"*To the Commandant at Fort McHenry:*

"GENERAL:—You will deliver to the bearer, Mrs. Winston, her son, now held a prisoner of war in Fort McHenry, and permit her to take him where she will, upon his taking the proper parole never again to take up arms against the United States.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

I asked her how the President received her when she met him?

"With the kindness of a brother," she replied. "When I was ushered into his presence he was alone. He immediately arose, and, pointing to a chair by his side, said:

"'Take this seat, madam, and then tell me what I can do for you.'

"I took the envelope, and asked him if he would read the inclosures."

"'Certainly,' he said, and he proceeded to read the statements I had signed very deliberately. When he

had finished reading it he turned to me, and, with emotion, he said:

"'Are you, madam, the unhappy mother of this wounded and imprisoned son?'

"'I am,' I said.

"'And do you believe he will honor his parole if I permit him to take it and go with you?'

"'I am ready, Mr. President, to peril my personal liberty upon it,' I replied.

"'You shall have your boy, my dear madam,' he said. 'To take him from the ranks of rebellion and give him to a loyal mother is a better investment for this government than to give him up to its deadly enemies.'

"Then, taking the envelope, he wrote with his own pencil the order which you see upon it. As he handed it to me he said:

"'There! Give that to the commanding officer of Fort McHenry, and you will be permitted to take your son with you where you will; and God grant he may prove a great blessing to you and an honor to his country.'"

It need hardly be added, that the young prisoner was soon removed from the garrison; and, under the tender nursing of this heroic and devoted mother, was able, after a few months, to resume his studies in one of our Northern colleges. A beautiful and most touching letter, subsequently received at Fort

McHenry from Mrs. Winston, expressed, in touching terms, her gratitude and that of her son to all who had rendered her aid in that hour of her great trial.

The National Cemetery at Gettysburg was dedicated on the 17th of November, 1863. Shortly before the dedication was to take place the President sent an invitation to my chief, General W. W. Morris, and his staff, to join him at Baltimore and accompany him on his special train to Gettysburg. General Morris was sick at the time, and requested me, as his chief of staff, to represent him on that occasion. The General was suffering from one of the troubles which tried the patience of Job.

On the day appointed, therefore, I presented myself, with two other members of the staff, to President Lincoln, on his arrival at Baltimore, and offered the apology of my chief for his absence.

After cordially greeting us and directing us to make ourselves comfortable, the President, with quizzical expression, turned to Montgomery Blair (then Postmaster-General), and said:

"Blair, did you ever know that fright has sometimes proved a sure cure for boils?"

"No, Mr. President. How is that?"

"I'll tell you. Not long ago, when Colonel ——, with his cavalry, was at the front, and the Rebs were making things rather lively for us, the

colonel was ordered out on a *reconnaissance.* He was troubled at the time with a big boil where it made horseback riding decidedly uncomfortable. He hadn't gone more than two or three miles when he declared he couldn't stand it any longer, and dismounted and ordered the troops forward without him. He had just settled down to enjoy his relief from change of position when he was startled by the rapid reports of pistols and the helter-skelter approach of his troops in full retreat before a yelling rebel force. He forgot everything but the yells, sprang into his saddle, and made capital time over fences and ditches till safe within the lines. The pain from his boil was gone, and the boil too, and the colonel swore that there was no cure for boils so sure as fright from rebel yells, and that the secession had rendered to loyalty *one* valuable service at any rate."

During the ride to Gettysburg the President placed every one who approached him at his ease, relating numerous stories, some of them laughable, and others of a character that deeply touched the hearts of his listeners.

I remember well his reply to a gentleman who stated that his "only son fell on 'Little Round Top' at Gettysburg, and I am going to look at the spot."

President Lincoln replied:

"You have been called upon to make a terrible sacrifice for the Union, and a visit to that spot, I fear, will open your wounds afresh. But oh! my dear sir, if we had reached the end of such sacrifices, and had nothing left for us to do but to place garlands on the graves of those who have already fallen, we could give thanks even amidst our tears; but when I think of the sacrifices of life yet to be offered and the hearts and homes yet to be made desolate before this dreadful war, so wickedly forced upon us, is over, my heart is like lead within me, and I feel, at times, like hiding in deep darkness."

At one of the stopping-places of the train, a very beautiful little child, having a bouquet of rose-buds in her hand, was lifted up to an open window of the President's car. With a childish lisp she said: "Flowrth for the President!"

The President stepped to the window, took the rose-buds, bent down and kissed the child, saying:

"You're a sweet little rose-bud yourself. I hope your life will open into perpetual beauty and goodness."

We had taken with us from Fort McHenry the Second United States Artillery band, one of the oldest and finest of the army.

After our arrival at Gettysburg, two gentlemen, who represented themselves as members of the Committee of Arrangements, applied to me for this

band to serenade the President and the several Governors of States who had arrived.

The band was placed at their disposal and the serenades given. But, presently, information was given me that, for some reason, Governor Seymour, of New York, had been omitted in the serenades. After ascertaining that the information was correct, I resolved that this omission should be corrected, whether it had resulted from a mistake or a deliberate intention, and that the New York troops at least, who were a majority of those present, and were from "the defenses of Baltimore," should have an opportunity to join in a serenade of their beloved Governor, the soldiers' friend.

Accordingly, arrangements having been made for the presence of the band, and liberty having been given to the members of the several commands from "the defenses of Baltimore" to be present, at about ten o'clock in the evening a crowd of thousands of citizens and soldiers had assembled in front of and around the Governor's quarters.

The night was clear and delightful, and the moonlight rested in beauty on the town and the surrounding scenery. The band seemed inspired by the scene and the occasion, and played exquisitely a number of their sweetest and most appropriate airs.

At length, at a pause in the music, the Governor stepped out on the balcony. Instantly cheers burst

from the vast multitude, as hearty, long-continued, and soul-stirring as ever found utterance from enthusiastic hearts.

When silence was restored, the Governor, evidently laboring under deep emotion, commenced an address which held enchained his great audience from beginning to end. I had listened to the eloquence of Governor Seymour on other occasions, but now he seemed to rise into the empyrean of the inspired orator. Never were sentiments of loftier patriotism uttered.

And when, with touching pathos, the Governor addressed the citizens and soldiers before him, and told them of the deep and tender anxiety felt for them by loved ones they had left behind, and how their prayers and the prayers of millions of loyal hearts were constantly ascending to Heaven for their success and safe return; and then spoke of the thousands of cheeks still wet with falling tears for husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, now sleeping in the graves on yonder hill-side, I doubt if a dry eye could have been found in that vast throng of enthralled listeners. And when he closed, for a moment there was profound silence, and not till he turned to leave the balcony did the pent-up feelings of the deeply affected crowd break forth; when in the wildest cheers, and cries of "God bless Governor Seymour," and "Long live the Union," the

thousands of hearts, "both by tumultuous rapture and tender sympathy swayed," found such utterance as has rarely been awarded to the eloquence of man.

President Lincoln, on learning the next morning of the occasion of the demonstration late the night before, said to me:

"I am glad Governor Seymour was specially honored. He deserves it. No man has shown greater interest and promptness in his co-operation with us. The New York soldiers may well admire and honor him."

The ceremonies of the dedication were imposing and most interesting. The great procession, civic and military, the splendid music, the impressive religious exercises, the great oration by Edward Everett (the last public effort of his life), the dedication, of the ground chosen, in an address by President Lincoln, of beauty and pathos never surpassed —all amidst the scenes where thousands but recently had freely offered up their lives for the life of the Republic—made the day one to be remembered as long as our Union shall last.

Around the platform, on which the addresses were delivered, the military were formed in hollow square several ranks deep. Inside of this square, and but a few feet from the platform, I had my position, and thus enjoyed the best opportunities to see and hear.

The oration of Mr. Everett, although, perhaps,

not equal in rhetorical beauty and lofty eloquence to some of his previous efforts, was rich in historical instruction and glowing with patriotic sentiment, and was received with great applause.

At length, and in the name of the American Republic, the President came forward formally to dedicate the place, which had drank so freely of the life-blood of her sons, as their peaceful resting-place till time should be no more, pledging the fidelity and honor and power of the government to its preservation for this sacred purpose while that government should last.

A description of the President's famous address is needless; it has already become a classic; it is impossible to conceive of anything more beautiful and appropriate for the occasion.

But I may say a word of the appearance of the orator.

President Lincoln was so put together physically that, to him, gracefulness of movement was an impossibility. But his awkwardness was lost sight of in the interest which the expression of his face and what he said awakened.

On this occasion he came out before the vast assembly, and stepped slowly to the front of the platform, with his hands clasped before him, his natural sadness of expression deepened, his head bent forward, and his eyes cast to the ground.

In this attitude he stood for a few seconds, silent, as if communing with his own thoughts; and when he began to speak, and throughout his entire address, his manner indicated no consciousness of the presence of tens of thousands hanging on his lips, but rather of one who, like the prophet of old, was overmastered by some unseen spirit of the scene, and passively gave utterance to the memories, the feelings, the counsels and the prophecies with which he was inspired.

In his whole appearance, as well as in his wonderful utterances, there was such evidence of a wisdom and purity and benevolence and moral grandeur, higher and beyond the reach of ordinary men, that the great assembly listened almost awe-struck as to a voice from the divine oracle.

I was still on duty in "the defenses of Baltimore" when the Presidential campaign of 1864 occurred. I had been a life-long Democrat, and I favored the election of General McClellan, the candidate of my party.

One evening in September, 1864, I was invited by a few friends to go with them to a Democratic meeting, and listen to a distinguished orator who was to advocate the claims of McClellan. As I could not well refuse, I agreed to go for a few minutes only. To my surprise and annoyance, I was called on by the audience for a speech, and the calls were so per-

sistent that I was placed in a most embarrassing position. Forced to say something, I contented myself with a brief expression of my high regard for McClellan as a soldier, and a statement of my intention to vote for him. I made no reference of Mr. Lincoln, and soon left the hall.

Next day an order came from Secretary Stanton directing me to be mustered out of the service. No reason was assigned, nor opportunity given for defense. As I was and had always been an unwavering Union man, as I had a brother and three sons in the military service of the Union, and as I had learned that my action at the meeting when reported to Secretary Stanton had made him very angry and caused him to utter severe threats against me, I determined to go, and did go, to Washington to know the reason of this attempt to disgrace me. As no other pretext could be given for such action, I resolved to appeal to the President.

I gave my papers setting forth these facts into the hands of a personal friend, a Republican member of Congress, with the request that he would ask Mr. Lincoln whether the revocation of my commission was by his order, knowledge or consent. He did so.

The President immediately replied: "I know nothing about it. Of course Stanton does a thousand things in his official character which I can know

nothing about, and which it is not necessary that I should know anything about."

Having heard the case, he then added: "Well, that's no reason. Andrews has as good a right to hold on to his Democracy, if he chooses, as Stanton had to throw *his* overboard. If I should muster out all my generals who avow themselves Democrats there would be a sad thinning out of commanding officers in the army. No!" he continued, "when the *military* duties of a soldier are fully and faithfully performed, he can manage his politics in his own way; we've no more to do with *them* than with his religion. Tell this officer he can return to his post, and if there is no other or better reason for the order of Stanton than the one he suspects, it shall do him no harm; the commission he holds will remain as good as new. Supporting General McClellan for the Presidency is no violation of army regulations, and as a question of taste of choosing between him and me, well, I'm the longest, but he's better looking."

And so I resumed my service, and was never afterward molested by the Secretary of War.

E. W. ANDREWS.

XXX.

JAMES C. WELLING.

THE Emancipation Proclamation is the most signal fact in the administration of President Lincoln. It marks, indeed, the sharp and abrupt beginning of "the Great Divide," which, since the upheaval produced by the late civil war, has separated the polity and politics of the *ante-bellum* period from the polity and politics of the *post-bellum* era. No other act of Mr. Lincoln's has been so warmly praised on the one hand, or so warmly denounced on the other; and perhaps it has sometimes been equally misunderstood, in its real nature and bearing, by those who have praised it and those who have denounced it. The domestic institution against which it was leveled having now passed as finally into the domain of history as the slavery of Greece and Rome, it would seem that the time has come when we can review this act of Mr. Lincoln's in the calm light of reason, without serious disturbance from the illusions of fancy or the distortions of prejudice.

In order to give precision and definiteness to the

inquiry here taken, it seems necessary, at the threshold, to distinguish the true purport and operation of the Emancipation Proclamation from some things with which it is often confounded in popular speech. In the first place, it is proper to say that the proclamation, in its inception and in its motive, had nothing to do with the employment of slaves as laborers in the army. Fugitive slaves were so employed long before the utterance of such a manifesto had been contemplated, or the thought of it tolerated by the President. Just as little was the proclamation a necessary condition precedent to the enlistment of fugitive slaves as soldiers in the army. Mr. Lincoln was averse to the employment of negroes as soldiers at the time he issued the preliminary proclamation of September 22, 1862, and he remained in this state of mind until the final edict was issued on the first of January following. It was not until the 20th of January, 1863, that Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, received permission to make an experiment in this direction.

We learn from the diary of Mr. Secretary Chase, that at a meeting of the Cabinet held on the 21st of July, 1862, the President "determined to take some definite steps in respect to military action and slavery." A letter from General Hunter having been submitted, in which he asked for authority to enlist "all loyal persons, without reference to com-

plexion," it appears that Messrs. Stanton, Seward and Chase advocated the proposition, and no one in the Cabinet spoke against it; but, adds Mr. Chase, "the President expressed himself as averse to arming negroes." On the next day the question of arming slaves was again brought up, and Mr. Chase "advocated it warmly;" but the President was still unwilling to adopt this measure, and proposed simply to issue a proclamation based on the Confiscation act of July 17, 1862, "calling on the States to return to their allegiance, and warning the rebels that the provisions of that act would have full force at the expiration of sixty days; adding, on his own part, a declaration of his intention to renew at the next session of Congress his recommendation of compensation to States adopting the gradual abolishment of slavery, and proclaiming the emancipation of all slaves within States remaining in insurrection on the 1st of January. 1863."* So the first intimation made to the Cabinet of a purpose to proclaim the liberation of slaves in the insurgent States, was made in connection with the President's avowed opposition to the arming of negroes.

Writing from memory, Mr. Secretary Welles states, in his *History of Emancipation*, that the President, "early in August"—he thinks it was the 2d of August—submitted to the Cabinet "the rough

* Warden's *Life of Chase*, p. 440.

draft" of a proclamation to emancipate, after a certain day, all slaves in States which should then be in rebellion, but that Mr. Seward argued against the promulgation of such a paper at that time, "because it would be received and considered as a despairing cry—a shriek from and for the administration rather than for freedom." * He further records that the President, impressed with this view, closed his portfolio, and did not recur to the subject until after the battle of Antietam, which was fought on the 17th of September.

Writing in his diary under date of August 3d, but referring, doubtless, to the discussions held in the Cabinet on the previous day,† Mr. Chase records that, "for the tenth or twentieth time," he urged the adoption of a vigorous policy against slavery in the seceded States by "assuring the blacks of freedom on condition of loyalty, and by organizing the best of them in companies and regiments." He further records that Mr. Seward "expressed himself in favor of any measures which could be carried into effect *without proclamation*, and the President said that he was pretty well cured of objection to any measure, except want of adaptedness to put down the rebellion, but did not seem satisfied that the time had

* *Galaxy*, December, 1872, p. 845.

† The meeting was held on a Saturday, according to Mr. Welles, and the 3d of August, 1862, was a Sunday.

come for the adoption of such a plan as I had proposed." *

On the 22d of August, just one month after Mr. Lincoln had first opened the subject of emancipation to his Cabinet, he proceeded to take the whole country into his confidence on the relations of slavery to the war. On that day he wrote "the Greeley Letter"—a letter written in reply to an earnest and importunate appeal in which, assuming to utter the "Prayer of Twenty Millions," Mr. Greeley had called on the President, with much truculence of speech, to issue a proclamation of freedom to all slaves in the Confederate States. As this letter was the first as well as the most pithy and syllogistic public discussion which the President ever gave to the subject in hand, it seems proper not only to insert it here in its entirety, but, as a matter of literary curiosity, to reproduce it in its original form. The following is a fac-simile of the letter:

Executive Mansion.

Washington, August 22d, 1862

Hon. Horace Greely:

Dear Sir—

=I have just read yours of the 19th addressed to myself through the New-York Tribune. If there be in it any statements, or assumptions of fact, which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert

* Warden's *Life of Chase*, p. 446.

them. If there be in it any inference which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptable in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend, whose heart I have always found to be right.

As to the policy I "seem to be pursuing" as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be "the Union as it was." ~~If there be any who hold that it is constitutional to destroy slavery, I do not agree with them.~~ If there be those who would not save the Union, unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the

Union without freeing any slave I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves I would do it, and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone I would also do that. What I do about slavery, and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.

Yours,

A. Lincoln.

This letter appeared for the first time in the *National Intelligencer* of August 23, 1862.*

* The letter came into my hands from the fact that I was one of the editors

In his interview with the representatives of the Border States, held on the 10th of March, 1862, Mr. Lincoln had said that, as long as he remained President, the people of Maryland (and therefore of the other Border States) had nothing to fear for their peculiar domestic institution "either by direct action of the government or by indirect action, as through the emancipation of slaves in the District of Columbia or the confiscation of Southern property" in slaves. In that same interview, while making a confidential avowal of these friendly sentiments, he had protested against their public announcement at that juncture, on the ground that "it would force him into a quarrel with 'the Greeley faction' before the proper time." He twice intimated that such a quarrel was impending, but added that "he did not wish to encounter it before the proper time, nor at all if it could be avoided." *

It was no more than natural, therefore, that these Representatives, on the appearance of "the Greeley Letter," should have read between its lines a sup-

---

of the *Intelligencer*, to which Mr. Lincoln sent it for publication. The omitted passage—"Broken eggs can never be mended, and the longer the breaking proceeds the more will be broken"—was erased, with some reluctance, by the President, on the representation, made to him by the editors, that it seemed somewhat exceptionable, on rhetorical grounds, in a paper of such dignity. But it can do no harm, at this late day, to reveal the homely similitude by which Mr. Lincoln had originally purposed to reinforce his political warnings.

* McPherson, *Political History*, p. 211.

posed indication of the President's purpose to break with "the Greeley faction" at an early day. They believed that the President, at the bottom of his heart, was in sympathy with them, and with their theory of the war. They were not entirely disabused of this impression even after his interview with them on the 12th of July, when he made a last ineffectual appeal to them in behalf of "emancipation with compensation to loyal owners," and when he reinforced his appeal by urging that the acceptance of such a policy would help to relieve him from "the pressure" for military emancipation at the South.

The Representatives from the Border States were strengthened in their delusion by a corresponding delusion of the Radical Republicans,* who weakly supposed the President at this juncture to be a nose of wax in the hands of what they called "the pro-slavery faction." As late as the 10th of September, ten days before the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation was issued, we find Mr. Chase lamenting in his diary that the President "has yielded so much to Border State and negrophobic counsels that he now finds it difficult to arrest his own descent to the most fatal concessions."† And this impatient

* The word "Radical" throughout this paper is used historically, and not in any invidious sense. It is the term by which Mr. Lincoln called the "Stalwarts" of that day, and by which they called themselves.

† Warden's *Life of Chase*, p. 471.

insistence of his Radical friends was repaid by the President with gibes and sneers, as when, for instance, on this same 10th of September, he taunted Mr. Chase with "the ill-timed jest" that some one had proposed, in view of the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania, which was then believed to be impending, that he (the President) should issue a proclamation "freeing all apprentices in that State"—on the ground of military necessity!

It was with a like festive humor that, on the 13th of September, he parried the arguments of the Chicago clergymen who had come to Washington in order to press for a proclamation of freedom. To their representation that the recent military disasters "were tokens of divine displeasure, calling for new and advanced action on the part of the President," he shrewdly replied that, if it was probable that God would reveal his will to others on a point so intimately connected with the President's duty, it might be supposed that he would reveal it directly to the President himself. To the argument that a proclamation of freedom would summon additional laborers to help the army, he replied by asking what reason there was to suppose that such a proclamation would have more effect than the late law enacted by Congress to this end; and, if they should come in multitudes, how, he asked, could they all be fed? To the suggestion that the able-bodied among them might be armed to fight

for the Union, he ironically replied, "If we were to arm them, I fear that in a few weeks the arms would be in the hands of the rebels." To the plea that emancipation would give a holy motive and a sacred object to the war, he replied by saying that "we already had an important principle to rally and unite the people, in the fact that constitutional government was at stake—a fundamental idea going down about as deep as anything."

It is true that at the close of his interview the President assured the Chicago committee that he had not "decided against a proclamation of liberty to slaves," and that "the subject was on his mind by day and night more than any other;" but this statement only served to bring into bold relief the little faith he then seemed to have in a measure for which, considered as a means to the ends proposed by its patrons, he could, with all his meditations, find no good and sufficient reasons. It is true that, on the preceding 22d of July, Mr. Lincoln had said that he was pretty well cured of objection to any measure against slavery except "want of adaptedness to put down the rebellion;" and now, too, he publicly announced that he "did not want to issue a document which the whole world would see must necessarily be inoperative, like the Pope's bull against the comet." It is true that he had previously sketched "the rough draft" of an emancipation proclamation, but he had

put it back in his portfolio on the suggestion of Mr. Seward that practical measures against slavery could be carried into effect "without proclamation." It is true that only a few days previously ("when the rebel army was at Frederick"*) he had registered a vow in heaven that he would issue a proclamation of emancipation so soon as the Confederates should be driven out of Maryland; but this was the conduct either of a man who, in a perplexing state of incertitude, resolves his doubts by "throwing a lot in the lap" and leaving "the whole disposing thereof to be of the Lord," or, as I prefer to believe, it was that prudent and reverent waiting on Providence by which the President sought to guard against the danger of identifying the proclamation in the popular mind with a panic cry of despair, in which latter case the hesitation of Mr. Lincoln only serves to set in a stronger light the significant fact that other than considerations of military necessity were held to dominate the situation, for, if they alone had been prevalent, the proclamation could never have come more appropriately than when the military need was greatest.

The proximate and procuring cause of the proclamation, as I conceive, is not far to seek. It was issued primarily and chiefly as a political necessity, and took on the character of a military necessity only because the President had been brought to believe

* September 6th.

that if he did not keep the Radical portion of his party at his back he could not long be sure of keeping an army at the front. He had begun the conduct of the war on the theory that it was waged for the restoration of the Union under the Constitution as it was at the outbreak of the secession movement. He sedulously labored to keep the war in this line of direction. He publicly deprecated its degeneration into a remorseless revolutionary struggle. He cultivated every available alliance with the Union men of the Border States. He sympathized with them in their loyalty, and in the political theory on which it was placed. But the most active and energetic wing of the Republican Party had become, as the war waxed hotter, more and more hostile to this "Border State theory of the war," until, in the end, its fiery and impetuous leaders did not hesitate to threaten him with repudiation as a political chief, and even began in some cases to hint the expediency of withholding supplies for the prosecution of the war, unless the President should remove "pro-slavery generals" from the command of our armies, and adopt an avowedly antislavery policy in the future conduct of the war. Thus placed between two stools, and liable between them to fall to the ground, he determined at last to plant himself firmly on the stool which promised the surest and safest support.

I am able to state with confidence that Mr. Lin-

coln gave this explanation of his changed policy a few days after the preliminary proclamation of September 22d had been issued. The Hon. Edward Stanly, the Military Governor of North Carolina, immediately on receiving a copy of that paper, hastened to Washington for the purpose of seeking an authentic and candid explanation of the grounds on which Mr. Lincoln had based such a sudden and grave departure from the previous theory of the war. Mr. Stanly had accepted the post of Military Governor of North Carolina at a great personal sacrifice, and with a distinct understanding that the war was to be prosecuted on the same constitutional theory which had presided over its inception by the Federal Government, and hence the proclamation not only took him by surprise, but seemed to him an act of perfidy. In this view he hastily abandoned his post, and came to throw up his commission and return to California, where he had previously resided. Before doing so he sought an audience with the President—in fact, held several interviews with him—on the subject, and knowing that, as a public journalist, I was deeply interested in the matter, he came to report to me the substance of the President's communications. That substance was recorded in my diary as follows:

"*September 27th.*—Had a call at the *Intelligencer* office from the Honorable Edward Stanly, Military

Governor of North Carolina. In a long and interesting conversation Mr. Stanly related to me the substance of several interviews which he had had with the President respecting the Proclamation of Freedom. Mr. Stanly said that the President had stated to him that the proclamation had become a civil necessity to prevent the Radicals from openly embarrassing the government in the conduct of the war. The President expressed the belief that, without the proclamation for which they had been clamoring, the Radicals would take the extreme step in Congress of withholding supplies for carrying on the war—leaving the whole land in anarchy. Mr. Lincoln said that he had prayed to the Almighty to save him from this necessity, adopting the very language of our Saviour, 'If it be possible, let this cup pass from me,' but the prayer had not been answered."

As this frank admission, in the length and breadth here given to it, will doubtless wear an air of novelty to many readers, and may excite suspicions in some minds with regard to the accuracy of my chronicle, the faithfulness of Mr. Stanly's report, or the sincerity of Mr. Lincoln in making his statements, it seems proper to vindicate the authenticity of the record by an appeal to other facts which abundantly corroborate its truth.

In his interview with the Border State Representatives on the 12th of July, 1862, the President had implored them to relieve him from the Radical "pressure" by espousing, with him, the policy of emancipation with compensation. This "pressure," he said, was even then "threatening a division among those who, united, are none too strong." On the next day, after the failure of this interview to make any impression on the Border State Representatives, the President, for the first time, opened the subject of military emancipation in a private conversation with two members of his Cabinet—Mr. Seward and Mr. Welles. The President then said, as Mr. Welles reports, that emancipation "was forced upon him as a necessity," "was thrust at him from various quarters," but "*had been driven home to him by the conference of the preceding day.*"* On the 28th of the same month he wrote to Mr. Cuthbert Bullitt, of New Orleans, that it was "a military necessity to have men and money, *and we cannot get either in sufficient numbers or amount if we keep from or drive from our lines slaves coming to them.*"† Even at this date, when the enlistment of colored troops was not meditated, it will be seen that Mr. Lincoln confessed himself obliged to make concessions to the antislavery sentiment of his party in order to pro-

* *Galaxy*, December, 1872, p. 843.

† Raymond, *Life and State Papers of Abraham Lincoln*, p. 484.

cure supplies of men and money, and thus early it was that, as a wary political pilot, he kept his weather eye fixed on the thickening clouds that rose higher and higher in the Northern sky—clouds full of muttered wrath against him so long as he seemed to hold in leash the thunderbolt they were ready to discharge on slavery. For he prefaced this statement by saying that what he did and what he omitted about slaves "was done and omitted on the same military necessity"—the necessity of having men and money to carry on the war. And the President's apprehensions were not entirely groundless on this score. As early as the month of May, 1862, Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, had not hesitated to say "in writing" that the people of that State had come to "feel it a heavy draft on their patriotism" that they should be asked "to help fight rebels" without being allowed "to fire on the enemy's magazine." And, in the very act of submitting the preliminary proclamation of September 22d to the consideration of his Cabinet, the President avowed that it was issued under the menacing frown of this "pressure;" for when Mr. Montgomery Blair argued against the timeliness of the measure, on the ground that it might "put the patriotic element of the Border States in jeopardy," and even "carry those States over to the secessionists," Mr. Lincoln replied that "the difficulty was as great *not to act* as

to act" *—that is, by not acting in the way proposed he feared a disaffection among his party friends at the North which would be as dangerous to the Union as the disaffection likely to be produced by the proclamation among the Unionists of the Border States. The President remembered that the Massachusetts Republican Convention, held less than two weeks before, had omitted to pass a vote of confidence in his administration, but *had* voted that "slavery should be exterminated." Even the Radical members of his own Cabinet had come to think of him and to speak of him as a political recreant. On the 12th of September, ten days before the preliminary edict was issued, Mr. Chase wrote of him as follows: "He has already separated himself from the great body of the party which elected him, distrusts most those who represent its spirit, and waits—for what?"†

The proclamation when it came put an end, of course, to all this "pressure." Indeed, Mr. Chase admitted, when the President read the paper to his Cabinet, that it went "a step further than he had ever proposed." He had proposed that each commander of a department at the South should be instructed to proclaim emancipation within his district, assuring the blacks of freedom *on condition*

* *Galaxy*, December, 1872, p. 847.

† Warden's *Life of Chase*, p. 471.

of loyalty, and organizing the best of them in companies and regiments.* But Mr. Lincoln promised and threatened that, on the 1st of January, 1863, "all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof should then be in rebellion against the United States, should be *then, thenceforward, and forever free*"—a declaration which promised the largesse of freedom alike to the "loyal blacks" who escaped within our lines, and to the slaves who voluntarily stood by their masters because they were unwilling to strike a blow for their own liberty.

If the proclamation disarmed for a time the bitter opposition of the Radicals, its other political and practical effects were such as abundantly justified the long hesitation of the President in issuing it. It precipitated a crisis which threatened to divide the friends of the Union at the North by a new line of cleavage. If Governor Andrew and his political associates had previously found it a "heavy draft" on their patriotism to sustain the President in his constitutional theory of the war, it now became a heavy draft on the patriotism of conservative Republicans and of war Democrats to sustain him in his new departure. New elective affinities suddenly struck through the seething mass of public opinion, and led to new political formations. A spirit of

* Warden's *Life of Chase*, p. 440, 446.

political giddiness and revolt was shed upon the people in the loyal States. In the ensuing autumnal election the Republican Party was defeated in great States like New York, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. When Congress met in December the political signs of the times were full of portents. There was "uneasiness in the popular mind." The attitude of Europe toward us was "cold and menacing" where it did not express itself "in accents of pity" for a people "too blind to surrender a hopeless cause." These are not my words, but the words of Mr. Lincoln himself when, one year afterward, he was called to review the political, civil, and military situation created by the Emancipation Proclamation. The utterance of the proclamation, he said, "was followed by dark and doubtful days." *

The Emancipation Proclamation united the South, where, however, there was but little room for further consolidation. Leading citizens in that section who had previously stood aloof from the war, so long as it was conducted at the South in the name of secession against the Constitutional Government to Washington, now hastened to give in their adhesion to the Richmond authorities. In his message of December, 1861, Mr. Lincoln had said that "in considering the policy to be adopted for suppressing

* Raymond, *Life and State Papers of Abraham Lincoln*, p. 454.

the insurrection," he had been "anxious and careful that the inevitable conflict for this purpose should not degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle. * * * All indispensable means," he added, "must be employed," but "we should not be in haste to determine that radical and extreme measures, which may reach the loyal as well as disloyal, are indispensable." The Emancipation Proclamation was accepted by these halting Unionists at the South as an indication that the time for "radical and extreme measures" had come in the judgment of the President, and they acted accordingly. "For a time," says Mr. Welles, the proclamation "failed to strengthen the administration in any section." *

Its effect on the slaves at the South was such as Mr. Lincoln had predicted in his interview with the Chicago deputation. Sanguine advocates of emancipation by edict of the President had risked the confident prophecy that it would be followed by a simultaneous exodus of negroes from the South, and that such an exodus would end the war by a *coup de théâtre.* As one of them wrote: "The plow would stand still in the furrow, the ripened grain would remain unharvested, the cows would not be milked, the dinners would not be cooked, but one universal hallelujah of glory to God, echoed from every valley and hill-top of rebeldom, would sound the speedy

* *Galaxy*, December, 1872, p. 848.

doom of treason."* This bubble was pricked by the pen that wrote the proclamation.

In all *these* respects the manifesto was comparatively a failure. But it accomplished at once the great end to which it was most immediately directed by the President—it consolidated the Republican Party, and made it more intensely than ever "the war-party of the country." It is true that veteran Republicans, like Thurlow Weed, shrank in dismay from the measure; but in the great body of the party it kindled a new flame of martial enthusiasm, albeit the "roads" in New England did not "swarm" with volunteer soldiers, as Governor Andrew had promised and predicted, during the "pressure" period, would be the case, provided the President would allow them to fight "with God and human nature on their side." The anti-slavery passions of the North, which had hitherto been kicking in the traces, were now effectively yoked to the war-chariot of the President. The proclamation lessened for a time the number of his supporters, but it gave to them almost the compactness of a Macedonian phalanx. It put an end to political vacillation and *atermoiement*. Not that the measure in either matter or form was entirely satisfactory to the zealots of emancipation, and not that the President, as Lord Lyons wrote to his government, "had thrown him-

* *National Intelligencer*, July 31, 1862.

self in the arms of the Radicals." While still refusing to walk altogether in the ways of these extremists, he established such a hold on the rank and file of the Republican army that they followed him without faltering through the shadow of the dim eclipse which obscured their fortunes in the autumn of 1862. A year later, after the victory at Gettysburg and after the fall of Vicksburg, when the shock of arms on a hundred battle-fields had come to supply the country with a new set of emotions, Mr. Lincoln was able to say, "We have the new reckoning."

Doubtless there are those who, on the view here presented, will tax Mr. Lincoln with undue subserviency to party. But it is only just to remember that he tried to avoid its necessity, as with strong crying and tears; that he was called in his political geometry to deal with problems, not theorems; and that he was a tentative statesman, who groped his way *à tâtons*, not a *doctrinaire*. If there be heroes, as Carlyle conceives them, bathed in the eternal splendors, and projected out of the eternities into the times and their arenas, Lincoln did not profess to be of their number.

I pass to consider the force and effect of the proclamation viewed in the light of constitutional and of public law. And here, again, it is necessary to guard against a confusion of ideas. The question at issue does not concern the right of a belligerent to

liberate slaves, *flagrante bello*, by military order accompanied with manucaption, or the right to enlist such liberated slaves in his army, so long as the war lasts. The employment of colored troops, as has been shown, did not depend on the Emancipation Proclamation, for the President was opposed to the arming of negroes when he first embarked on his emancipation policy. The questions presented by the proclamation of January 1, 1863, in the shape actually given to it by Mr. Lincoln, are these:

Firstly—Had the President of the United States, in the exercise of his war powers, a right, under the Constitution and by public law, to decree, on grounds of military necessity, the emancipation and perpetual enfranchisement of slaves in the insurgent States and parts of States?

Secondly—Did such proclamation work, by its own vigor, the immediate, the unconditional and the perpetual emancipation of all slaves in the districts affected by it?

Thirdly—Did such proclamation, working *proprio vigore*, not only effect the emancipation of all existing slaves in the insurgent territory, but, with regard to slaves so liberated, did it extinguish the status of slavery created by municipal law, insomuch that they would have remained forever free, in fact and law, provided the Constitution and the legal rights and relations of the States under it had remained,

on the return of peace, what they were before the war?

Unless each and all of these questions can be answered in the affirmative, the Emancipation Proclamation was not authorized by the Constitution or by international law, and so far as they must be answered in the negative it was *brutum fulmen.* It remains, then, to make inquiry under each of these heads:

1. As everybody admits that the President, in time of peace and in the normal exercise of his constitutional prerogatives, had no power to emancipate slaves, it follows that the right accrued to him, if at all, from the war powers lodged in his hands by public law when, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, he was engaged in a life-and-death struggle with insurgents, whose number, power, and legal description gave them the character of public enemies. It is, therefore, to public law, as enfolded in time of war and for war purposes in the bosom of the Constitution, that we are primarily to look for the authority under which the President assumed to act.

Of international law no less can be said than has been said by Webster: "If, for the decision of any question, the proper rule is to be found in the law of nations, that law adheres to the subject. It follows the subject through, no matter into what place, high or low. You cannot escape the law of nations in a case where it is applicable. The air of every judi-

cature is full of it. It pervades the courts of law of the highest character, and the court of *pie poudre*, ay, even the constable's court."*

This international law, with all its belligerent rights, was everywhere present as a potent force in the civil war between the United States and the Confederate States, so soon as that war had assumed such character and magnitude as to give the United States the same rights and powers which they might exercise in the case of a national or foreign war, and everybody admits that it assumed that character after the act of Congress of July 13, 1861. But international law, in time of war, is present with its belligerent *obligations* as well as with its belligerent *rights*, and what those obligations are is matter of definite knowledge so far as they are recognized and observed in the conduct and jurisprudence of civilized nations.

The law of postliminy, according to which persons or things taken by the enemy are restored to their former state when they come again under the power of the nation to which they formerly belonged, was anciently held to restore the rights of the owner in the case of a slave temporarily affranchised by military capture. And, if it be admitted that, as regards slaves, this fiction of the Roman law has fallen into desuetude under the present practice of nations, it is none the less true that the Government of the United

* Webster's *Works*, vol. vi., p. 122.

States has earnestly contended, in its intercourse with other nations, for the substantial principle on which the rule is based. We insisted on restoration or restitution in the case of all slaves emancipated by British commanders in the war of 1812–15, and the justice of our claim under the law of nations was conceded by Great Britain when she signed the Treaty of Ghent, and when, on the arbitration of Russia, she paid a round sum, by way of indemnity, to be distributed among the owners of slaves who had been despoiled of their slave property.* In the face of a precedent so set and so adjudicated by these great powers acting under the law of nations (and one of them subsequently known as the leading anti-slavery power of the civilized world), it would seem that, as a question of law, the first interrogatory must be answered in the negative. Slaves temporarily captured to weaken the enemy and to conquer a peace are not lawful prize of war by military proceedings alone —proclamation, capture and deportation. The more fully it be conceded that international law, in time and fact of war, knows the slave only as a person, the more fully must it be conceded that this law, by purely military measures, can take no cognizance of him as a chattel, either to preserve or to destroy the master's property right under municipal law. It leaves questions about the chattel to be settled in

* Lawrence's *Wheaton*, pp. 612, 659.

another form, and by another judicature than the wager of battle.

Nor does it help the matter to say that in a territorial civil war the Federal Government is clothed with the rights of a constitutional sovereign in addition to those of a belligerent; for, though this statement is entirely true, it is not true that both of these jurisdictions apply at the same time, or that it is lawful to import the methods and processes of the one into the domain of the other. A government, for instance, may proceed against armed rebels by the law of war—killing them in battle if it find them in battle array; by public law—confiscating their property; by sovereign constitutional law—condemning them to death, for treason, after due trial and conviction. But each of these proceedings moves in a sphere of its own, and the methods of the one sphere cannot be injected into the sphere of the other. It would, for example, be a shocking violation of both constitutional and public law to shoot down insurgent prisoners of war, in cold blood, because they were "red-handed traitors," and because they might have been lawfully killed in battle. The military capture of a slave and the confiscation of the owner's property rights in him fall under separate jurisdictions, and they cannot both be condensed into the hands of a military commander any more than into the hands of a judge.

2. No principle of public law is clearer than that which rules the war rights of a belligerent to be correlative and commensurate only with his war powers. "To extend the rights of military occupation or the limits of conquest by mere intention, implication, or proclamation, would be," says Halleck, "establishing a *paper conquest* infinitely more objectionable in its character and effects than a *paper blockade*."* It is only so far as and so fast as the conquering belligerent reclaims "enemy territory" and gets possession of "enemy property" that his belligerent rights attach to either. And hence, when Mr. Lincoln, on the 1st of January, 1863, assumed authority, in the name of "military necessity," but without the indispensable *occupatio bellica*, to emancipate slaves in the territory held by the enemy, he contravened a fundamental principle of the public law—a principle equally applicable to the relations of a territorial civil war and of a foreign war. It is important to observe that where this principle was guarded by the rights and interests of foreign nations, as in the case of the Southern ports of entry while they were under the power of the Confederate authority, it was sacredly respected by our government. And in the light of this doctrine it follows that the second of the questions formulated above must also be answered in the

* Halleck, *International Law*, chapter xxxii. § 2. Cf. 2 Sprague's *Reports*, p. 149.

negative; for as to large parts of the South Mr. Lincoln had no *de facto* power when he assumed to liberate slaves both *de facto* and *de jure* within all the "enemy territory" at that date.

3. Since the decision of Lord Stowell in the case of the slave Grace,* it has been an accepted doctrine of jurisprudence that the slave character of a liberated slave—liberated by residing on free soil—is redintegrated by the voluntary return of such slave to the country of the master. Unless, therefore, the Proclamation of Freedom is held to have extinguished the status of slavery in the States and parts of States affected by it, it would have conferred a very equivocal boon on its beneficiaries. For, unless the municipal law of slavery were wiped out by the Proclamation, and by conquest under it, what prevented a re-enslavement of such emancipated blacks as should return to their homes after the war? And this fact was made apparent to Mr. Lincoln and to the whole country as soon as an occasion arose for bringing the matter to a practical test.

On the 18th of July, 1864, when the famous "peace negotiations" were pending at Niagara Falls between Mr. Greeley and certain assumed representatives of the Confederate States, Mr. Lincoln wrote that he would receive and consider "any proposition which embraced the restoration of peace, the integrity of

* 2 Haggard's *Reports*, p. 94.

the whole country, *and the abandonment of slavery*, and which came by and with an authority *that can control the armies now at war against the United States.*" It was seen that the emancipation of individual slaves, even of *all* individual slaves in the insurgent States, was worth nothing without an abandonment of slavery itself—of the municipal status in which the slave character was radicated, and in which it might be planted anew by a voluntary return to the slave soil. It was seen, too, that the Proclamation of Freedom, considered as a military edict addressed to "rebels in arms," had created a misjoinder of parties as well as a misjoinder of issues, for the authority which controlled the Confederate armies was not competent to "abandon slavery" in the insurgent States, though it *was* competent to restore "peace and union" by simply desisting from further hostilities. A misjoinder of issues was also created, for each State, under the Constitution as it stood, had a right, in the matter of slavery, to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively; and the nation, by the conquest of its own territory, "could acquire no new sovereignty, but merely maintain its previous rights."* The proclamation proposed to leave the institution of slavery undisturbed in certain States and parts of States, while destroying it in certain other States and

* 2 Sprague's *Reports*, p. 148.

parts of States. Hence, on the supposition that the paper was to have full force and effect after the war, while our civil policy remained the same, a new distribution of powers, as between certain States and parts of States on the one hand and the Federal Government on the other, would have been created by edict of the Executive.* Without any express change in the Constitution of the United States, and without any express change in the constitutions of the insurgent States, the status of persons on one side of a State line, or even on one side of a county line, would have depended on municipal law; on the other side of such State or county line it would have depended on a military decree of the President. In this strange mixture of what Tacitus calls "*res dissociabiles—principatum ac libertatem*," it would have been hard to tell where the former ended and the latter began; and to suppose that the civil courts, in the ordinary course of judicial decision, could have recognized such anomalies, while the rights of the States under the Constitution were still defined by that instrument, is to suppose that judges decree justice without law, without rule, and without reason. It is safe, therefore, to say that the third question above indicated must equally be answered in the negative.

And even if it be held that the President's want

* 2 Hurd, *Law of Freedom and Bondage*, p. 787.

of power to issue the proclamation without the accompanying *occupatio bellica*, and that the consequent want of efficacy in the paper to work emancipation *proprio vigore*, were cured by actual conquest under it on the part of the government, and by actual submission to it on the part of the seceded States, insomuch that it would have operated the extinction of the slave status in those States, it still remains none the less clear that, without a change in the Constitution of the United States, prohibiting slavery in the South, the proclamation must have failed, with the rights of plenary conquest limited by the Constitution, to insure the perpetual freedom of the slaves liberated under it; for what, under the rights still reserved to the States, would have prevented the future re-establishment of slavery at the South after the return of peace?

Nobody was more quick to perceive or more frank to admit the legal weakness and insufficiency of the Emancipation Proclamation than Mr. Lincoln. Determined though he was never to retract the paper, or by his own act to return to slavery any person who was declared free by its terms, he saw that, in itself considered, it was a frail muniment of title to any slave who should claim to be free by virtue of its vigor alone. And therefore it was that, with a candor which did him honor, he made no pretense of concealing its manifold infirmities either from his

own eyes or from the eyes of the people, so soon as Congress proposed, in a way of undoubted constitutionality and of undoubted efficacy, to put an end to slavery everywhere in the Union by an amendment to the Constitution. Remarking on that amendment at the time of its proposal, he said: "A question might be raised whether the proclamation was legally valid. It might be added that it aided only those who came into our lines, and that it was inoperative as to those who did not give themselves up; or that it would have no effect upon the children of the slaves born hereafter; in fact, it could be urged that it did not meet the evil. But this amendment is a king's cure for all evils. It winds the whole thing up." *

In the light of these facts, of these principles, and of Mr. Lincoln's own admissions, it would seem that the Emancipation Proclamation was extra-constitutional—so truly outside of the Constitution that it required an amendment to the Constitution to bring the President's engagements and promises inside of the Constitution. And surely it will not be pretended that the President, even on the plea of military necessity, has a right to originate amendments to the Constitution, or to wage war on States until they agree to adopt amendments of his imposing. This would be to "theorize with bayonets, and to

* Raymond, *Life and State Papers of Abraham Lincoln*, p. 646.

dogmatize in blood." This would be to make it competent for the President in time of war to alter the fundamental law of the land by *pronunciamiento* —a mode of proceeding which falls not only outside of the Constitution, but outside of the United States —into Mexico.

The Proclamation fell also outside of the jural relations of slavery under international law. Conceding that slaves, in time of war, are known under international law only as persons, we still have to hold that, as residents of "enemy territory," the slaves here in question were, by the terms of that code, as much "enemies" of the United States as their masters.* But the proclamation treated them as friends and allies. In the eye of municipal law, they were property, and the proclamation acknowledged them as such in the act of declaring them free; but, as such, they were confiscable only by due process of law, after manucaption; and whether they were confiscated under public law, or under sovereign constitutional law, would simply depend on the nature and terms of the confiscation act adopted by Congress. If they were confiscated as "enemy property," in order to weaken the enemy, the act would fall under public law. If they were confiscated in order to punish the treason of their

* "In war, all residents of enemy country are enemies."—Chief-Justice Waite (2 Otto, p. 194), in common with all the authorities.

owners, whereof such owners had been duly convicted, the act would fall under sovereign constitutional law. But the proclamation assumed to confiscate the property rights of the slave-owners without any process of law at all; and so it fell as much outside of public law as it fell outside of constitutional law and of municipal law. Nor has any amendment of public law as yet brought within the sanctions of international jurisprudence the pretension of a belligerent to alter and abolish, by proclamation, the political and domestic institutions of a territory within which he has, at the time, no *de facto* power. On the contrary, the pretension is traversed by the latest codifications of international law,* and by the latest publications of our own State Department.† And hence it is no matter of surprise that the first international lawyers of the country, like the Honorable William Beach Lawrence, and the first constitutional lawyers of the country, like the late Benjamin R. Curtis, have recorded their opinion as jurists against the legality of the Emancipation Proclamation.

Lawyers, as Burke said at the beginning of the American Revolution, "have their strict rule to go by," and they must needs be true to their profes-

* Bluntschli, *Das Modern Volkerrechts*, p. 306. (Lardy's French version obscures and misinterprets the text of the original on this point.)

† Cadwalader, *Digest*, pp. 56, 57, 148, 151.

sion, but "the convulsions of a great empire are not fit matter of discussion under a commission of Oyer and Terminer." The Emancipation Proclamation did not draw its breath in the serene atmosphere of law. It was born in the smoke of battle, and its swaddling-bands were rolled in blood. It was in every sense of the word a *coup d'état*, but one which the nation at first condoned, and then ratified by an amendment to the Constitution. As Mr. Welles says, "It was a despotic act in the cause of the Union"—an act, he adds, "almost revolutionary," and it was *almost* and not *altogether* revolutionary, simply because it fell short of the practical and legal effects at which it was nominally aimed. It was, in fact, martial law applied to a question of politics and of polity; and of martial law, Sir Matthew Hale has said that "in truth and reality it is no law at all, but something indulged." If we would look for its fountain and source, we must look to an institute which makes small account of all human conventions and charters—the *lex talionis*. The proclamation was the portentous retaliatory blow of a belligerent brought to bay in a death-grapple, and who drops his "elder-squirts charged with rose-water" (the phrase is Mr. Lincoln's), that he may hurl a monstrous hand-grenade, charged with fulminating powder, full in the faces of the foe. The phenomenon is as old as the history of civil war; and because he

saw it was likely to re-appear so long as human nature remained the same, Thucydides had a presage that his history of the civil war between Athens and Sparta would be "a possession forever." "War," he wrote, "is a violent master, and assimilates the tempers of most men to the condition in which it places them." So Cromwell, in the hour of his political agony, exclaimed against "the pitiful, beastly notion" that a government was to be "clamored at and blattered at," because it went beyond law in time of storm and stress.

And there *is* something worse than a breach of the Constitution. It is worse to lose the country for which the Constitution was made; but, if the defense of the proclamation can be rested on this ground, the fact does not require us to teach for doctrine of law that which is outside of law and against law. Mr. Jefferson held the Louisiana purchase to be extra-constitutional, but he did not try to bring it inside of the Constitution by construction. That he left to others. It seems a waste of logic to argue the validity of Mr. Lincoln's edict. It moved above law, in the plane of statecraft. Not that its author, in so proceeding, moved on the moral plane of the insurgents. He wrought to save, they to destroy, the Union. Not that he acted in malice, for, as he protested, the case "was too vast for malicious dealing." And not that he clearly foresaw the end of

his step from its beginning. The fateful times in which he acted the foremost part were larger than any of the men who lived in them, tall and commanding as is the figure of the benign war President, and the events then moving over the dial of history were grander than the statesmen or soldiers who touched the springs that made them move. It was a day of elemental stir, and the ground is still quaking beneath our feet, under the throes and convulsions of that great social and political change which was first definitely foreshadowed to the world by the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln.

JAMES C. WELLING.

XXXI.

JOHN CONNESS.

MUCH has been written concerning the relations of Abraham Lincoln and Salmon P. Chase, but the history of their separation in 1864 and the acceptance of the resignation of Mr. Chase as Secretary of the Treasury, as given by the President in a semi-official manner at that time, has not been presented to the public.

The prosecution of the war had not up to that time been very successful, and the public credit was at its lowest ebb. Gold was at 2.80, and the people were rather discouraged. The first term of Mr. Lincoln was drawing to a close, and by common consent the President was a candidate for re-election. As stated by himself in his own way, "it was not well to swap horses in the middle of a stream."

He was willing to be a candidate because he could best represent the issue with the Democratic Party, who were declaring the war a failure, and preparing to put a candidate in the field upon that declaration.

Thus, as in the instance of his first nomination,

without personal ambition, he was willing to be an instrument in the hands of the people to test the great issue before them. He had declared the purpose of the war by the administration to be the preservation of the Union. The Democratic Party claimed that the war for this purpose was a failure, and that the Union could only be preserved by peace and negotiation. This was the issue then clearly made up between the Democratic and Republican parties.

Salmon P. Chase, Secretary of the Treasury, was also a candidate for the Presidency. That he was an able, upright and patriotic man need not be stated. He represented such of the Republican Party as believed that the war had not been waged with the vigor and power necessary to conquer a peace; and also by those who wished it carried on more with reference to the expurgation of slavery than Mr. Lincoln had done.

The President held that it was his duty to preserve the Union, with or without slavery, while Mr. Chase believed, as an old antislavery man, that the destruction of slavery was the chief means in the prosecution of the war for the preservation of the Union.

The candidature of both was calculated to lead to infelicitous relations between the two, and it did.

This was doubtless by reason of intemperate sup-

porters of each, who engaged in making statements derogatory to the other.

The effect upon their candidates was different. Mr. Lincoln took it all easy and let tales brought to him pass for their value, which was not great. Mr. Chase, very differently constituted, felt otherwise. Oversensitive and deeply passionate, he readily saw that the partisans of Mr. Lincoln were doing him injustice, and that the President was not wholly blameless.

Since holding the portfolio of Secretary of the Treasury, he had presented his resignation several times theretofore, and which the consummate address and genuine kindness of Mr. Lincoln enabled him to parry and put aside. The last, however, was accompanied with peculiar irritation, and was accepted.

It took the Senate by surprise. A message to that body, with the nomination of David Todd, of Ohio, for Secretary of the Treasury, in place of Salmon P. Chase resigned, was the first intimation the Senate had of the important event.

The Senate went at once into executive session, and referred the nomination to its Finance Committee and then adjourned.

The committee met, and, after a full consultation, resolved to wait on the President in a body and ascertain why the resignation, whether it could not be reconsidered, and, if it could not, why the name of

David Todd was sent in as the successor of Mr. Chase.

The committee went to the Executive Mansion, where the President met them, and the case and the object of their visit were stated by William Pitt Fessenden, their chairman.

It is not putting it too strongly to say that the committee, or many members of it, felt that the fault was not alone that of Mr. Chase, and that in all probability the President was somewhat to blame; that the change in the Treasury Department at that time, where Mr. Chase had done valuable work, would be a public misfortune, and that the nomination of Todd showed a want of appreciation by the President of the condition of the public credit.

David Todd had been one of the sturdiest of the "War Governors," and was known as a sterling patriot, but no one thought of him as a proper head of the Treasury Department then, or as a fitting successor of Chase.

Mr. Lincoln at once relieved the committee concerning this last consideration, by stating that he had a dispatch from Governor Todd declining the office; but before dismissing that branch of the subject, said he had met many men since our troubles began, and comparing him with others—taking him all in all—he thought "Dave Todd was considerable of a man."

He then went at length into a history of his relations with "Governor Chase," as he styled him; how he came to invite him, and in fact every other member of his Cabinet, to the places they filled, stating that he was governed in the selection of each by the need of representing the geographical and political sections of the country, and the prominence of each as representing opinion, giving the idea that it was not agreement in a Cabinet that he sought so much as representatives of differing sections and factions; so Abolitionists, Conservatives, and the Blair family found representation in the Cabinet of Abraham Lincoln.

The President was deeply serious throughout, and there was probably never a clearer exposition of motive and character made than was then presented by him. His Cabinet seemed to have been selected with more impersonal consideration than was possible to most men. He rose from his seat and took from some pigeon-holes near him all the correspondence which had passed between him and Mr. Chase, and read to the committee, commenting as he went on. He recounted the many times "Governor Chase" had tendered resignation, and the irritation that had grown out of these repetitions, laying special stress upon the last of them.

John J. Cisco had resigned the office of Assistant Treasurer at New York; the place had been offered

to several gentlemen who declined it, and now the Secretary had determined to fill it with a man of his own choice. Friends of the President, and he, were opposed to Mr. Chase's selection. The Secretary claimed that he was responsible for the finances, and he should control this office. The President refused to appoint his man, but said he offered to appoint any other that Mr. Chase might name.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the President, "I could not appoint him. He had only recently at a social gathering, in presence of ladies and gentlemen, while intoxicated, kicked his hat up against the ceiling, bringing discredit upon us all, and proving his unfitness."

The President went specially into the difficulties which had come up between him and his Secretary, growing out of the improper conduct of their political friends, saying that he had no objection to the candidacy of Mr. Chase—he had a right to be a candidate—but there had grown such a state of feeling that it was unpleasant for them to meet each other; and now Mr. Chase had resigned, and he had accepted the resignation.

He added: "I will not longer continue the association. I am ready and willing to resign the office of President, and let you have Mr. Hamlin for your President, but I will no longer endure the state I have been in."

The above were nearly his words, spoken with deep seriousness. Through all this interview, and the history of painful, personal relations, there was no word nor thought impugning the motives or purposes of the outgoing Secretary. It was a deeply interesting insight into the character of Abraham Lincoln.

It will be remembered that the name of William Pitt Fessenden was next sent to the Senate for Secretary of the Treasury. His appointment grew out of this interview, and here is another of the proofs of peculiar ability in Mr. Lincoln to accommodate difficulties and reconcile differences. He saw that Mr. Fessenden would be acceptable to the Senate and country. He had long been chairman of the Finance Committee of the Senate, and was a sagacious, prudent and able man. Instead of further depression of the public credit, it rose, and never again receded.

The history of this episode in the life of Abraham Lincoln would be incomplete, and fail to illustrate the exceeding purity and generosity of his nature, without calling to mind how soon after he was able to appoint Mr. Chase Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. The great office was sought by more than one man, through friends, and there were those who thought they had secured for Mr. Chase the appointment, but Abraham Lincoln saw in it a fitting act

for his performance in that Chase was worthy of it, and this was the reason for the appointment.

The President performed a great act in this appointment, and one of which few men are capable.

It is a vain proceeding to try to correct a popular error which has universal acceptance. I suppose one might as well attempt to stem the tide of an established theology among its cohorts; yet it is due to truth to state it, as we have it from its fountains.

In the recent eulogy by Canon Farrar of General Grant, reference is made to this popular error concerning Abraham Lincoln—that he split rails. Every one, so to say, believes that Mr. Lincoln in the beginning of his life split rails on some one or more occasions. So far as it signifies that he was one of the many humble people who populated the West, and grew to the highest estate in his land, it may be accepted. But Mr. Lincoln told the writer that he never split a rail, and he described his confusion when, after his nomination for President, the people came to congratulate him, bringing on their shoulders *the* rails he had split. What should he do about it? It was not true, and his impulse was then and there to correct it; but here were masses of men taking their own means of expressing their joy at the event of his nomination. Should he dampen the ardor of his supporters on the threshold of a

campaign, or let it go on, and treat it as a means or incident in our elections?

He concluded to let it pass. The loose tradition originating in the enthusiasm and cunning of his followers has now passed into the realm of accepted facts.

Though his humble beginning gave ample room for this story, and though it seems to have contributed to the simplicity of his life rather than otherwise, as I am asked to write of him whom the nation reveres and loves, it must be done as he revealed himself to me.

One morning the writer called on the President to talk with him on some public business, and as soon as we met, he began by asking if I knew Captain Maltby, now living in California, saying, "He is visiting here and his wife is with him." I replied that I knew of him, and had heard he was in Washington. He said that when he first came to Springfield, where he was unknown, and a carpet-bag contained all he owned in the world, and he was needing friends, Captain Maltby and his wife took him into their modest dwelling; that he lived with them while he "put out his shingle" and sought business.

He had known Maltby during the period of the Black Hawk War. No one was ever treated more kindly than he was by them. He had risen in the world, and they were poor, and Captain Maltby

wanted some place which would give him a living. In fact, said he, "Maltby wants to be Superintendent of the Mint at San Francisco, but he is hardly equal to that. I want to find some place for him, and into which he will fit, and I know nothing about these things." I said: "There is a place—Superintendent of Indian Affairs in California—where the incumbent should be superseded for cause, and the place is simply a great farm, where the government supplies the means of carrying it on; there is an abundance of Indian labor, and making it produce and accounting for the products are the duties principally." He replied, "Maltby is the man for this place," and he was made entirely happy by being able to serve an old friend and good man.

Having had the closest relations with Mr. Lincoln for some years while I was Senator, many of his anecdotes, apposite stories, etc., became known to me. Yet most of them seem inconsequential, and calculated to take away from our best estimate of him, which for all great considerations had better not be disturbed.

One occurs to me as amusing and illustrative in more respects than one.

Before Fessenden took the place of Secretary of the Treasury, in 1864, he and I often jarred in the Senate. He was one of the oldest Republican Senators, and when the South seceded, the high places

of the Senate were distributed by the Republican Senators among themselves. This gave great consequence to them, and they acquired the habit of control in the body before my term began in 1863.

Then there had always been in the Senate an aristocracy of age—length of service there. This was felt by such men as Fessenden, Foster, Collamer, and others. It was my misfortune not to secure the approval of Mr. Fessenden, and unwilling to investigate our questions arising out of Spanish and Mexican origin, he was equally unwilling to take our statements in regard to them; therefore, there were frequent sharp disagreements with Mr. Fessenden, and our measures, if passed upon favorably, must be carried against him.

When he became Secretary of the Treasury his magnanimity failed him, and he carried the temper of legislative controversy into the administration of his office. At this time, or a few months after, there were two leading places in the Internal Revenue service in California to be filled. Two names had been presented by my colleague for those places, and Mr. Fessenden wished to gratify him by their appointment. No more unfit men could be chosen, and I went to the President to hinder the work of my colleague and the Secretary, saying to him that he could not afford to give commissions to the persons in question. Always considerate to me, he accepted my

statements, and by this time Mr. Fessenden had again been chosen Senator by Maine, to take office after the 4th of March next ensuing. The President, taking this into account, but not naming it, said:

"Suppose we wait awhile about this matter, and then it will be all right."

In this way he saw how to avoid discourtesy to the Secretary and at the same time accomplish his purpose. After the new Secretary came in, through Mr. Fessenden he was disposed to make, or to recommend the President to make, those offensive appointments. Calling on Mr. Lincoln again one morning on this subject, he took up a card, and, addressing his new Secretary on it as follows, closed out the transaction:

"I think that Lewis A. Gunn for assessor and Frank Soulé for collector are about right." When writing Soulé, he said:

"How do you write this? S-o-u-l-*e* with a twichet over it. Is that it?"

And, assenting, the "twichet" was put over the "e" and the transaction ended.

He had the peculiar tact of avoiding difficulties, and yet doing nearly the right thing.

One of his consummate arts in this respect does not seem to be so well known. When opposing, strong political forces brought their cases before him,

and disturbing consequences would come out of an immediate decision by him, he would let them maul each other, and wrestle like physical champions until both were "winded," tired out with the contest, and then he would decide, the defeated party being more ready to acknowledge the other was the strongest.

JOHN CONNESS.

XXXII.

JOHN B. ALLEY.

AMONG the greatest, wisest and best who ever lived in any country, was the man who was at the head of this Republic during the most trying, perplexing and desperate internal struggle that ever afflicted, destroyed, or saved a nation.

Far-seeing, sagacious, calm and modest, wherever placed—whether in humble private life or upon the highest pinnacle of fame and power—he was the same unpretending, and apparently, in his own estimation, inconsequential personage.

It was my good fortune to know him well during the whole period of his administration as President. I greatly admired him. He was a many-sided person, and for this reason, perhaps, the estimate by different individuals who had the same opportunities of knowing him, was widely different. Many of the most distinguished men of the country, who were in daily intercourse with him, thought but little of his capacity as a statesman. And while entirely true, it is hardly to be believed, that those in both houses of Congress who knew him best had so little confidence in his judgment and ability to administer the govern-

ment that very few of the members of the Senate and of the House were in favor of his renomination for the Presidency in 1864.

But the masses of the Republicans rose in their might and demanded his re-nomination and re-election. After the close of the war, when his great good judgment and his patriotism had been seen and read of all men, the conviction was universal that the wisest thing had been done in calling him for a second time to the Presidential chair.

My first knowledge of, and acquaintance with, Mr. Lincoln was in the summer of 1856. In the National Republican Convention of that year, which nominated Fremont for President, "Abe Lincoln," as the Illinois delegation familiarly called him, received a large support for the second office in the nation. He was a quaint but conspicuous character at that time, and all who knew him well seemed to love and admire him. He had the reputation then of being the finest story teller in all the "West." My acquaintance with him was very slight, until after his election as President, when I was a member of Congress—I continued as such during the whole of his Presidency.

When he was nominated for the Presidency, in 1860, Mr. Seward and his friends were greatly disappointed. Mr Seward, himself, apparently exhibited, under his discomfiture, great philosophy,

and, in the several speeches which he made urging Mr. Lincoln's election, he displayed a magnanimity that challenged the admiration of the whole Republican party. They were the ablest and most exhaustive and effective speeches that were delivered by anybody during that campaign.

Lincoln had not been long in the Presidential chair before the people seemed instinctively to perceive the kind of man that he was. When nominated, the person who first received the information in Washington was the great leader of the Northern Democracy, Stephen A. Douglas. I happened to be in the Senate Chamber when Mr. Douglas received the telegram announcing the fact. He went with me from the Senate Chamber to the House of Representatives, of which I was then a member, and a small squad of Republicans gathered around him to hear him read the telegram. After reading it, he paused for a few moments and then said of his great antagonist, "Well, gentlemen, you have nominated a very able and a very honest man."

To me he always seemed to be a very great man. In all the qualities of true greatness of character and mind he was the equal, if not the superior, of all the great statesmen that I have ever known. Of all these public men, none seemed to have so little pride of opinion. He was always learning and did not adhere to views which he found to be erroneous,

simply because he had once formed and held them. I remember that he once expressed an opinion to me, on an important matter, quite different from what he had expressed a short time before, and I said, "Mr. President, you have changed your mind entirely within a short time." He replied: "Yes, I have; and I don't think much of a man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday." A remark full of wisdom and sound philosophy. In this respect, the contrast between him and the statesmen that preceded him was very marked. A few years before, the great political lights of the day spent a great deal of time in showing to the country that their opinions upon political matters remained unchanged. When Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun Daniel Webster and John Quincy Adams were accused of changing their views, they contended, with masterly ability and great persistency, that their views were unaltered; that circumstances only had altered, not themselves; seeming to feel that it was an imputation upon their judgment to be accused of changing their mind. Mr. Lincoln was so sensible, so broad-minded, so philosophical, so noble in his nature, that he saw only increasing wisdom in enlarged experience and observation.

He was so simple, so child-like, so sincere, that it seemed to me that that was the chief reason why he was so little appreciated during his Presidency by

his compeers in public life. He exhibited a degree of wisdom and firmness of purpose, a sagacity and soundness of judgment absolutely without parallel among the statesmen of his day ; while his toleration of difference of opinion, his sagacity in harmonizing discordant elements and his politic treatment of envious and ambitious rivals, exceeded anything I have ever seen in any other of our statesmen. In illustration of this I may say, that he had in his Cabinet several rivals in whose judgment or fitness he had but little confidence. Yet he managed to make them and the country believe that he was on the most excellent terms with each and all of them.

Mr. Lincoln was, as a whole, the most unique character in all history. His quaint ways, humorous stories, always pertinent and illustrative of a point and frequently furnishing in themselves a conclusive argument, made him an enigma to many people, even to those who knew him well and considered themselves fully competent to judge and measure him.

In small and unimportant matters, Mr. Lincoln was so yielding that many thought his excessive amiability was born of weakness. But, in matters of vital importance, he was as firm as a rock. Neither Congress nor his Cabinet could, in the slightest degree, influence his action on great questions, against the convictions of his patriotic judgment.

Senator Sumner and myself called upon him, one

morning, to urge the appointment of a Massachusetts man to be a Secretary of Legation, chiefly upon the ground of his superior qualifications. We urged the appointment somewhat persistently, but Mr. Lincoln said emphatically, "No;" that he should give the place to an applicant from another State, who was backed by strong influence, although he acknowledged that he did not think him fit for the position. We were naturally indignant, and wished to know if one of acknowledged fitness was to be rejected because he was a Massachusetts man, and one whom he was willing to say was not fit, was to be appointed. "Yes," said the President, "that is just the reason" —and facetiously added, "I suppose you two Massachusetts gentlemen think that your State could furnish suitable men for every diplomatic and consulate station the Government has to fill." We replied that we thought it could. He appeased our displeasure by saying he thought so too, and that he considered Massachusetts the banner State of the Union, and admired its institutions and people so much that he had sent his "Bob," meaning his son Robert, to Harvard for an education. He said he could do nothing further in the way of appointments for Massachusetts, because he could not afford to and she did not need it. Massachusetts, he said, was intelligent and patriotic. Her people would do right and support his administration, even if he offended

scores of her most esteemed public men. "But," he added, "not so with this other State. It is a close State. I can mention half a dozen of her public men, Republicans, who have influence enough, combined, if I should seriously offend them, to carry the State over to the other side. For this reason," he concluded, "I cannot afford to disregard the wishes of these men." His reasons, together with his shrewd compliment to Massachusetts, restored our good humor, and we went away satisfied.

It was generally believed by many of the friends of Mr. Seward, that the latter ran the administration. Nothing could be farther from the fact. I know, of my own personal knowledge, that Mr. Lincoln would not allow Mr. Seward to send any very important dispatch to England, until he had first shown it to Senator Sumner, who was chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations. Mr. Lincoln once told me that he had the greatest confidence in the judgment of our Massachusetts Senator in everything pertaining to foreign relations. One day Mr. Seward wrote a dispatch, to be sent to England, to which Mr. Sumner strongly objected. Both gentlemen were summoned to the White House with the dispatch. Mr. Lincoln said that it must not be sent. He took his pen, erased a portion and interlined his own words. He said that he feared a war with England, should the dispatch, as first written, be sent. It was

sent as corrected by the President. I was told of this confidentially at the time, and never mentioned it to any one until some years afterwards. When Grant was President, the dispatch was discovered in the archives of the State Department and exhibited one day to Grant and his Cabinet as illustrative of the wisdom of Lincoln. Grant exclaimed, "What prudence and sound judgment this incident displays!"

Mr. Lincoln was always just and magnanimous. His conduct toward Chief-Justice Chase was an exhibition of magnanimity and freedom from all revengeful and petty feelings, seldom animating a human bosom. When Mr. Chase was dismissed—as he regarded it—from the Cabinet, he visited some of his old friends in New England—among others, myself. He was exceedingly bitter and denunciatory of Mr. Lincoln, and so open in his opposition that some of his friends rebuked him. They warned him that it would injure his chance for the Chief-Justiceship. They reminded him that the Republican party generally looked to him as the most fitting successor of Chief-Justice Roger B. Taney, whose health was greatly impaired, and who, it was clearly seen, could not long survive. In a few weeks Mr. Taney died, and Mr. Chase became a prominent candidate. He expressed an ardent desire to obtain the appointment. Senator Sumner and myself, who were great friends and admirers of Mr. Chase, went to Wash-

ington to plead with the President in his behalf. We found, to our dismay, that the President had heard of these bitter criticisms of Mr. Chase upon himself and his administration. Mr. Lincoln urged many of Mr. Chase's defects, to discover, as we afterwards learned, how his objections could be answered. We were both discouraged and made up our minds that the President did not mean to appoint Mr. Chase. It really seemed too much to expect of poor human nature. But early one morning I went to the White House, found the President in his library, and was cordially received. As I entered he made to me this declaration: "I have something to tell you that will make you happy. I have just sent Mr. Chase word that he is to be appointed Chief-Justice, and you are the first man I have told of it." I said: "Mr. President, this is an exhibition of magnanimity and patriotism that could hardly be expected of any one. After what he has said against your administration, which has undoubtedly been reported to you, it was hardly to be expected that you would bestow the most important office within your gift on such a man." His quaint reply was: "Although I may have appeared to you and to Mr. Sumner to have been opposed to Chase's appointment, there never has been a moment since the breath left old Taney's body that I did not conceive it to be the best thing to do to appoint Mr. Chase to that high office; and to

have done otherwise I should have been recreant to my convictions of duty to the Republican party and to the country." I repeated again my sense of his magnanimity and his patriotism in making the appointment. He replied: "As to his talk about me, I do not mind that. Chase is, on the whole, a pretty good fellow and a very able man. His only trouble is that he has 'the White House fever' a little too bad, but I hope this may cure him and that he will be satisfied."

An instance of Mr. Lincoln's great firmness and sagacity was exhibited when all the Republican senators, save one, voted to appoint a committee to wait upon the President and ask for the dismissal of a member of his Cabinet, believing and alleging his disloyalty to the administration. He gave no heed to their request, but afterwards remarked, that he could take care of a secret enemy in his Cabinet, if he had one, a great deal easier than he could take care of an open enemy, if he was a man of power, outside of the Cabinet. Those senators afterwards saw and acknowledged his superior wisdom; but it was a fearful thing for a President to disregard the unanimous request of the United States Senate.

No man was ever more thoroughly imbued with the conviction of the wickedness and cruelty of slavery than Mr. Lincoln. He who had "Charity

for all and malice toward none," could not overlook and forgive the slave-trader. While I was in Congress, a petition was sent me from the city of Newburyport, in my district, numerously signed, praying the President to pardon a man in jail in that city. He had been convicted of commanding a vessel engaged in the slave-trade, and was sentenced to several years' imprisonment and a fine of one thousand dollars. He had served out his term of imprisonment, but could not pay his fine. The petition was accompanied by a letter, from the prisoner, to the President, and by a request that I would present the petition and letter to Mr. Lincoln in person. The letter contained an urgent and pathetic appeal for pardon, acknowledging the crime and the justice of the sentence, and declaring that he must spend his life in prison if the condition of freedom was the payment of that fine, for he had not a cent in the world. The President read the letter and petition, and remarked: "I believe I am kindly enough in nature and can be moved to pity and to pardon the perpetrator of almost the worst crime that the mind of man can conceive or the arm of man can execute; but any man, who, for paltry gain and stimulated only by avarice, can rob Africa of her children to sell into interminable bondage, I never will pardon, and he may stay and rot in jail before he will ever get relief from me."

He was so kind-hearted and lenient, and virtually set aside so many sentences of courts martial, that the commanding generals remonstrated very often, insisting that he was ruining the discipline of the army.

I never asked him to pardon a soldier or to release one from the army, for good cause, that he did not do it. On one occasion I was at the White House and in the ante-room were scores of people waiting for an opportunity to obtain admission to see the President. At the end of the room sat a gray headed old man upon the window seat, sobbing as though his heart would break. Moved by compassion I asked him what his trouble was. He said that his darling boy, 19 years of age, was sentenced to be shot, and he had been waiting two days to see the President but could not get in, and to-morrow noon the boy was to be shot. I asked him to follow me, saying that I would take him in to see the President. He told his story to Mr. Lincoln, who replied with much feeling that he could not do it, for the commanding general had just telegraphed him from Fortress Monroe, where the boy was, imploring him to cease interfering with the sentences of courts martial. But the abundant tears and imploring looks of the old man were too much for the kind-hearted President. He said, "Let the generals telegraph, if they please, but I am going

to pardon that young soldier." He immediately sent a dispatch to suspend the execution of the sentence until further orders from him. Thereupon the old man burst out crying afresh, and in a tremulous voice said, "Mr. President, that is not a pardon, it only asks for a suspension until further orders from you." "My dear man," exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, "if your son lives until I order him shot, he will live longer than ever Methusaleh did." The old man departed, invoking blessings upon the head of the good President.

Mr. Lincoln was a thorough and most adroit politician as well as statesman, and in politics always adopted the means to the end, fully believing that in vital issues, "success was a duty."

In further illustration of this feeling and sentiment, I need only refer to his action and conduct in procuring the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. It required a two-thirds vote of Congress to enable the amendments to the Constitution to be sent to the legislatures for ratification, and there were two votes lacking to make two-thirds, which, Mr. Lincoln said, "must be procured." Two members of the House were sent for and Mr. Lincoln said that those two votes must be procured. When asked, "How?" he remarked: "I am President of the United States, clothed with great power. The abolition of slavery by constitu-

tional provision settles the fate, for all coming time, not only of the millions now in bondage, but of unborn millions to come—a measure of such importance that *those two votes must be procured.* I leave it to you to determine how it shall be done; but remember that I am President of the United States, clothed with immense power, and I expect you to procure those votes." These gentlemen understood the significance of the remark. The votes were procured, the constitutional amendment was passed and slavery was abolished forever.

Some, I know, would criticise Mr. Lincoln's methods. But he was a thorough politician, and believed most fully that in this case the consequences resulting from his action justified him in resorting to almost any means to procure for that down-trodden race such a boon.

He never failed in obtaining a confirmation by the Senate of any of his nominations, or in carrying through Congress any measure that he cared much about. He used his patronage where he thought it "would do the most good," in accomplishing the object desired, if that object was an important one to the country.

One of Mr. Lincoln's greatest weaknesses seemed to be in being more or less oblivious to the faults of dear friends. Once he made an exceedingly obnoxious nomination for a United States Judgeship. A

large majority of the Senate were indignant and opposed to the nomination. The nominee was a very old friend of the President and he was determined to have him confirmed. A distinguished senator told me that the Senate would never vote to confirm. I replied, "You do not know Mr. Lincoln. He greatly desires the confirmation, and it will be done." "Never, never," said he. But he was confirmed, and Senator Sumner was the only one who spoke against it.

Mr. Lincoln, though not parsimonious, was a frugal man. He told me that when he came to Washington, he was worth about $15,000. When he died, his administrator, Judge Davis, said that he left about $75,000, being one of the very few Presidents who went out of the office as well off as when they went in.

Mr. Lincoln did not claim to be, and was not, an orator in the highest sense, yet he was a powerful and persuasive speaker, a good lawyer and great advocate. Judge Richardson, of Illinois, a democrat of democrats, himself a great debater, as the records of both houses of Congress show, told me that he met Lincoln once in the conflict of debate upon the stump, and he said that Lincoln annihilated him, and he regarded him as the ablest debater, with perhaps a single exception, that ever trod the soil of Illinois.

He was anxious, as the time for his re-election was approaching, that that element of the democratic party which rendered us such powerful aid in the war, should be represented on the National ticket. Therefore the second place on the ticket was offered to General Butler, but he declined, unless the President would agree to die in three months after his inauguration. It was then offered, at Mr. Lincoln's request, to Andrew Johnson, a pretty poor selection as compared with that venerable patriot and statesman, Vice-President Hannibal Hamlin.

Mr. Lincoln personally told me that General Scott was responsible for the appointment of General McClellan to the head of the army—entirely so. He himself was not a military man—did not pretend to be—and yet I never found any one of the leading generals, or any civilian, who had such a clear and accurate knowledge of all the movements of the army, and who conceived and understood so perfectly their strategic movements.

He was in no sense a brilliant conversationalist, yet he was so logical in his discourse and his illustrations were so pertinent, that he always commanded the attention, and seldom failed to excite the admiration of his listeners. In conversation with some of the most eminent senators during Mr. Lincoln's administration, it was remarked that Mr. Lincoln had said some things which exhibited more pro-

found thought, more intellectual grasp and more power of statement than anything that had ever been said by mortal man. Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, all must admit, is a demonstration of this statement.

He was an exceedingly patient and even-tempered man. I have often seen him placed in the most provoking and trying positions, and never but once knew him to lose his temper. That was the day after he had received very bad news from the army. A couple of office-seekers who knew him well, intercepted him, on his way from the White House to the War Department, and teased him for an office which he told them he could not give. They persisted in their importunity until it was unbearable. The President, evidently worn out by care and anxiety, turned upon them, and such an angry and terrific tirade, against those two incorrigible bores, I never before heard from the lips of mortal man.

Mr. Lincoln greatly deplored the indiscriminate abuse of public men. The effect of which was to keep out of the public service many sensitive men, who were able, patriotic and wise. I told him an anecdote, once, told me by one of Daniel Webster's most intimate and cherished friends. Mr. Webster was accused of using the secret service money of the State Department for his own private use while Secretary of State, and a committee of investigation

was appointed—at the head of which was Jefferson Davis. The committee exonerated Webster, and Mr. Davis related of John Quincy Adams, that Mr. Adams and Mr. Webster at that time were very hostile to each other and were not on speaking terms. He said Mr. Adams came to him and begged him not to allow any political or personal hostility to influence him to taint the reputation, in the slightest degree, of Mr. Webster, unless the proof was of the most positive character—for, said he, Mr. Webster is a very great man, of world-wide renown, and to taint his reputation would be an irreparable injury to the nation. The glory and wealth of a nation consists not in its material interests so much as in the name and fame of her distinguished and great men. The *chief* glory and wealth of England consisted in the great historic names of which she was so justly proud. Mr. Lincoln exclaimed, "How just, noble and patriotic such sentiments were—and oh!" said he, "if the Press of this country could be made to inhale something of this spirit of patriotism and fairness—what would I not give?"

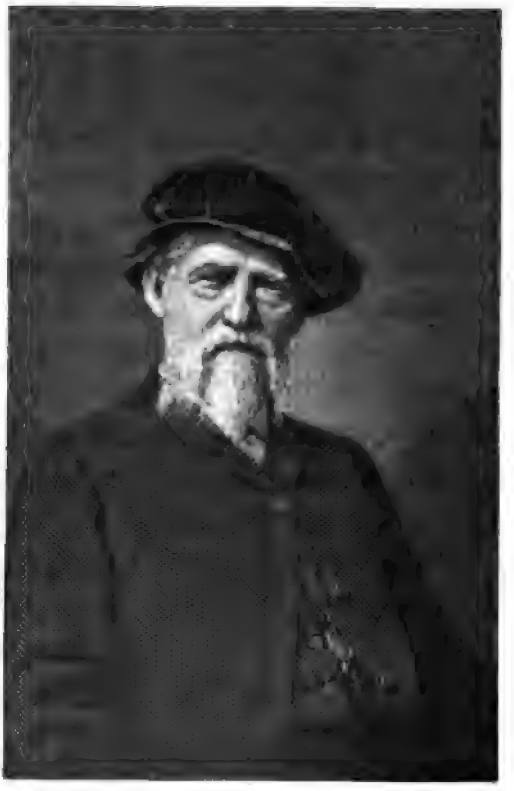
In his religious views, Mr. Lincoln was very nearly what we would call a freethinker. While he reflected a great deal upon religious subjects, he communicated his thoughts to a very few. He had little faith in the popular religion of the times. He

had a broad conception of the goodness and power of an overruling Providence, and said to me, one day, that he felt assured the author of our being, whether called God or Nature, it mattered little which, would deal very mercifully with poor erring humanity in the other, and he hoped better, world. He was as free as possible from all sectarian thought, feeling or sentiment. No man was more tolerant of the opinion and feelings of others in the direction of religious sentiment, or had less faith in religious dogmas. By many people he was thought to be a spiritualist. This was very far from being true. At the time he lost his little son, to whom he was greatly attached, Mrs. Lincoln sought consolation and comfort from the spiritualists, and I think she did believe in spiritualism. It is probable that the frequent visits of spiritualists at the White House, which the President permitted chiefly as a matter of consolation to Mrs. Lincoln, were the cause of the circulation of such a report. While Mr. Lincoln was perfectly honest and upright, and led a blameless life, he was in no sense what might be considered a religious man. His morality was of the highest type. He was truly good as he was truly great.

Wonderful man! I never expect to look upon thy like again!

JOHN B. ALLEY.

THE
HUGUENOT
SOCIETY



Thomas Hicks

XXXIII.

THOMAS HICKS.

WHEN the news of Mr. Lincoln's nomination reached the City of New York, a leading publishing house engaged me to go to Springfield to paint a portrait of him, a lithograph of which was to be used in the coming campaign. A day later, I happened to be in the editorial rooms of the New York *Tribune*, when Horace Greeley returned from the Chicago Convention. As he entered, stained with the dust and grime of travel, the staff crowded around him in great excitement to hear from him the details of the Convention. While he was relating some of the stirring incidents of that memorable day, he took, from the side pocket of his coat, a wood-cut which appeared like a caricature of a very plain man, and holding it up, that all might see it, he said, with an air of triumph: "There, I say, that is a good head to go before the people;" and we all agreed that it was. This picture had been made quickly, when Mr. Lincoln's chances for the nomination became probable, and was roughly done; but it suggested a man of strong character.

After the excitement had somewhat quieted, I told them I was commissioned to paint a portrait of Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Dana kindly gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Herndon, of Springfield, who was a former partner of Mr. Lincoln.

With Dana's letter, my luggage and my painting traps, I left New York on Friday evening and arrived at Chicago Monday morning, and was disappointed to find that there was no train to Springfield before five in the afternoon; but the day was serene, and, as I was strolling by the lake, I saw many newly-arrived Swedes, scattered in groups of men, women and children, who were washing their clothes in the lake, after the long and dreary voyage. These emigrants, as they worked in the broad sunlight against the blue water, with their sunburnt faces and their native costumes, were very picturesque, and I could not resist the temptation of making some hurried sketches of them.

After an entertaining and delightful day, at five o'clock, I took the night train for Springfield, where I arrived at daylight; and having ascertained, at my hotel, that Mr. Herndon lived quite out of the town, after breakfasting, I went in search of him, and found him working among the flowers in the garden in front of his house. I gave him Mr. Dana's letter, which seemed to please him, and he

asked many questions about his friend Dana and other friends in the East. As the sequel to our pleasant conversation, he courteously invited me to take a family breakfast with him, which I had to decline; we, however, arranged that he should call at my hotel at nine o'clock, and go with me to Mr. Lincoln's office, which I found was in a building in proximity to the State House.

Herndon came in due time; and when I stood in the presence of a tall, gaunt man, with a pleasant expression on his well-marked features, and had a genial, hearty hand-shake from his long, swinging arm, I saw that in my subject there was plenty of character with which to make a desirable likeness. When he had read Dana's letter, which explained the object of my visit, he said: "Yes, I will do in this matter what my friends in New York wish of me; and I am much obliged to you, sir, for coming so far to paint my likeness for them." He then asked me if I wanted a particular kind of light for my work. There was a very suitable light in his office, and it was quickly arranged that I should do my work there, and that he should give me sittings from eight to nine o'clock in the morning, and at any time during the remainder of the day when he was not too much engaged. In an hour I had the easel up and had commenced the first sitting. Mr. Lincoln was already taking an interest in the work;

and, at the conclusion of the sitting, during which I had made the usual charcoal sketch, looking at it, he said, "I see the likeness, sir."

Mr. Lincoln had given up his law practice, that he might devote his time to the campaign. From ten o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, he had many visitors, most of whom were from the Northern and Western States. Many of them were strangers who came to pay their respects to him, and others came to re-establish old friendships or to strengthen new ones; but all were delighted to listen to his quaint remarks and humorous stories.

During one of the usual sittings a gentleman from Massachusetts called, and, introducing himself, said, he was on his way to St. Louis and had stopped over at Springfield to pay his respects to the future President. Mr. Lincoln asked his guest many questions, concerning the prospects of Republican success in the Eastern States, and got from him very hopeful answers. Alluding to the portrait in progress, he remarked: "I suppose, Mr. Lincoln, you have to give a good deal of your time to this kind of work." Mr. Lincoln said, "No, this is the first time that I have had this specific sort of picture made, but I have had the sun pictures made several times." On the office wall was hanging a very dark photograph with a light background, and his guest from the East said, "I see a photograph of you

there," pointing to the one on the wall, "but it does not appear to have any sun in it." "No," said Mr. Lincoln, with his peculiar smile, "Parson Brownlow says I am a nigger; and if he had judged alone from that picture, he would have had some ground for his assertion."

I found that Mr. Lincoln's temper was even, his voice mild and persuasive, and that the habit of his mind was to advise, rather than to rebuke, which was exemplified in the following incident. My color tubes were on a table at the side of the room. One day Mr. Lincoln's little son, Tad, with a companion, came noiselessly into the office. His father was sitting at his desk with his back to them, and so absorbed that he did not hear them come in. I was busy with the portrait. The little fellows got among my paints. They took the brightest blue, yellow and red. Then they squeezed from a tube, into their little palms, a lot of the red, and smeared it on the wall; then they took the blue and smeared that in another place, and afterward they smeared the yellow. I saw their excitement and mischief from the beginning, but held my peace and enjoyed watching the enthusiastic young colorists, as they made their first effort in brilliant wall decoration, while, getting the paint all over their hands, their faces and their clothes, the little fellows were as still as mice. At this juncture of affairs, Tad's father

turned in his chair and saw their condition and what they had done. He said, in the mildest tone and with the greatest affection, "Boys! boys! you mustn't meddle with Mr. Hicks's paints; now run home and have your faces and hands washed;" and the little fellows took his advice and left the office without a word. Mr. Lincoln was often silent and thoughtful, but he never wore a frown, and I loved him from my first day with him.

One morning, when he was giving me an unusually early sitting, two tall, handsome, young men came into the office without announcing their names. Mr. Lincoln shook hands with them in his hearty, welcoming way, and asked them to sit opposite to him, "so that," as he put it, "the gentleman can go on with his work." He began to talk to his young visitors about the weather, which was very fine just at that time. He asked them, when they came to Springfield? How the crops were their way? and many other questions, getting only monosyllabic answers. Then there was a long pause, and I saw that he was puzzled. Finally, he broke the silence by saying: "The folks are all well?" One of the young men said: "Mother is not well, and she sent us up to inquire of you how the suit about the Wells property is getting on." Mr. Lincoln, in the same even tone of voice with which he had asked the questions, said: "Give my best wishes and respects

to your mother, and tell her that I have so many outside matters to attend to now, that I have put that case and others in the hands of a lawyer friend of mine, and if you will call on him (giving name and address) he will give you the information you want." After they had gone, I said: "Mr. Lincoln, you did not seem to know the young men?" He laughed and said, "No, I had never seen them before, and I had to beat about the bush till I found who they were. It was uphill work, but I topped it at last." Then visitors came in and the sitting closed for the morning.

As the work on the portrait advanced, Mr. Lincoln became more and more interested in its progress. At one time he said, "It interests me to see how, by adding a touch here and a touch there, you make it look more like me. I do not understand it, but I see it is a vocation in which the work is very fine." I said, "That is the reason why painting is called one of the fine arts." He said, "I once read a book which gave an account of some Italian painters and their work in the fifteenth century, and, taking the author's statement for it, they must have had a great talent for the work they had to do." Then visitors claimed his attention for the rest of the day.

Once, during a sitting, I asked Mr. Lincoln how he first heard the news of his nomination. He said, "There were a dozen or twenty of us in the tele-

graph office, and we were receiving dispatches from the convention every few minutes, and as they came the operator handed them to me to read to those present. Then one came announcing that my name was before the convention, but I had no idea that there was any chance of my nomination. However, the next dispatch brought the report. I couldn't read this one to them, so I said, there is a little woman down at the house who will be interested in this, and, handing them the dispatch, I left them to discuss it among themselves; and this is the way I first got the news."

The Republican State Convention was over, and Richard Yates had received the nomination for governor. He was frequently in the office consulting with Mr. Lincoln on the politics of the State, and it was a streak of good luck for Yates that he had for his adviser a man so wise, discreet and determined. The Democratic State Convention was in session the week I was in Springfield, and an interesting episode it was. After the daily adjournments the delegates used to come in squads of ten or twenty to pay their respects to Mr. Lincoln, and the odd thing about these calls was, that, in shaking hands with him, they invariably addressed him as Mr. President. Some of them, more familiar than others, before the interview was over, would end by calling him Abe.

The final adjournment of the Democratic State Convention recalls an incident which occurred on the night train from Springfield to Pittsburgh, on my return East. Many of the delegates who were going to attend the Democratic National Convention to be held in Baltimore took the train in which I was. They were a noisy crowd, mostly occupying one car, and it was evident that they intended making a night of it. I had placed in charge of the porter of the sleeper, the box containing the portrait, and he had locked it in a small room at the end of the car. I turned into my section and was soon asleep. Some time in the night, I was awakened by the loud talking of several men, and I heard one of them say to the porter: "We hear that there is in this car a picture of Abe Lincoln, and it's no use talking any more about it, we mean to have it trotted out." The porter said: "It is locked up and the gentleman has the key." "Well," said he, "where is the man who has the key?" The porter had betrayed me, and the men came to my berth. I feigned sleep. One of them shook me, saying, "Here, mister—I say, wake up! wake up! There is a lot of us in the other car, and we want to see Old Abe's picture, and the man there," pointing to the porter, "says you've got the key, and you had better let us have it just as quick as you can, for we are bound to have some fun out of it to-night."

Said I, "Neighbor, I am very tired and sleepy, and I wish you would go away. I have not got the key, and, if you will go away now, we will talk about seeing the picture in the morning." With a parting word to the porter, which I did not catch the import of, they left the car. In the morning I saw nothing of the delegates to the Baltimore Convention, and the box was not opened till it reached my studio in New York.

The portrait was finished; and Mr. Lincoln had taken great interest in its progress and had expressed himself as pleased with the result. He said, "It will give the people of the East a correct idea how I look at home, and, in fact, how I look in my office. I think the picture has a somewhat pleasanter expression than I usually have, but that, perhaps, is not an objection."

Mrs. Lincoln was to have come to the office to see the portrait, but on the day appointed it was very rainy, so I had it taken to the house. It was carried to the drawing-room, where I put it in a proper light to be seen, and placed a chair for Mrs. Lincoln. Sitting down before it, she said, "Yes, that is Mr. Lincoln. It is exactly like him, and his friends in New York will see him as he looks here at home. How I wish I could keep it, or have a copy of it."

The residence of Mr. Lincoln in Springfield was a

A. LINCOLN.

FROM AN ORIGINAL PAINTING BY THOMAS HICKS.

two-story wooden house, with an extension at the rear, and was painted in quiet, neutral tints. It stood in the angle of two streets in the suburbs of the town, with a yard on each side of it, with shade trees. There was an air of domesticity about it which suggested a peaceful and happy home.

Mr. Lincoln had a large number of acquaintances with whom he was more or less intimate, men who respected him and whom he respected. But the one man, in those days, who was always with him, with whom he advised, in whom he confided, with whom he talked over the Constitution of the United States in its relations to slavery, the condition of the South, and the mutterings of the slave-owners, whose views accorded with his own, whom he held by the hand as a brother, was O. H. Browning, of Quincy. The future President cracked his jokes and told inimitable stories, by way of illustrating some question or argument, with a hundred men, during the week I was there, and always in his quaint way, with aptness and an abundant good-humor. But when he and Browning were alone together, they discussed with thoughtful consideration many events which might occur, among which were the threatening of an unnecessary civil war, the cruelties of which, fortunately, could not be foreseen, in those peaceful days, by his friends and neighbors in the quiet town of Springfield. But Mr. Lincoln had intuitively be-

gun to face the future and to brace his nerves for the impending conflict. The subjects of these frequent conferences between the coming man and his friend, though vaguely outlined at the time, were not merely speculative, but they were prophetic; and, from the day of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration to the day of his death, he saw these anticipations fulfilled in all the horrors of a fratricidal war.

Seeing Mr. Lincoln under a variety of circumstances and in the intimate relation of the sitter and the painter, I observed the leading traits of his character. But when I saw him in Washington, three years later, the elements which I had studied in our intercourse at Springfield, and others, newly developed, were so broadened and sharpened by the great events of the time, both of success and disaster, that he seemed almost transfigured by the change.

Dining with Mr. Herndon toward the last days of my stay in Springfield and talking of our subject, I asked about his courage; he answered me by saying, "Lincoln never had any personal fear, and he has the courage of a lion. In the old political struggles in this State, I have seen him go upon the platform, when a dozen revolvers were drawn on him, but before he had spoken twenty words they would go back into the pockets of their owners; and such were the methods of his eloquence that, likely as not, these men would be the first to shake hands with him

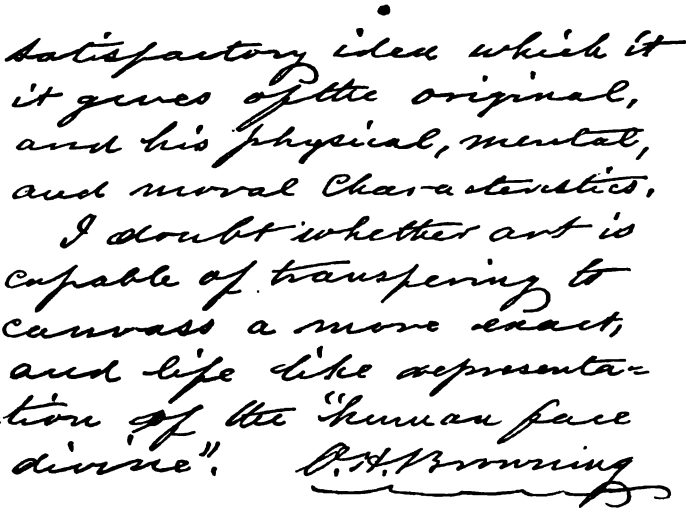
when he came among them after the meeting. Lincoln is a number one man in every way. But he was not my first choice for president. Theodore Parker was my first choice, and what a splendid president he would have made."

The sittings for the portrait were concluded, and the likeness was approved by the family and the towns-people. While it was still on exhibition in Mr. Lincoln's office, Mr. Browning placed in my hand the subjoined letter:

Springfield Illinois
June 13. 1860

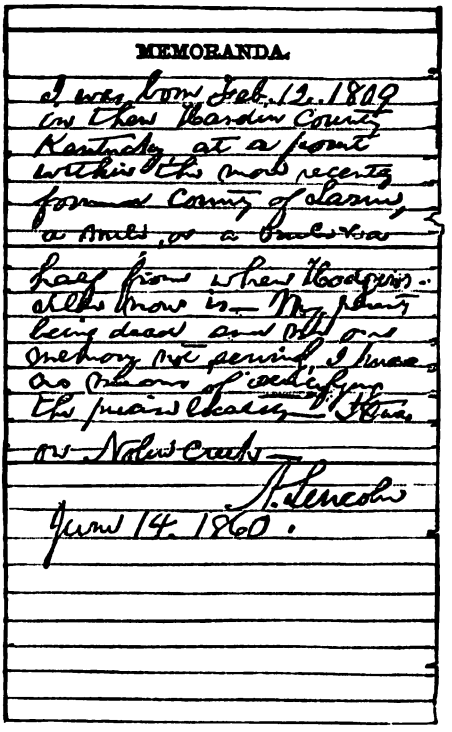
I have carefully examined the portrait of Hon A. Lincoln painted by Thomas Hicks Esqr, and do not hesitate to pronounce it a great success.

I have known Mr Lincoln intimately for many years, and was present and in conversation with him much of the time whilst it was being painted, and cannot adequately express my admiration of the fidelity of the picture, and the perfect and


satisfactory idea which it
it gives of the original,
and his physical, mental,
and moral characteristics.
I doubt whether art is
capable of transpiring to
canvass a more exact,
and life like representa-
tion of the "human face
divine". O. H. Browning

When the portrait was ready for transportation, I went to say good-bye, and to thank Mr. Lincoln for his kindness in giving to me so much of his time. He said, "I have been interested in the painting, and I appreciate the desire of my Eastern friends to have my portrait, and I am glad that you were selected to make the likeness, as it gives great satisfaction." Thanking him for his kind words, I then said, "Mr. Lincoln, you are to be the next President of the United States, and the people will want a picture of your birthplace. If you will tell me where it is, we will not trouble you again about it," handing him, at the same time, a small memorandum-book. He took the little book, and, while holding it in his hand, an expression came on his face, for half a moment, which I had not seen there be-

fore. It was a puzzled, melancholy sort of shadow that had settled on his rugged features, and his eyes had an inexpressible sadness in them, with a far-away look, as if they were searching for something they had seen long, long years ago: then, as quickly as it came, that expression vanished, and, with a pencil he wrote afterward in the little book:



MEMORANDA.

I was born Feb. 12. 1809
in then Hardin County
Kentucky at a point
within the now recently
formed County of Larue,
a mile, or a mile & a
half from where Hodgens-
ville now is — My parents
being dead and my own
memory not serving, I have
no means of certifying
the precise locality — I have
on Nolin Creek —

A. Lincoln

June 14. 1860.

So, no one knows his birthplace; but countless thousands followed him toward his grave, and we all know where he lies buried.

THOMAS HICKS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

I.

General U. S. Grant.

THIS famous soldier is one of the few great historical personages who lived in comparative obscurity until he was forty, a period Victor Hugo describes as the "old age of youth." Grant was born at Mount Pleasant, Ohio, April 23, 1822. He left West Point in 1843, and joined the Fourth Infantry as second lieutenant. He served under General Taylor on the Rio Grande, in 1846, and took part in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Monterey. He served also under Scott before Vera Cruz, and participated in every engagement between that city and Mexico. He received honorable mention in dispatches, and promotion for gallant conduct at Molino del Rey and Chapultepec. He left the army in 1854 and settled in St. Louis. Not being successful there, even according to his modest ambition, he went to Galena, Illinois, and struggled against fortune in obscurity till the war broke out, when he offered his services to the government. The first success that brought him to the notice of his superiors was the capture of Belmont, Mo., and the next was the capture of Fort Donelson. The fall of this stronghold acted as a flash of light thrown across the path of the National Government in its darkest hour, and Grant was thanked by Congress and promoted to the rank of major-general of volunteers. After this came the capture of Vicksburg, a great military achievement, and all eyes were turned upon the rising and always successful general. His promotion was rapid and deserved. Victory followed victory, and grade followed grade, in regular order, until the obscure Galena tanner commanded a million men, and Appomattox crowned his combinations.

The most brilliant campaign of Grant was the series of strategic movements by which Johnston and Pemberton were defeated in detail behind Vicksburg, and the fortress was finally captured. But the act of conciliation toward the South, when he met her military representative in the person of Lee at Appomattox Court-House, is that which throws most luster on his character, and most endears his memory to civilization. He was elected President in 1868, and again in 1872. He made the tour of the world in 1877, and was received everywhere by the people with enthusiasm, as the representative of successful democracy, and by their rulers with marked distinction. In 1884 he contracted a painful and dangerous throat disease, and this, added to great financial disasters which overtook him a year later, broke him down completely. He died at Mount McGregor on the 23d July, 1885, and was mourned by the whole American people—North and South—as a man was never mourned before. His last days were dedicated to a sacred service, the compiling of his military memoirs with the purpose of securing a competency for his family after his death. It is satisfactory to know that his most sanguine wishes in that regard were realized.

II.

ELIHU B. WASHBURNE.

Mr. WASHBURNE, of Illinois, is a native of Livermore (in Oxford County), Maine, and worked on a farm until sixteen years of age. He then passed two years in a printing office, to learn the art of printing and the newspaper business. The last year he spent in the office of the *Kennebec Journal*, the leading Whig organ in the State of Maine, then edited and published by the Hon. Luther Severance, subsequently a Member of Congress from the Kennebec District, and Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands. Mr. Washburne's health failing, he was obliged to abandon the newspaper business. He then prepared himself at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary for the study of the legal profession. On concluding his preliminary studies, he entered the law office of Hon. John Otis, of Hallowell, Maine, subsequently Member of Congress.

After pursuing his studies in the office of Mr. Otis for two years, Mr. Washburne entered Harvard Law School, where he graduated in the

spring of 1840, and was admitted to the Massachusetts bar. In March, 1840, he emigrated to the West, and located at Galena, Illinois, in April of that year. In 1844, he was elected a delegate to the National Whig Convention at Baltimore, which nominated Mr. Clay. In 1846, he was appointed by Governor Ford, of Illinois, prosecuting attorney for the Joe Davies County Court, which office he held for two years. In 1852, he was again sent to the National Whig Convention held at Baltimore, which nominated General Scott. In November of the same year he was elected to Congress, as a Whig, from the First Congressional District of Illinois. He was subsequently re-elected as a Republican for eight consecutive terms. He resigned his seat after entering upon his ninth term, to become Secretary of State in the first Cabinet of General Grant. Mr. Washburne was in the House of Representatives during the whole time that Mr. Lincoln was President, and the most intimate and confidential relations always existed between them. General Grant appointed him Minister to France. Presenting his letters of credence to the Emperor on the 23d of May, 1869, Minister Washburne continued to occupy his position until the fall of the Empire, September 4, 1870, and after that acted as Minister to the Provisional Government of the National Defense, and subsequently the French Republic. On the breaking out of the Franco-German war, at the request of the Government of the North German Confederation, and with the consent of the French Government as well as his own, he took under his protection, as American Minister, the subjects of the North German Confederation then residing in France. He was subsequently charged with the protection of the subjects of Saxony, Darmstadt, and Hesse Grand Duchy. He remained in Paris during the entire siege, and the days of the Commune, and during that time was charged with the protection of ten other nationalities whose representatives had fled from Paris. He was practically the German Minister in France for eleven months, and in constant official correspondence with the Prince de Bismarck. He received the warmest thanks from the German Emperor for the services he had rendered to his subjects, and after Mr. Washburne had retired, the old Kaiser presented him with a full-length portrait of himself in token of his appreciation of the services he had rendered.

Soon after the election of Mr. Hayes, Mr. Washburne asked for his letters of recall, after a service of eight years and a half, a longer time than the position had ever been held by any American Minister. On his return to this country, in the fall of 1877, he took up his residence in Chicago, where he has since lived as a private citizen, taking no part in political affairs, but devoting himself to literary pursuits.

III.

GEORGE W. JULIAN.

GEORGE W. JULIAN was born near Centreville, Wayne Co., Indiana, on the 5th of May, 1817. His parents were pioneer settlers of the State, and his only educational opportunities were such common schools as a frontier settlement afforded. By industry and perseverance he qualified himself for teaching, and followed the business over three years, after which he entered upon the study of the law, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. He began his political life a Whig, and in 1845 was chosen a representative to the State legislature. Through his Quaker training he became warmly interested in the slavery question, and in 1848 severed his party relations, and was sent as a delegate to the famous Buffalo Convention of that year, giving his zealous support to Van Buren and Adams. In 1849, he was elected by the Free-soilers and Democrats of the Fourth Indiana District as a member of the Thirty-first Congress, in which he championed the homestead policy and signalized his hostility to the famous compromise measures. Owing to the reaction which followed the triumph of these measures, he was not returned to Congress in 1851, but in 1852 the Free-soil National Convention, which met in Pittsburg, nominated him for Vice-President on the ticket with John P. Hale. After the Whig Party disbanded, he vigorously opposed the Know-nothing movement which followed, and took a leading part in the formation of the Republican Party, being chosen a delegate to its first national convention, at Pittsburg, in 1856, of which he was a vice-president and chairman of the Committee on Organization. In 1860, he was re-elected to Congress, and remained there till March, 1871, serving ten years on the Committee on Public Lands, and eight years as its chairman. He was also a member of the famous Committee on the Conduct of the War, of the Committee on Reconstruction, of the committee which prepared articles of impeachment against Andrew Johnson, and of the National Committee appointed to convey the remains of President Lincoln to Illinois. Both in Congress and out, he has strenuously opposed the monopoly and plunder of the public domain. He pleaded for a vigorous prosecution of the war and the policy of striking at slavery as its cause, while he took the lead in advocating negro suffrage and the arming of the blacks. In 1868, he proposed a constitutional amendment forbidding the denial of the ballot to any citizen on account of race, color or sex. In 1872, he joined the Liberal Republican movement, and zealously supported

Horace Greeley for President. While always maintaining an attitude of party independence, he has taken an active part in every presidential campaign since that date. He has not, however, sought any office, and his later years have been mainly devoted to literary work. A volume of his speeches was published in 1872, and in 1884 appeared his "Political Recollections." He is still occasionally heard from in the magazines.

IV.

REUBEN E. FENTON.

MR. FENTON was born in Carroll, Chatauqua County, N. Y., on the 11th of July, 1819. He was educated at Pleasant Hill and Fredonia academies, and studied law, but did not practice. The future governor of the Empire State evinced a decided taste for mercantile pursuits, and as decided a distaste for legal studies, and hence became a merchant, and a very successful one, while still comparatively a young man. He was a Whig in politics, drifted naturally into the Republican Party on its formation, and was looked upon as one of its ablest leaders in the State of New York. In 1857 he was elected to Congress, and was repeatedly re-elected until 1864, when he became Governor of the State, running against Horatio Seymour. He was re-elected in 1866, defeating John T. Hoffman, his Democratic opponent. At the expiration of his second term as governor, he was elected to the United States Senate, and at one time he was looked upon as a very probable candidate for the Presidency. Governor Fenton was a practical speaker and politician, with a character remarkable for its masculine simplicity and executive capacity. He was among the warmest friends of President Lincoln, and was one of his strongest supporters, in and out of Congress, in bringing the war to a successful conclusion. Mr. Fenton died on the 22d of August, 1885.

V.

JOHN P. USHER.

JOHN P. USHER was born in Brookfield, Madison County, New York, January 9, 1816. His descent is traced from the first settler of the name of Usher in America. His great-great-grandfather was John Usher, Lieutenant Governor of New Hampshire, under Governor Andros. Mr. J. P. Usher, the subject of this sketch, was admitted as an attorney in the Supreme Court of the State of New York, January 18, 1839; at the same time he was admitted as a solicitor in the Court of Chancery in that State. He was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States in 1859. In 1840 he removed to Terre Haute, Indiana, and practiced his profession until March, 1862, when he was appointed by Mr. Lincoln to be Assistant Secretary of the Interior. He was for a time Attorney-General of the State of Indiana, appointed by Governor Morton. Upon the resignation of Mr. Caleb B. Smith as Secretary of the Interior, President Lincoln appointed Mr. Usher to that office, which he held from January 8, 1863, to May 15th, 1865, having, early in the month of March previous, given his resignation to Mr. Lincoln, to take effect on the 15th of May. Andrew Johnson was President during the last month of Mr. Usher's incumbency of the office.

VI.

GEORGE SEWALL BOUTWELL.

GEORGE SEWALL BOUTWELL was born January 28, 1818, at Brookline, Mass., in the house upon the estate now known as Clyde Park, and occupied by the Country Club of Boston. His father, Sewall Boutwell, moved to Lanenburg, Mass., in the year 1820.

The son remained upon his father's farm till December, 1830, when he obtained employment in a country store in the village where he worked till December, 1834. His education was obtained in the public schools of the town. After passing through all the vicissitudes incidental to the career of a young man bound to win fame and fortune in the world, after going from one rung of the ladder to another ever upward, after having been elected to the Massachusetts Legislature several years, and

performing many honorable duties, he was elected Governor of Massachusetts for 1851–2, which brought him under the full glare of public light, with a national reputation. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Harvard University about this time, and he was appointed one of the trustees of that famous seat of learning a few years later.

In 1855 Mr. Boutwell became Secretary of the Board of Education, and held the office till January 1, 1861. In 1857 he was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and in 1861 he was chosen a member of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University, and delivered the annual oration.

Mr. Boutwell was a delegate to the Convention that nominated Mr. Lincoln for the office of President. In January, 1861, he was appointed a member of the Peace Congress. In June, 1862, he was appointed by President Lincoln a member of a commission to adjust the claims against the government, arising from the operations of General Fremont in Missouri and the States in the vicinity. In July of the same year he was appointed Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and organized that office. He was elected to Congress in November of that year, and was re-elected in 1864, 1866 and 1868. Mr. Boutwell was a member of the Board of Managers that conducted the impeachment of Andrew Johnson. He was also a member of the Committee of Fifteen that reported the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. He drafted and reported the Fifteenth Amendment, and conducted the debate in the House of Representatives upon the passage of the resolution. When General Grant was organizing his Cabinet in February, 1869, he tendered the post of Secretary of the Interior to Mr. Boutwell. This invitation Mr. Boutwell declined, preferring to remain in the House. Subsequently General Grant tendered him the office of Secretary of the Treasury. This position he declined also, but the President sent his name to the Senate notwithstanding his declination, and in March Mr. Boutwell resigned his seat in the House and entered upon the duties of Secretary of the Treasury. In the autumn of 1869 he drafted the bill for funding the public debt, which, upon his recommendation, in his annual report for that year, became a law in July, 1870.

Mr. Boutwell resigned the office in March, 1873, having been elected to the Senate for the unexpired term of Mr. Wilson. In 1877 President Hayes tendered him the appointment of Commissioner to revise the Statutes of the United States. The work was completed and published in 1878. In 1880 he received from President Hayes an appointment as counsel for the United States before the French and American Claims Commission. Upon the death of Secretary Folger, in 1884, President Arthur tendered the Treasury Department to Mr. Boutwell. This invitation was declined.

VII.

General Benjamin Franklin Butler,

EX-GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

THIS distinguished man—soldier, lawyer, statesman and orator—so remarkable for that success in life derived from consummate energy as well as ability, was born at Deerfield, N. H., on the 5th of November, 1818. His paternal grandfather was an officer in the Revolutionary War. Like many of our greatest men, his path in early life was beset with difficulties and obstacles, only, however, to be overcome, until he received a college education, and in 1841 commenced his career as a lawyer at Lowell, Mass. Here his legal ability lifted him into almost immediate eminence. He practiced at the bar for twenty years, chiefly in criminal cases, and during that time, from 1841 to 1861, was member of the Massachusetts Legislature, of the State Senate, and of the Constitutional Convention which assembled in 1853. He was a Democrat, and advocated the nomination of Breckinridge for President. As brigadier-general of the Massachusetts militia he marched with the Eighth Regiment to Annapolis at the outbreak of the war, brought out the frigate *Constitution*, and was placed in command of the District of Annapolis, which included Baltimore. He was promoted to major-general of volunteers in May, 1861, and placed in command of Eastern Virginia, with head-quarters at Fortress Monroe. It was here that Butler used the phrase "contraband of war" in relation to slaves who came to the fort for protection—a phrase which anticipated the Proclamation of Emancipation, and has passed into history. General Butler was at the capture of Fort Hatteras and Fort Clark, N. C., which fell on the 29th of August. He organized an expedition against New Orleans, and in conjunction with Admiral Farragut, captured Fort Jackson and Fort St. Phillip, thus forcing the surrender of the city. Butler was then made military governor. His rule was drastic. He maintained order with an iron hand, subduing even disease and death by enforcing cleanliness and health.

In the latter part of 1863, General Butler was in command of the Army of the James, and operated against Richmond. He intrenched himself at City Point and Bermuda Hundred, from which he assumed the offensive; but having been attacked at Drury's Bluff on the 16th of May, 1864, and forced back on his base, he was obliged to act on the defensive during the rest of the campaign. He commanded the land

forces at the unsuccessful assault on Fort Fisher, in December, 1864. He was a member of Congress in 1868, and one of the managers in the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson. General Butler was elected Governor of the Republican State of Massachusetts in 1883 on the Democratic ticket, to the astonishment of the whole country. He received the presidential nomination of the "People's Party" in 1884, and was at one time hopeful of making a formidable break in the ranks of the old political parties. With Senator Evarts, ex-Senator Conkling, and other famous lawyers, he has since been engaged in the celebrated Hoyt will case. General Butler may be truly described, to use a phrase of Dickens in its literal sense, as "one of the most remarkable men in the country."

VIII.

CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN.

MR. COFFIN, war correspondent, author, and journalist, is descended from a Puritan family that settled in Massachusetts Bay in 1642. The homestead occupied by the original Coffins is still in possession of their descendants, after nearly two centuries and a half, and many and influential are the men in the Old Bay State and elsewhere bearing the cognomen of Coffin, all descended from the Puritan family that left England on the eve of the struggle between Cromwell and Charles I. The author of this sketch is grandson of the Coffin who fought in the Revolutionary War, whose wife was worthy to be the mother of heroes. He was born on the family homestead July 26, 1823, a year, by the way, that produced many of the great names that figured during the great rebellion in camp and Senate. Young Coffin was an omnivorous reader, and though the delicate state of his health prevented his education in college, he succeeded in collecting a fund of information that served him well in after-life. While undecided as to his future occupation, he, almost without knowing whither he was going, drifted into journalism, and became one of the most famous war correspondents evolved from the great rebellion. He saw, in his journalistic capacity, the beginning and the end; he reported Bull Run, and four years later he witnessed the crowning victory at Five Forks, and flashed the news of that *coup de grâce* all over the country. Mr. Coffin was one of the earliest war correspondents to describe the fall of Charleston.

After the war he went to Europe and traveled extensively as correspondent for the Boston *Journal* and other papers. He delivered an address on American Common Schools before the Social Science Congress at Belfast, which was applauded by the London *Times;* saw the Austrians evacuating Italy in 1859; traveled through Greece, Asia Minor, India, China and Japan, and arrived home via San Francisco, in 1869. Mr. Coffin is the author of *Our New Way Round the World*, and also of the *Seat of Empire*, *Caleb Crinkle* (a story), *Boys of '76*, *Story of Liberty*, *Old Times in the Colonies*, *Building the Nation*, *Life of Garfield*. He is now engaged on a history of the Civil War.

IX.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS,

ORATOR AND JOURNALIST.

THE most remarkable man ever born of the African race in this country during the existence of negro slavery—a man who owes none of his great reputation to that spirit of philanthropic patronage which has done more than their own natural ability to render other men of his race conspicuous for a time—is Frederick Douglass, who, as lecturer, agitator, editor and author, has been honored for his character and respected for his genius for nearly half a century.

Frederick Douglass was born into the world and into slavery at Tuckahoe, near Easton, Maryland, of a white father and black mother. As he grew up he seemed to learn by intuition; for, not only had he no teacher, but the rules of the plantation forbade a slave to learn even the rudiments of education. Away from the jealous eyes of the overseer he taught himself to read and write. An old book, a scrap of newspaper, a patent-medicine almanac—everything that came in his way—he devoured with avidity, and, before he realized it himself, he possessed an education. Until the age of ten he lived on the plantation of his owner, Colonel Edward Lloyd. He was then removed to Baltimore, where he lived until he was twenty-one, when he fled from slavery. He went to New York, thence to New Bedford, Massachusetts, and in both places worked along the wharves for a living, and in various workshops, where his strong frame and deft hand rendered his services acceptable. He spoke at an antislavery meeting held at Nan-

tucket in the summer of 1841, and his eloquence and ability attracting the notice of the abolitionists, he was soon appointed agent of the Anti-slavery Society of Massachusetts. He traveled and lectured through the North-eastern States, instructing himself meanwhile, and improving his oratory. He published an autobiography in 1845, which had a large circulation, and made a good impression. In the same year he went to Europe, and lectured in the cities and most of the large towns of Great Britain. He was formally manumitted in 1846, his English friends having subscribed $750 for the purpose. Returning to the United States in 1847, he went to Rochester and began the publication there of a journal called *Frederick Douglass's Paper*. At the commencement of his public career he was a Garrisonian Disunionist; but later he took the ground of Sumner and others, that slavery was altogether illegal and unconstitutional. In 1855 he rewrote his biography under the title of *My Bondage and my Freedom*. He raised colored troops during the war, lectured and labored in the Union cause, and was often consulted on political matters by President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, and other Republican leaders. He edited the Washington *New Era* in 1870, and continued to do so until appointed United States Marshal of the District of Columbia. Since then he has written and lectured with honor and profit, and now, toward the close of a useful life, he enjoys a well-earned competence, and the esteem of his countrymen.

X.

JUDGE LAWRENCE WELDON.

JUDGE LAWRENCE WELDON is one of the Judges of the United States Court of Claims, having been appointed to that position in November, 1882, by President Arthur. He emigrated from Ohio upon his admission to the bar in the year 1854, and became acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, with whom he traveled the circuit until his nomination for the Presidency in 1860. Judge Weldon took an active part in the campaign of 1858, and in 1860 was one of the Presidential Electors on the Republican ticket. He was also elected to the legislature in 1860, but resigned his office in April, 1861, to accept the appointment of United States Attorney for the Southern District of Illinois. In consequence of the war, that district became one of the most important in the United States, and many grave responsibilities were thrown upon

him as the representative of the government. He served during the administration of Mr. Lincoln, and was reappointed by President Johnson in 1865. In November, 1866, he resigned his position as United States Attorney for the purpose of engaging in the general practice of his profession. In 1867 he removed from Clinton, Ill., to Bloomington, where he continued to reside, engaged in an extensive practice, until his appointment in 1883 to the position he now holds. During his residence in Illinois prior to 1861, he was on the most intimate personal relations with Mr. Lincoln both at the bar and in politics; and after that time until the death of the President he was an esteemed visitor at the White House.

His personal relations to Mr. Lincoln both before and after his election as President were cordial and intimate, especially at that period of time when the country was in a transition state from the old Whig Party to the new Republican Party, which entitles his article as to matters of that period to peculiar interest and respect.

XI.

BENJAMIN PERLEY POORE.

BENJAMIN PERLEY POORE, printer, author, editor, correspondent, *raconteur*—a man who, in his life, has played many parts, and, as a rule, always played them well—was born in Newburyport, Essex County, Massachusetts, in the year of grace 1820, and was reared upon "Indian Hill Farm," which had been held in unbroken succession by his paternal ancestors since 1650, and where he now resides when "at home."

At the age of seven he was taken to the District of Columbia (the birth-place of his mother), where much of his long and stirring life has been passed, engaged in public duties. During the year 1831 Mr. Poore accompanied his parents to Europe, and had the rare pleasure of meeting such representative men in literature and patriotism as Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Moore and General Lafayette.

Upon his return from abroad he was placed at a military school, but he did not take kindly to "drill," either physical or mental, and ran away. Finding employment in a country printing office, he mastered the mystery of printing. When his father discovered him he persuaded him to study the law, and sent him to Paris to prepare himself for the New Orleans bar. He became the foreign correspondent of the Boston

Atlas, and traveled over Europe, Asia Minor, and Lower Egypt, returning in 1847. Since then he has been the Washington correspondent of a succession of Boston papers, and since 1862 he has been Clerk of Printing Records of the Senate, editing the *Congressional Directory*, the *Collection of Colonial and State Charters*, the *Catalogue of Government Publications* from 1776 to 1882, and contributing to the leading magazines.

His Massachusetts residence is a quaint reproduction of the rural homes of Southern England, each of its seven successive owners having made additions, the most interesting of which is a suite of rooms exhibiting a tenement of the Continental period—hall, parlor, kitchen, bedroom, to which are added a weaving-room and printing-office—all furnished in the style of '76, with the weapons, household utensils, clothing, china, mechanics' tools, etc., of the period.

The collection of autographs at Indian Hill Farm numbers over fifteen thousand specimens. There is also a rare collection of war autographs, Major Poore having served in a Massachusetts regiment, and availed himself of every opportunity to add to his stock. Having attained the highest grade in Freemasonry, he has collected many interesting autographs of the craftsmen, including an original poem by Brother Robert Burns.

Major Poore has ever been an ardent lover of agriculture and a successful worker therein. He has given especial study to forestry and the intricate problems of culture and suitability of soil. A few years since his efforts were acknowledged by the giving of a premium of one thousand dollars for his accomplishment of the difficult task of covering a bleak New England hill with flourishing trees—an undertaking looked upon as quixotic—that had hitherto baffled all skill and experience, and been voted an impossibility.

XII.

TITIAN J. COFFEY.

TITIAN J. COFFEY, son of a leading physician of central Pennsylvania, was born in Huntingdon, in that State, December 5th, 1824, was admitted to the bar at St. Louis, Missouri, in 1845, but returned to Pennsylvania, where he settled and practiced law with success until

1861. He was active in the movement which founded and organized the Republican Party in Pennsylvania, and was elected to the State Senate in 1856. He served for three years in that body, and among other useful and important matters of legislation in which he had a leading part, he procured the enactment of the law establishing the normal school system of Pennsylvania, his report in favor of that measure being well known in connection with the literature of educational legislation. He was the first to introduce and advocate the now generally accepted reform in the laws of evidence which allows parties to suits at law to be examined as witnesses.

For professional reasons he declined a re-election to the Senate. He engaged actively in the canvass which resulted in the election of Mr. Lincoln, in 1860, to the Presidency, and, in March, 1861, was appointed Assistant Attorney-General of the United States.

In this office, then very laborious because of the many important and difficult questions thrown upon the Attorney-General by the War of the Rebellion, and by the supervision imposed on that officer over the subordinate law officers of the Government, Mr. Coffey rendered faithful and effective service. Many of the most important opinions of the Attorney-General given during those momentous times were written by him, and he had charge of the cases in the Supreme Court which involved not only large amounts of money, but many of the questions underlying the methods of effective prosecution of the war by blockade and capture at sea. He was the author of the opinion of the Attorney-General which declared the right of men of color to receive full pay as officers of the volunteer forces in the army. This was the first official utterance of the Government which, in the then existing legislation of Congress, placed negroes in the armed service of the United States on a higher footing than laborers and teamsters, and the opinion having been called for by the United States Senate, on the motion of Mr. Sumner, led the way to the subsequent legislation which placed all soldiers fighting under the national flag on a common footing. Finding the joint labors of the office and the court room too severe, Mr. Coffey resigned his position in 1864, before the close of Mr. Lincoln's first term, and was placed by the Attorney-General in charge of the Government cases in the Supreme Court, in which service he continued for two years, when he returned to private practice in that court. When Attorney-General Bates resigned his office, after Mr. Lincoln's second election, he urged the choice of Mr. Coffey as his successor, in which he was sustained by many of the leading Republicans of Pennsylvania, but the President, recognizing the necessity of selecting a Cabinet member from the South, appointed Mr. James Speed of Kentucky.

In 1869, as Mr. Coffey was preparing to visit Europe for a lengthened residence, he was appointed by Gen. Grant Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg. He accepted the position, but resigned it in 1870. He traveled extensively in Europe, and returned to the United States and resumed his professional work in the Supreme Court at Washington in 1873.

He still resides in that city, having retired from active practice at the bar, and takes no part in politics beyond an occasional contribution to the press.

XIII.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher, the great pulpit orator and pastor of Plymouth Church, member of a family famous for their genius and their services rendered humanity, was born in Lichfield, Ct., June 24, 1813. He was educated at Amherst College, and studied theology under his father, the Rev. Lyman Beecher, a man who in his day was almost as well known and esteemed as his distinguished son is in ours. Henry Ward Beecher was settled in 1837 as a Presbyterian minister at Lawrenceburg, Indiana, and ten years later became pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. Having for years taken a strong stand against slavery, he supported the government with all his force when the war of the Rebellion broke out; and in England, whither he went in 1863, exerted his eloquence in vindication of the policy of the North in preserving the Union. At the request of the government, Mr. Beecher delivered an oration at Fort Sumter in 1865, on the anniversary of its fall, which is considered a masterpiece of eloquence. Mr. Beecher is not a politician in the common acceptance of the term, but when the occasion presents itself—that is to say, when great national interests are at stake, or great principles are involved—he throws himself with all his energy into the contest, in the advocacy of what he believes to be the right, and with voice and pen renders material service to the party of his choice for the time being. Thus in 1856 he took an active part in favor of the Republicans, and again in 1884 entered with zest into the struggle for the Presidency on the side of the Democrats, and was one of the most potent factors in the defeat of the Republican candidate. Besides occasional addresses, he is the author of *Lectures to Young Men* and the *Plymouth Collection of Hymns*. He is one of the founders of

the *Independent*, a weekly religious paper of New York commanding large influence. Among his other works which have obtained popularity are the *Star Papers*, two volumes; fragments from his discourses entitled *Life Thoughts; Notes from Plymouth Pulpit; Eyes and Ears; Freedom and War; Norwood, a Novel of New England Life*, and two volumes of sermons. It is generally conceded that Mr. Beecher ranks among the foremost pulpit orators of this or any age, and it is more than probable that when the animosities which have arisen from his political action shall have passed away the opinion will be universal.

XIV.

Hon. William Darragh Kelley.

Hon. William Darragh Kelley, lawyer, politician and political economist, was born in Philadelphia on the 12th of April, 1814, and is grandson of Major John Kelley, a Revolutionary officer of distinction belonging to Salem County, N. J. Losing his father at an early age, he learned the business of jeweler, which he followed in Boston from 1835 to 1839. Taking a keen interest in public affairs, and developing bright talents as a political writer and stump orator, Mr. Kelley allied himself to the Democratic Party while still a young man, and attained prominence in its councils. Though in the jewelry trade, he did not neglect his education, and never lost sight of the fact that he was intended for the bar, to which he was called in 1841. He practiced in his native city, was elected Attorney-General of Pennsylvania in 1845, and was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas from 1846 to 1856. About this time his political opinions underwent a change, and, like many public men of the period, he joined the new Republican Party then in course of formation. In 1854 he delivered his great address on "Slavery in the Territories," which placed him prominently before the country and gained for him a national reputation. He was delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1861, was returned to the House of Representatives in 1861, and has been in Congress ever since, without intermission. During the war he formed one of that body which never wavered and never lost hope in ultimate national triumph. He spoke well and frequently on the conduct of the war, and took a prominent part in the acrimonious debates on reconstruction at its close. It is, however, as a political economist and an authority on financial questions

Mr. Kelley has chiefly distinguished himself, especially of late years. He is a prolific writer of pamphlets and magazine articles, all containing useful information. He is at present the senior member of the House of Representatives by continuous service.

XV.

Cassius Marcellus Clay.

Cassius Marcellus Clay was born October 19, 1810, in Madison County, Kentucky. His father (see *American Cyclopædia*) was General Green Clay, and his mother Sally Lewis, of Anglo-Scotch ancestry. The family is related to the Clays of Virginia, and came from a common stock, being descended from Sir John Clay, of Wales, whose three sons came over with Sir Walter Raleigh. His grandmother Lewis was daughter of Edward Payn, honorably mentioned in the Life of Washington. Mr. Clay received a complete education; his mastery of the classics and languages was remarkable. He studied respectively in the primitive schools of Kentucky, St. Joseph's Catholic College (where he learned French from Father Fouché, a native of France), Transylvania University, Alabama University, and finally Yale College, whence he graduated, after having delivered the oration on Washington's birthday, in 1832. He married Mary Jane Warfield on returning home in 1833, and a year or two later plunged into the stormy sea of politics. His antislavery opinions were pronounced. He was a delegate at the Harrisburg Whig Convention, and supported Clay for the Presidency. He started the *Free American* newspaper in Lexington, which, during his illness, brought on by excitement, was removed by a mob to Cincinnati. On his recovery, Clay continued the editing of his paper, which though published in Lexington was printed in Ohio.

Clay took part in the Mexican War, as captain of a company of Kentucky volunteers, and at Saltillo, through disobedience of orders on the part of a subordinate, was captured by 3,000 Mexicans, after a vigorous defense by himself and his seventy men. On returning home after the war, Clay received a grand ovation and became very popular. He carried Kentucky for Zachary Taylor, and in 1850 was threatened with death at a public meeting because of his antislavery views, strongly expressed. Nothing but his record and popularity saved his life on that occasion.

The same year he was assaulted by a band of conspirators led by Cyrus Turner, and was dangerously wounded; Turner, however, was killed. Mr. Clay was defeated for governor of the State in 1851, joined the Free-soilers, opposed Know-nothingism, supported the candidature of Fremont in 1856 and Lincoln in 1860. Refusing the Mission to Spain, he was sent to Russia in 1861, but recalled in 1862 through Seward's intrigues. He returned to St. Petersburg in 1863, and was given the Russian Mission again by President Grant. He supported Tilden in 1876, and carried Mississippi for him by 35,000 majority, composed of whites and independent blacks. After this he retired from public life, but last year canvassed the North in favor of the Republicans as against a "solid South."

XVI.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

THIS distinguished orator was born in Dresden, New York, in 1833. His parents removed to Illinois in 1845. He studied law, was called to the bar of that State, and, soon after, entered political life. He was nominated for Congress in 1860, but was defeated. Entering the army in 1862, as colonel of a cavalry regiment, he was taken prisoner by the Confederates after a short service, and exchanged. He then returned to civil life and the practice of his profession. Giving his adherence to the Republican Party, he has since acted with it, and has always been one of the most illustrious of its champions. He was made Attorney-General of Illinois in 1868. Though for years recognized as an eloquent speaker, and as one of the most brilliant political orators of the West, it was not until 1876 that his reputation as an orator won national recognition. His speech nominating Mr. Blaine for the Presidency, at the Republican Convention of 1876, was a masterpiece of eloquence, and at once placed Mr. Ingersoll among the greatest orators of the age. For a few years past he has not taken an active part in politics, owing to the demands made on his time by his professional duties and the numerous calls for his services as a lecturer. On the platform he has no superior. He is an agnostic, and attacks the established creeds of Christendom with an unsparing sarcasm, yet with a charm of style and affluence of humor that win the unstinted eulogiums of his most earnest opponents. He has a lucrative practice in Washington and is engaged in most of the

celebrated cases of the capital and at New York. Mr. Ingersoll is a man of fine presence and gracious manners, and is the center of a host of devoted personal friends.

XVII.

ABSALOM HANKS MARKLAND.

ABSALOM HANKS MARKLAND was born at Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, February 18, 1825. His family removed to Marysville, Kentucky, in 1828, where he was educated in the preparatory schools of that place until he entered the seminary of Rand & Richeson, then one of the most favorably known educational institutions in the valley of the Mississippi. Subsequently he was a student at Augusta College, Kentucky.

In 1842 he became identified with the transportation interests on the Western lines, in which he continued until 1848, except the winter of 1843, when he taught school at Manchester, Adams County, Ohio. In 1848 he engaged in the wholesale mercantile business at Paducah, Kentucky. During the spare hours from 1842 to 1848 he read law and wrote for the press. In the fall of 1849 he went to Washington City, and was employed there as a clerk in the Indian and Pension offices, at the same time continuing his relations with the Western press. He resigned from the Pension Office in July, 1852, and commenced the practice of law. In December, 1857, at the request of the Hon. Joshua H. Jewett, chairman, and every member of the committee on Invalid Pensions of the House of Representatives, he accepted the clerkship of that committee and served in that capacity during the 35th Congress.

He was an advocate of the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, whose confidence he possessed after the inauguration of March 4, 1861, and by whom he was tendered offices of honor. He was appointed a special agent of the Post Office Department in 1861, and subsequently became the officer in charge of the mails for the Army of the Tennessee, then commanded by General Grant. As General Grant's commands were extended the army mail service was extended, until it finally all came under the charge of Col. Markland. He was commissioned a colonel on the staff of General Grant in November, 1863.*

---

* He was the only person besides President Abraham Lincoln and General U. S. Grant who ever had authority to pass at will through all the armies of the United States, thereby showing the confidential relations between the President, General Grant and himself.

At the close of the war he was sent to California on a mission connected with the postal service, which was accomplished with satisfactory results. He resigned from the public service in 1866 and became connected with the railroad interests of the South. He was appointed by President Grant Third Assistant Postmaster-General. He entered upon the duties of Assistant Superintendent of Railway Mail Service in July, 1869, and remained on that duty until October, 1874, since which time he has lived a retired life, by reason of a chronic ailment.

XVIII.

Hon. Schuyler Colfax,

EX-VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Schuyler Colfax, born in New York City on March 23, 1823, was grandson of the General William Colfax of the Revolutionary War who commanded Washington's Life Guard. Schuyler Colfax received a common-school education necessary for the mercantile career intended for him, but, being a diligent student and extensive reader, especially of history and political economy, he trained himself for a higher sphere in life, and, after serving as clerk in a commercial house for three or four years, removed with his widowed mother to Indiana in 1838, and studied law. They were stirring times when he entered political life, and as the party leaders, always on the lookout for talented recruits, perceived in young Colfax oratorical abilities of a high order, he did not find it difficult to obtain political preferment. He attached himself to the Whig Party, and in 1845 established the *St. Joseph Valley Register*, at South Bend, in the interest of the Whigs, and conducted that paper with rare ability until 1855. He was elected to the State Constitutional Convention in 1850, and, as a member of that body, opposed the clause prohibiting free colored men from settling in the State of Indiana. He was a candidate for Congress in 1851, but was defeated. He was elected in 1853 by the newly formed Republican Party, and re-elected for the six following terms. He supported Fremont for President in 1856, and in Congress made so powerful a speech on the Kansas question that it was deemed worth circulation in pamphlet form throughout the country to the number of half a million. He was made Speaker of the 38th Congress in December, 1863, was re-elected in 1865, and again

in 1867. He was nominated for Vice-President of the United States by the Republican Convention in 1868, receiving 522 votes out of a total of 650 on first ballot, and in March, 1869, was inaugurated with General Grant, and took his place as Speaker of the Senate. He stood for re-nomination in 1872, but was beaten by Henry Wilson of Massachusetts. Mr. Colfax was implicated in the charges of corruption brought against certain members of Congress, in 1873, in connection with the Credit Mobilier scandal, and was repeatedly examined before the Congressional Committee appointed to investigate the matter; but the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives brought in a report on February 24, 1874, declaring that there was no ground for his impeachment. Mr. Colfax retired from public life soon after, and died in February, 1884.

XIX.

DANIEL W. VOORHEES.

DANIEL W. VOORHEES, of Terre Haute, was born in Butler County, Ohio, on the 26th September, 1827, was graduated from the Indiana Ashbury University in 1849, studied law, and was admitted to the bar of Indiana in 1851, where he soon acquired considerable practice. He took an active part in politics, and being a good speaker and organizer, soon obtained prominence as one of the leaders of the Indiana democracy. He was appointed United States District Attorney for Indiana in 1858, which office he held until elected to the Thirty-seventh Congress. He served in the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth Congresses, but was defeated for the Fortieth by his Republican opponent. Again he contested the district for the Forty-first Congress and was successful. He served in the Forty-second, was defeated for the Forty-fifth, but soon after succeeded Oliver P. Morton, Republican, as United States senator. He was subsequently elected to the Senate by the Legislature for the long term, and again in 1884, when he was mainly instrumental in carrying Indiana for the Democrats, thus securing his own seat in the Senate for another term. He has taken a prominent part in the debates in Congress during the past quarter of a century.

XX.

Hon. Charles Anderson Dana,

EX-ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.

Mr. Dana was born at Hillsdale, New Hampshire, on the 8th of August, 1819. He was sent to Harvard University at the age of seventeen, but, owing to an affection of the eyes, was obliged to discontinue his studies. He was one of the members of the Brooke Farm Socialistic Community, established near Boston about forty years ago, and was on the editorial staff of the *Harbinger*, a socialistic journal started to advocate the views of Fourier. Mr. Dana joined the staff of the *Tribune* under Horace Greeley in 1847, and was sent to France as correspondent of that journal at the outbreak of the revolution which drove Louis Philippe from the throne in 1848. Returning to New York, he became managing editor of the *Tribune*, and so continued till the close of 1861, when the famous "On to Richmond" article, followed closely by the Bull Run disaster, led to a disagreement with Horace Greeley, and Dana resigned. He was soon after appointed Assistant Secretary of War, the duties of which office he conducted with great ability. During one of the gloomy periods of the war, when Grant was rising into fame and usefulness, but was checked by red tape and misapprehension, Dana was sent to see that general and report upon him. He did so, the result being that Grant was retained in command, and increased confidence was placed in him. On the close of the war Mr. Dana was appointed editor of a new Republican paper, started in Chicago. It was not successful, however, and he returned to New York to be chosen chief editor of the *Sun*. This position he still holds, the *Sun* having become a brilliant and highly successful journal, possessing great influence throughout the country. Mr. Dana assailed General Grant very bitterly and persistently during his eight years' administration, though no one paid him a more generous tribute when the hero was laid in his grave. Besides his work as a journalist, Mr. Dana has edited a household book of poetry, and has been associated with George Ripley as one of the editors of Appleton's *American Cyclopædia*. Mr. Dana is radical in his ideas, with a disposition to assist the weaker party in a struggle.

XXI.

HON. JOHN A. KASSON,

DIPLOMAT AND PUBLICIST.

MR. KASSON was born near Burlington, Vermont, on January 11, 1822, and graduated from Vermont University in 1842. He studied law in Massachussetts, was called to the bar of that State, but soon after went to practice in St. Louis. He moved still farther West in 1857, and settled in Iowa. He was a zealous Republican, and took an active part in promoting the interests of that party, and electing Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency in 1861. He was a warm personal friend of Mr. Lincoln, who appointed him First Assistant Postmaster-General. He was elected to Congress in 1862, and remained there, by re-election, until his appointment as American Minister to Austria, a position from which he was recently recalled by President Cleveland. Mr. Kasson is a very able man. His speeches in Congress, during the war, were listened to with great interest, and read with attention all over the country. He was a member of the War Committee, and belonged to that advance of the Republican Party which advocated the abolition of slavery from the beginning, without compromise. He has been and still is a constant contributor to the *North American Review*, and is remarkable for his industry and accuracy of statement.

XXII.

JAMES BARNET FRY.

JAMES BARNET FRY was born in Carrollton, Illinois, February 22, 1827; entered the Military Academy July 1, 1843; was graduated and appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant Third Artillery July 1, 1847.

He joined General Scott's army in the City of Mexico in the autumn of 1847, and returned with it in the following summer. When his company reached New York he was sent around Cape Horn to Oregon with the troops dispatched in November, 1848, to take military possession of that region. Changes of station to Louisiana and thence to Texas occurred in 1851–52; in 1853 he was ordered to the Military Academy as assistant to Major (afterward the distinguished Major-

General) George H. Thomas, then Instructor of Artillery; and in 1854 was appointed Adjutant of the Academy by the Superintendent, Colonel Robert E. Lee, who became the famous leader of the Confederate forces.

When the clouds of civil war were gathering, General Fry, then First Lieutenant First Artillery, was commanding Magruder's battery, which he conducted from Fort Leavenworth to Washington in January, 1861, and commanded in the streets of the capital during the anxious day of President Lincoln's first inauguration. After the army began to crumble by secession, President Lincoln appointed Lieutenant Fry a captain in the Adjutant-General's Department; and on the 28th of May, 1861, he was sent across the Potomac with General McDowell, and was chief of staff to McDowell's army during the Bull-Run campaign. In November, 1861, he was sent to Kentucky as chief of staff to the Army of the Ohio under General Buell, and served in that capacity until November, 1862.

On the 17th of March, 1863, he was selected as Provost Marshal-General of the United States under the act of March 3 of that year, for enrolling and drafting the National forces, and held that office until it was abolished by law (August 30, 1866) in consequence of the close of the war.

After the war General Fry resumed duty in his regular department, and served as adjutant-general of all the geographical divisions—one after another—into which the country is divided: the Division of the Pacific, under Major-General Halleck; the Division of the South, under the same officer; the Division of the Missouri, under Lieutenant-General Sheridan; and the Division of the Atlantic, under Major-General Hancock.

He was breveted colonel for gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Bull Run; brigadier-general for gallant and meritorious services in the battles of Shiloh and Perryville; and major-general for faithful, meritorious and distinguished services in the Provost Marshal-General's Department during the war.

On the 1st of July, 1881, General Fry, having served continuously for thirty-four years, was, at his own request, placed upon the Retired List, and has since been in the quiet pursuit of military studies. He is the author of a *Sketch of the Adjutant-General's Department United States Army from* 1775 *to* 1875 (1875); of *The History and Legal Effect of Brevets in the Armies of Great Britain and the United States* (1877); of *Army Sacrifices*, illustrating the services and experiences of the United States army on the Indian frontier (1879); of *McDowell and Tyler in the Campaign of Bull Run* (1884); of *The Army under Buell and the Buell Commission* (1884); and of *New York and the Conscription of* 1863 (1885).

XXIII.

HUGH McCULLOCH.

MR. MCCULLOCH was born in Kennebunk, Maine, on the 7th of December, 1808. His father was one of the large ship-owners of New England who were ruined, or nearly ruined, by the War of 1812, and one of the first lessons which his son had to learn was, that for whatever headway he made in the world, he must depend upon himself. His father was, however, able to pay the expenses of his preparatory education and of a little more than one year's study at Bowdoin College. Leaving college in his Sophomore year, he taught school for a couple of years, and, having earned in this way and saved a few hundred dollars, he commenced the study of law in his native town. He completed his course of legal study in Boston, and in April, 1833, anticipating Mr. Greeley's advice, he "went west." In June following he reached Fort Wayne, Indiana, which was described by him as then being a mere dot of civilization in the heart of a magnificent wilderness; and here was his home until 1863. In the autumn of 1835, he organized and became the cashier and manager of the Fort Wayne branch of the State Bank of Indiana. The next year he was elected a director of the bank, and he continued to be the cashier and manager of the branch and a director of the bank until the expiration of its charter in 1857. In 1855 a new bank was chartered, and of this bank Mr. McCulloch was elected president. Both banks were among the best and solidest monetary institutions of this or any other country.

In April, 1863, Mr. McCulloch was appointed Comptroller of the Currency, by President Lincoln, at the request of Secretary Chase. It was an office which he could not accept without considerable pecuniary sacrifice, but engaged as the government was in a terrible struggle for its existence, he did not feel at liberty to withhold from it such services as he might be able to render in a field with which he was familiar.

In March, 1865, he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. While Comptroller, his relations with Secretary Chase and his successor, Mr. Fessenden, were intimate. He understood the financial condition of the country, and was familiar with the routine of the department. He was therefore fairly equipped for the place, but the appointment was as unexpected by him as it was undesired. He held the office until March 4, 1869. From 1870 to 1880 he was engaged in banking and other business transactions either in London or New York. In the spring of 1880, he retired to a farm in Maryland to find employment in restoring

to fertility land which had been greatly impoverished by bad husbandry. In October, 1884, he again entered public life by resuming for a brief period, at the request of President Arthur, the office of Secretary of the Treasury.

XXIV.

Chauncey M. Depew.

Chauncey M. Depew was born at Peekskill, New York, in 1834. He comes of a Huguenot family, and on the maternal side is descended from a brother of the Roger Sherman of Revolutionary fame. Graduated from Yale College in 1856, he was admitted to the bar in 1859. Having been returned to the State Legislature from the Third Westchester District in 1862, he was Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and acting Speaker during part of that year. Mr. Depew displayed such administrative capacity, and spoke with such eloquence during his short term as Assemblyman, that in 1863 he was placed in nomination for Secretary of State, and was elected by the large majority of thirty thousand. He declined re-election, and was given the mission to Japan by Secretary Seward, a position, however, he resigned after holding it four weeks, in order to resume a lucrative business at the bar. It was soon after this he fell in the way of William H. Vanderbilt, who, always on the watch for great business ability, gave him the post of attorney for the New York & Harlem Railroad. From this starting-point on the "Vanderbilt System" his promotion was rapid. He was counsel-general of the United Central and Harlem road in 1875; in May, 1882, upon the reorganization of the New York Central's management, second vice-president, and on the death of James H. Rutter in June, 1885, was elected president of one of the greatest corporations in the world. He has not been so uniformly successful in the political arena. In 1872 he rendered material aid to the Liberal Republican ticket at the head of which was Horace Greeley for President of the United States. Mr. Depew was defeated in his candidature for lieutenant-governor, but two years later, as he puts it himself, the legislature "forgave" him by electing him Regent of the State University. In the unprecedented contest for senator in 1881 Mr. Depew for eighty-two days received three-fourths of the Republican vote, but retired from the struggle on condition that Warner Miller be elected. In the same spirit he made way for Senator Evarts last summer when morally certain of election. Mr. Depew is a

man of versatile talents. Had he devoted himself to politics exclusively there is no office in the United States he might not legitimately aspire to. He is one of the foremost orators in the country, and as an after-dinner speaker is unrivaled. He charms a cultivated audience by his subtle humor, and a general audience by his flowing wit; is, in fact, so flexible that he can readily and easily adapt himself to circumstances. And that he can give quantity as well as quality they know best who took part in the campaign of 1863, when he spoke twice a day for six weeks in various parts of the State. He has in him the *esprit* of his French ancestry and the force of the Revolutionary Shermans.

XXV.

David Ross Locke,

HUMORIST AND JOURNALIST.

THE subject of this sketch—"Petroleum V. Nasby"—is a satirist and humorist, known to fame wherever the English language is spoken and in many places where it is not; for who has not heard of "Nasby," and who has not come in contact with that creation of his genius, the Cross-road Democrat, looking to Washington and political victory for a country post-office? Mr. Locke was born in Broome County, N. Y., in December, 1823. He received a common-school education, like most of his contemporary humorists; for it seems that an early classical drill is not favorable to rich development in that department of literature of which Mr. Locke is so renowned a master. It appears, also, that the type-case is a more potent factor in the training of talent in our day than the best university. Mr. Locke learned the printing business in the office of the Cortlandt *Democrat*, but while still a young man obtained employment as local reporter in various Western cities. He was successively editor and publisher of the Plymouth *Advertiser*, Mansfield *Herald*, Bucyrus *Journal*, and Findlay *Jeffersonian*, all of the State of Ohio. It was in the *Jeffersonian* that he began the "Nasby Letters" in 1860. They at once engaged public attention, and soon brought the writer a national reputation. President Lincoln is reported to have said that, next to a dispatch announcing a Union victory, he read a Nasby letter with most pleasure. After many adventures in the journalistic field, Mr.

Locke obtained the ownership of the Toledo *Blade*, which he still retains. He is a striking exception among literary men in that he combines great business capacity with literary talent and vivid imagination. While on a European tour, in 1881, he met his old friend, James Redpath, who interested him in Irish politics, a subject on which Mr. Locke delivered several lectures. He opened the columns of the *Blade*, also, to the advocacy of the Irish cause. Mr. Locke has been thoroughly successful as an editor, author, lecturer, and man of business. He published *Nasby* in 1865, *Swingin' Round the Cirkle* in 1866, and *Ekkoes from Kentucky* and others of his letters have since appeared. Although he discovered a gold mine in his head at a comparatively early age, he still works on, but chiefly at his paper, the Toledo *Blade*.

XXVI.

LEONARD SWETT.

LEONARD SWETT was born near the village of Turner, Oxford County, in the State of Maine, on the eleventh day of August, A.D. 1825, on what was known as Swett's Hill. This hill has since been owned by the family; it slopes in all directions, and constitutes one of the most beautiful spots in New England. Here his father and mother lived during their lives, and here they died. His father was seventy years old and his mother was in her eighty-ninth year, at the date of their respective deaths.

Mr. Swett, the subject of this sketch, was the second son and fourth child of his parents, and they conceived the idea, at an early date, of giving him a better education than the town afforded. Consequently, he was sent to select schools in the vicinity and completed his education at North Yarmouth Academy and Waterville College, now Colby University. He read law for two years with Messrs. Howard & Shepley, at Portland, Maine, and then started in the world to seek his fortune. At first, for nearly a year, he traveled in the South, when, with the spirit of adventure, he volunteered as a soldier in the Mexican War, and was under General Scott on the line of Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. The war closed in May, 1848; then Mr. Swett returned and settled at Bloomington, in the State of Illinois. He commenced the practice of his profession in the fall of 1849, and has given to that profession the labor of a life, being now in his sixty-first year.

At first, he was in indifferent health, on account of a disease, contracted in Mexico, which rendered it impracticable for him to sit in an office and do office work, and, therefore, he commenced to travel the circuit. The bar of that circuit—the eighth—at that time, embraced many men of marked ability, some of whom afterwards acquired a national reputation. David Davis, since distinguished as a Judge of the Supreme Court and a Senator of the United States, was the judge from 1849 until 1862. Abraham Lincoln, for two years a Member of Congress, and afterward known to the world as the martyred President and the emancipator of a race, was one of its lawyers. Edward D. Baker, a Member of Congress from the Sangamon district, also, afterward from the Galena district, in the State of Illinois—also a distinguished citizen of California, and a Senator of the United States from Oregon and who died leading his men at the battle of Ball's Bluff—was another of its lawyers. There were also Edward Hannagan and Daniel W. Voorhees, since Senators from Indiana, who attended the eastern part of the circuit, and Stephen T. Logan, John T. Stuart, U. F. Linder, Ward H. Lamon and Oliver L. Davis. The circuit commenced the first of September and ended about the first of January. The Spring circuit commenced about February and ended in June. In a life with these men and upon this circuit, Mr. Swett spent from 1849 to 1862.

The lawyers would arrive at a county seat of from five hundred to two thousand inhabitants, and the clients and public would arrive from the country adjoining at about the same time. The lawyers would then be employed in such suits as would be pending in court, and the trials would immediately begin. After from three days to a week, spent in this manner, the court would adjourn and the cavalcade start for the adjoining county seat, where the same processes would be repeated. Twice a year fourteen counties were traversed in this way. In this manner, and under the hammering of these men, Mr. Swett received his earlier legal education.

David Davis, in a speech at Springfield, recently made, said, in substance, that this time constituted the bright spot of his life. In this expression he would be joined by every man named, most of whom now live "beyond the river."

In 1865, Mr. Swett moved to Chicago, where he has since acquired a prominent and leading position as a lawyer in Chicago and the Northwest. During his life in the country, in Illinois, pending the agitation of the slavery question, and before the war, he took an active part in politics, having canvassed nearly the whole State in the years 1852, 1854, 1856, 1858 and 1860. He, however, never held but one office, which was that of Member of the Legislature in 1858–9, and this was at the special request of Lincoln himself, and to save him the vote of

McLean County, in his contest with Mr. Douglas for the Senatorship. That county, at the previous election, had been carried by four votes. Lincoln thought Swett could carry it again, and asked him to run. He did so, and was elected by nearly five hundred majority. Since his removal to Chicago, he has devoted himself exclusively to his profession and has absolutely ignored politics.

Mr. Swett has been distinguished as a successful trier of causes. In fact he has done little else during his professional life. In Chicago, the most important cases have been intrusted to him, and it is a rare thing that he loses one of them. The reason of this is that he attends to the details of the preparation personally, himself seeing and talking with his witnesses, so that when the cause is heard in court, the various elements fit together "without noise of axe or hammer."

XXVII.

WALT WHITMAN.

WALT WHITMAN was born at West Hills, Huntington, Suffolk County, State of New York, May 31, 1819; father, a farmer and carpenter; mother's maiden name, Van Velsor, of Dutch stock. Was brought up in Brooklyn and New York cities, and went to the public schools; as a young man worked at type-setting and writing in printing-offices. Has traveled and lived in all parts of the United States, from Canada to Texas inclusive. Began his book of poems, *Leaves of Grass*, in 1855 and completed it in 1881, when, after six or seven stages, the final edition was issued. Walt Whitman is also author of a prose book, *Specimen Days and Collect*, published in 1883. During 1863, '64, and '65, he was actively occupied in the army hospitals and on the battle-fields of the Secession war, as care-taker for the worst cases of wounded and sick of both armies. After the close of the war, had a severe paralytic stroke, from which he has never since entirely recovered. Lives (1886) in partial seclusion at Camden, New Jersey. Calls himself "a half-paralytic." Still writes and lectures occasionally.

XXVIII.

DONN PIATT.

DONN PIATT, journalist, is of French extraction, as his cognomen indicates, and Huguenot blood. The name has been somewhat noted wherever known. The grandfather served with distinction in the Revolution, coming out decorated with a wound, and honored by a service, at one time, on the staff of General Washington. The son, John H. Piatt, put a large fortune, made through enterprise at Cincinnati, to the service of the government, in its distress during the war of '12, and died bankrupt and broken-hearted in consequence. Sixty years after, the Supreme Court of the United States recognized his devotion by adjudicating the claim in favor of the heirs. Donn Piatt at the age of twenty-five was commissioned a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Cincinnati. Shortly after he was appointed Secretary of Legation at Paris, and served as *Charge d'Affairs* for nearly a year, during the sad incapacity of the minister from a sickness that ended in death. Entering the service of the government during the late civil war, he took part in the battles of the first and second Bull Run, that of Cross Keys, and Bull Pasture Mountain. After, assigned to duty on courts martial, he wrote the noted finding of the military tribunal that censured McClellan for not retaining Harper's Ferry, and then served as judge-advocate of the court convened to investigate General Buell's operations in Tennessee. At the end of the war he became journalist, and made the *Washington Capital* a success. The deaths of his father and father-in-law putting him in possession of a fortune, he retired to a farm in the Mac-o-Chuk Valley, where he lives, he says, "a practical farmer," which means, he assures us, "to lose more to the acre than any man, of like pursuit, in Ohio."

XXIX.

E. W. ANDREWS, A.M.

E. W. ANDREWS, A.M., is the son of Rev. William Andrews, and was born in Windham, Connecticut, in 1812. He spent three of the earlier years of his life in learning carriage-painting in the celebrated

carriage manufactory of James Brewster, in New Haven, and, while there, he, with six other apprentices, formed "The Mechanics' Association," which has since grown into one of the most valuable institutions of that beautiful and prosperous city. While yet an apprentice, Mr. Andrews nearly fitted himself for college, and subsequently pursued his studies at Schenectady, New Haven and at the law school of Judge Gould at Litchfield; and, in 1834, was admitted to the bar of Connecticut, and practised law for some years in that State in partnership with the late Hon. Truman Smith. In 1837, he entered the ministry of the Congregational Church, and was, soon after, settled as pastor of the Congregational Church in West Hartford, Connecticut. In 1840, he was offered the pastorate of the Broadway Tabernacle Congregational Church in the city of New York. This church had just been organized and was the first of this order established in that city; but, although small in its beginning and weak in its resources—and, at first, without the sympathy and support of those churches of the city which, it was supposed, would naturally affiliate with it—yet during the four or five years of Mr. Andrews' pastorate it grew rapidly, the congregation became the largest in the city, and foundations were laid on which has arisen one of the most substantial, influential and useful churches of New York. In 1845, Mr. Andrews was settled as pastor of the Second Street Presbyterian Church at Troy, where he remained several years. In 1853, he was appointed, by President Fillmore, on the Board of Visitors at West Point, and, by appointment of the Board, prepared its report to Congress. In the fall of that year, on motion of Henry E. Davies, seconded by Daniel Lord, Mr. Andrews was admitted as a member of the bar of the State of New York, and practised law in the State until the spring of 1862. At this time, a commission was offered him, by Governor Morgan, to aid in raising a regiment of infantry, for the war, in the Congressional district embracing the counties of Westchester, Rockland, and Putnam. Under this commission, Mr. Andrews addressed numerous mass-meetings held in these counties to secure enlistments, and when the regiment was raised went with it to the seat of war as captain of one of its companies, and continued with it until January, 1863, when he accepted an invitation from General W. W. Morris, U. S. A., then commanding the defenses of Baltimore, to become his chief of staff and assistant adjutant-general. Shortly after, Mr. Andrews was transferred to the Adjutant-General's Department of the Army, and mustered out of the volunteer service. In this position he remained for two years, and until he left the service near the close of the war. Mr. Andrews had three sons, a son-in-law, and a brother in the army—his brother commanding for a time the Thirty-sixth Ohio Volunteers.

Shortly after the close of the war, he accepted the position of counsel

for the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, in the State of West Virginia, and has since devoted himself chiefly to the practice of the law. He is now a resident of New York.

XXX.

JAMES C. WELLING.

JAMES C. WELLING was born in Trenton, N. J., on the 14th of July, 1825. After graduation at Princeton College, in 1844, he studied law, but renounced its practice to become Associate Principal of the New York Collegiate School in 1848. In 1851, he became literary editor of the *National Intelligencer* at Washington, D. C., and, a few years later, succeeded to Joseph Gales in the political conduct of that old and influential journal. During the Civil War his relations with the members of President Lincoln's Cabinet were intimate and often confidential. Before, during, and after the war, Mr. Welling stood steadfastly by the Constitution and the Union, without, however, always approving the civil policies of the Administration. He resigned his editorial position in 1865, because of broken health. For several years he was one of the clerks of the United States Court of Claims. In 1870 he was appointed Professor of Belles Lettres in Princeton College, and, a year afterward, was called to the presidency of the Columbian University—an office which he still holds. During his administration of that institution it has received a new charter from Congress, has erected a new University building in the heart of Washington, and has enlarged the scope of its operations by adding a scientific school to the other schools already comprised in its system. By joint resolution of Congress in 1884, he was appointed a Regent of the Smithsonian Institution, and is Chairman of its Executive Committee. He is also the President of the Board of Trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington, and takes a deep interest in the prosperity of that institution—the most richly endowed institution of its kind in the country.

XXXI.

JOHN CONNESS.

JOHN CONNESS was born in Ireland in 1821. He was the youngest son of Walter Conness, a man distinguished among his neighbors for high character, great wisdom and intellectual accomplishments. Coming to New York City, he was fortunate enough to have as a teacher Hon. William A. Walker, subsequently a member of Congress, and connected later with the Board of Education of that city.

In the high example set to his pupils, his power to impress, and the never-ceasing force applied in his profession, Mr. Walker might be said to have been peerless; and his pupils, among whom were John A. Stewart, Abram Hewitt and Edward Cooper, are examples of his conscientious faithfulness.

In 1849, Mr. Conness went with the first American emigrants, after the discovery of gold, to California. There, he engaged in mining and other pursuits, but when the attempt was made by Southern men to change the free institutions of the young State, and to dominate opinion by strategy and force, Conness joined his efforts to those of Broderick in favor of freedom on the Pacific coast.

This, and not personal ambition, brought him to the center of political action, where he was an important factor up to the period of the Civil War.

In 1856, Broderick was elected to the United States Senate, but, in 1859, fell in a duel, having served two years of his term. Milton S. Latham succeeded Broderick, or served out the four years remaining of his term.

Latham's course in the Senate, and his support of Breckinridge and opposition to Douglas offended the loyal sentiment of California.

The supporters of Douglas and Broderick, there, united with the Republicans, and, meeting in convention together, they resolved to act, during the war, as supporters of the administration of Lincoln and of the Union. The result of this union of parties was the election of John Conness to the Senate of the United States in 1863, thus succeeding to Broderick's term and serving until 1869.

In the Senate Mr. Conness charged himself, first, with a support of all measures necessary to maintain the national power; and, thereafter, with the changes needed in the fundamental and statute law to maintain the new order of things resulting from the triumph of the national cause.

Next, he gave persistent attention to legislation for the benefit of his

State, which had been neglected through the period of bitter controversy since the admission of California into the Union.

Immediately after leaving the Senate, in 1869, he married a lady of Massachusetts. It was their firm intention to have lived in California, but, through a series of events which occurred, it seemed to be impossible, and their home is made in the suburbs of Boston.

XXXII.

JOHN B. ALLEY.

JOHN B. ALLEY was born in Lynn, Mass., January 7, 1817, of Quaker parents. He went to school until twelve years of age, when he left.

When fourteen, he learned the trade of a shoemaker; at sixteen, he was a newspaper correspondent. He was a great student and lover of history. At eighteen, he delivered an historical lecture which was much praised.

When nineteen, he went to Cincinnati, purchased a boat, stocked it with goods, hired a crew and floated down to New Orleans, upon a trading expedition. His adventure was pecuniarily very successful. When twenty-one, he established a large manufacturing business, and, a little later, he added an importing branch; and became, in a few years, the most successful manufacturer and merchant that his native town has ever produced. Very early in life he took a very active interest in the anti-slavery cause, and was published in several cities of the South as an obnoxious abolitionist that Southern merchants ought to shun.

When a very young man, he was elected, by the Legislature of Massachusetts, a member of the Governor's Council—the youngest member in it. The following year he was elected to a seat in the Senate of Massachusetts and was appointed chairman of the Joint Committee on Railroads, at that time the most important committee of the Legislature.

When he retired from the Senate, he was nominated, then a very young man, for a seat in Congress, and received a large vote, but was not elected until several years after.

In 1858, he was elected to Congress, and continued to be nominated unanimously in '60, '62 and '64, thus serving as a member of Congress for eight years. In that body he served on several important committees, and was chairman for four years of the Committee on Post Offices

and Post Roads, from which committee he reported several very important bills in the interest of the country. We believe that no bill he ever reported and no measure he ever advocated, during his long term of service, failed to receive the approbation of the House.

He was a persuasive and effective speaker. At the expiration of his fourth term he voluntarily retired to private life, and has not since been a candidate for public office or been in public life, although offered some important positions, which he declined.

He was a member and chairman of the Republican State Committee for several years. For the last forty years he has been actively and successfully engaged, as he is now, in the hide and leather business in Boston, as the head of the house of John B. Alley & Co. He has been for many years engaged in large railroad operations in the West, and, it is said, has been remarkably successful. Mr. Alley was very intimate with Mr. Lincoln during the whole of his Presidency, and also numbered among his cherished and close friends, Charles Sumner and Chief Justice Chase; and the ties of personal friendship, notwithstanding political differences, continued until severed by death.

XXXIII.

THOMAS HICKS

MR HICKS is a native of Newtown, Bucks County, Penn., and commenced his studies in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in Philadelphia. Afterward he was a pupil of the National Academy of Design of New York and was elected Academician in 1851. He went to Europe in 1845. After making some studies in the National Gallery in London, he went to Paris, where he visited all the great galleries for which it is so renowned. After remaining in Paris for about a month, he started, with a companion, on a *tour à pied* through Switzerland. Reaching Basle by diligence, the walk commenced, and the first day brought him to Zurich; thence he went to the Rigi and Luzern, over the St. Gothard, through the valley of Tessin to Bellinzona, thence to Lake Como and to Milan. From Milan he proceeded to Florence by diligence, where he made the acquaintance of Hiram Powers and Horatio Greenough. After visiting the galleries and the great sculptures by Michael Angelo, Ghiberti, Benvenuto Cellini, and others, for which that city is famous, he proceeded to Rome, where there was already a colony of American artists which included J. E. Freeman,

Luther Terry, George A. Baker, Thomas Crawford and H. K. Brown. Among the distinguished Americans settled there for the winter were Margaret Fuller, Marcus Spring, W. W. Story, George W. Curtis and others. In Rome, Mr. Hicks became a pupil of Ferero, the distinguished teacher and draughtsman.

In the summer of 1847, Mr. Hicks passed a month at Venice with Mr. G. W. Curtis, his brother, Burrill, and John F. Kensett. On leaving Venice, he parted with his companions at Ferrara, they going north, and he returned to Rome, where he remained until the following spring, when he went to Paris, and entered the studio of Thomas Couture. After the insurrection, which ended in June, he went to Barbizon for a month, and saw there the French artists Rousseau, Diaz, Corot, Millet, who were all living there at that time, and many others, none of whom were famous then, but who in recent times have become so. In the fall of 1849, Mr. Hicks returned to New York and began his successful career as a portrait painter. Mr. Hicks went to Europe in 1875 and visited England, France, Italy, and Switzerland. In the winter of 1876 he painted a portrait of General Meade in the accoutrements worn at the battle of Gettysburg, now owned by General Meade's family. This portrait, that of Dr. Delafield, owned by the New York Academy of Medicine, and one of Dr. John F. Gray, were exhibited in the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, for which the medal and diploma were awarded. Mr. Hicks was president of the Artists' Fund Society of New York for many years, from which office he retired in 1885.

Mr. Hicks has had two narrow escapes from death; at a Roman Carnival by a stiletto wound from the hand of an unknown assassin, and, later, in the railroad disaster at Norwalk, Conn.

In April, 1860, Mr. Hicks, having some business in Washington, the Republican Committee of this city gave him a letter to Mr. Seward, who was a Senator then, requesting him to sit to Mr. Hicks for a portrait. The sittings were very pleasant. It was the first profile portrait painted of him, and is now owned by the Union League Club. This portrait was copied on a silk banner, and was taken to Chicago to be unfurled when Mr. Seward should have been nominated by acclamation. But Mr. Lincoln was nominated, and Mr. Hicks has told us about the portrait he painted of him, and of the occurrences of the time.

INDEX.

A

Abuse by newspapers, 58, 478, 589.
Ability. (*See* Characteristics.)
Abolitionist. (*See* Negro *and* Slavery.)
Adams, Dispatch to, liv., lx., lxx., 127, 579.
" Fac-simile, lxx.
ALLEY, J. B., Biography, 645.
" " " Reminiscences, 573.
ANDREWS, E. W., Biography, 641.
" " " Reminiscences, 501.
Andrews, J. A., 167, 257.
" R. F., 69.
Anecdotes and Apposite Sayings.
Big Crop of Fight, 432.
Blacksmith and Iron, 3.
Cure for Boils, 509.
Darkey Arithmetic, 288.
Farmer and Skunks, 236.
Going to a Hanging, 403.
Make a Fizzle Anyhow, 3.
Monkey and His Tail, 2, 194.
Mormon Title, 211.
Nothing but Money, 239.
Sicker Man, A, 240.
Plowed Round Him, 400.
Pretentious Shirt, 294.
Prize Hog, xxvi.
Pyramid, 443.
Revenons à Nos Moutons, 227.
Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, 237.
Something to give Office Seekers, 337.
Squealing Boy, 401.
Temperance Irishman, 97.
On Vanity, 442.
Anecdotes, Whence Derived, 54.
" Solace to Care, 54.
" of Robert Lewis, 211.
Anger. (*See* Characteristics.)
Antietam, Battle of, 99, 273.
Antislavery Ideas in Illinois, 409.
Applications for Army Offices, 390.
" for Office. (*See* Office-Seekers.)
" for Autographs, 229.
Appointments to Office, 363, 578.
Arming the Negroes, 332.
(*See* also Negroes.)
Army Losses, 287.
Army Mails, 328.
Arnold, J. N., 15.
Ashman, George, 167, 257.
Aspect of Lincoln.
When Story Telling, 54.
In Court Room, 48.
In Early Life, 16.
Change of, 99.
In general, 16, 48, 54, 96, 99, 123, 172, 186, 213, 230, 249, 258, 285, 294, 337, 341, 388, 412, 414, 441, 469, 479, 487, 491, 499, 515.
After death, 452.
Asperity of Manner, 282.
Assassination, The, 44, 384, 404.
Athlete, 463.
Attorney. (*See* Lawyer.)
Authorship, Skill at, 414.

B

Baker, E. D., 8, 9, 15, 51, 299.
" " " Death of, 173.
" Senator, Charges Against, 51.
Barlow, S. L. M., xxxiii.
Bates, Atty.-General, 240, 244.
Battle of Ball's Bluff, 173.
BEECHER, H. W., Biography, 625.
" " " Portrait, 247.
" " " Reminiscences, 247
" " " Visit to Washington, 248.
" " " Visit to England, 249.

Birney, W., 495.
Birthplace of Lincoln, 606.
Bissell, W. H., 8.
Bixby, Mrs., Letter to, 111.
Black Hawk War, 6, 220, 463.
Blaine, J. G., Corrected, 39.
Blair, F. P., 257.
" F. P., jr., 260.
" M., 328.
Blanchard, J., 17, 222.
Boarders at Mrs. Sprigg's, 17.
BOUTWELL, G. S., Biography, 616.
" " " Portrait, 101.
" " " Reminiscences, 101.
Breckenridge, R. G., 297.
Brownlow, Parson, 597.
Browning, O. H., 15, 605.
" O. S., 293.
Buckingham, Gov., Visit of, 190.
Bullitt, 351.
Burlingame, Anson, 101.
Burnside as Housekeeper, 278.
BUTLER, B. F., Biography, 618.
" " " Portrait, 139.
" " " Reminiscences, 139.
" " " First Meeting with Lincoln, 139.
" " " Lincoln's Visit to, 146.
" " " Commissioned as Major-General, 139.
" " " Examined in Engineering, 147.
" " " Ship Island Expedition, 142.
" " " Offered the Vice-Presidency, 587.
Butterfield, 431.

C

Cabinet, liii., 345, 369.
California, Delegation from, 50.
Cameron, S., Appointment of, 48.
Campbell, T., 14, 15.
Candidate for Renomination, 560.
Capital. (*See* Labor.)
Capitol Prison, Inmates of, 389.
Captain of Volunteers, 6, 463.
Cartter, D. K., 167, 257.
Carroll, T. B., 363.
Cass, Gen., 220.
Censorship of the Press, 298.
Character, xxiv., 493.
Characteristics.
Ability, 245, 327.
Anger, 51, 494.
Characteristics.
Asperity, 282.
Caution, 57.
Charity, 61.
Clemency. (*See* Pardoning Power).
Control over Men, 127.
Courage, 58, 119, 123, 144, 146, 604.
Dignity, 347.
Despondency, xxx.
Fairness, 333.
Fidelity, 586.
Firmness, 583.
Frugality, 587.
Geniality, 59.
Honesty, 445.
Humor, 193, 432, 443, 574.
Kindness, 111, 242, 244, 341, 584.
Knowledge of Men, 260.
Mercifulness, 144, 188, 377.
Modesty, 241, 444.
Patience, 282, 336, 589.
Sagacity, 577, 582.
Simplicity, 576.
Self-reliance, 209.
Temperance, 78, 170, 198, 463.
Tenderness, 296, 451, 486.
In General, xxx., lii., 6, 14, 15, 48, 50, 51, 57, 58, 59, 61, 111, 119, 123, 144, 146, 167, 188, 193, 220, 227, 241, 242, 244, 245, 257, 260, 282, 298, 327, 333, 336, 341, 347, 363, 369, 377, 432, 443, 444, 445, 463, 493, 494, 560, 576, 577, 582, 584, 589, 604.
Chase, S. P., lii., 298, 559, 580.
" " " Candidature for Presidency, 559.
" " " Appointed Ch. Justice, 565, 581.
Chicago Clergymen, 125, 334, 527.
Chouteau, C. P., 5.
Cisco, J. J., 563.
City Point, 175, 178.
CLAY, C. M., Biography, 627.
" " " Portrait, 293.
" " " Reminiscences, 293.
" " " Nomination for Office, 299.
Clerk in Store, 6.
Clifton House Proposition, 435.
Clinton Speech, 204, 206.
COFFEY, T. J., Biography, 623.
" " " Reminiscences, 233.
COFFIN, C. C., Biography, 619.
" " " Reminiscences, 161.

Coles County, 459.
COLFAX, S., Biography, 630.
" " Portrait, 331.
" " Reminiscences, 331.
Columbus Speech, 446.
Coming of Age, 460.
Comparisons. (*See* Estimates.)
Committee of Western Men, 56.
" " Public Safety, 33.
Conduct of the War, 53.
Confiscation Act, 57.
Conger, H. S., 217.
Congress, Lincoln in, 17, 217.
Congressional Library, 20.
CONNERS, J., Biography, 644.
" " Reminiscences, 559.
Convention of 1860, 161, 165.
Conversation, Powers of, 588.
" with Stevens, Campbell and Hunter, 80.
" " Butler, 140.
Cooper Union Speech, 247.
Courtesy to Correspondents, 228.
Counting the Electoral Vote, 1861, 31.
Croffut, W. H., xxix.
Curtin, Geo., xxv.

D

DANA, C. A., Biography, 632.
" " " Portrait, 363.
" " " Reminiscences, 363.
" " " Visit to Alexandria, 370.
Dates.
" 1830, 5.
" 1831, 119.
" 1834, 6, 7.
" 1835, 10.
" 1836, 7.
" 1838, 7, 9.
" 1839, 5, 8.
" 1840, 6, 7, 9, 10, 139.
" 1843, 12.
" 1844, 15.
" 1846, 16.
" 1847, 16, 17.
" 1848, 18, 20, 219.
" 1849, 19, 20.
" 1850, 120.
" 1853, 129.
" 1854, 21, 129, 197.
" 1855, 22, 120.
" 1856, 24, 574.
" 1858, 6, 24, 113, 131.
" 1861, 31, 47, 73, 85, 171.
" 1862, 53, 57, 90, 123, 248, 271.
" 1863, 42, 91, 242.
Dates.
" 1864, 51, 67, 111.
" 1865, 43.
Davis, David, 263, 468, note 200, 455.
" Jefferson, 84.
" " Capture of, 97, 145.
" H. W., 494.
Dayton, W. L., 299.
Debates. (*See* Speeches.)
" with Douglas. (*See* Douglas.)
" at Alton, 114.
" " Ottawa, 6.
Debt, Lincoln in, 465.
" Lincoln's Father in, 458.
Declination, Second Term to Congress, 20.
Defeat for U. S. Senate, 22.
Defense of U. S. Marshals, 238.
Delegate to Convention, 1856, 574.
Delegation from California, 50.
Democratic Officers, 141.
Democrats in the Army, 141.
DEPEW, C. M., Biography, 636.
" " " Portrait, 427.
" " " Reminiscences, 427.
Deportation of Negroes. (*See* Negroes.)
Desire for Renomination, 390.
Dispatch to Adams, lxx., 345. (*See* Adams.)
Dickey, J., 17, 222.
Dismissed Officer (The), 242.
Dollar, The First Earned, 279, 457.
Douglas, S. A., Loyalty of, 83.
" " " Opinion of Lincoln, 575.
" " " Debates with Lincoln, 6, 25, 26, 79, 113, 199, 247, 297, 335, 387, 405, 439, 440.
DOUGLASS, FREDERICK, Biography, 620.
" " Portrait, 185.
" " Reminiscences, 185.
Draft, 71.
" Letter Concerning, 394.
Draper, S., 69.
Drummond, T., 15.
Duff, Green's Row, 17.
Dufrees, J., 251.
Dutch Gap Canal, 2.
Dyce, E., 228.

E

Early Home, 5.
" Life, 5, 107, 457, 460, 468.
" Literature, 459.

Earning his First Money, 279, 457.
Editorials in the *Independent*, 248.
Education, 458, 467.
Edwards, N., 293.
Elected to Legislature, 6, 7.
Election in New York, 1864, 68.
Emancipation Proclamation, 61, 91, 124, 126, 134, 230, 303, 420, 494, 519.
" Mention of Deity in, 91.
" Pen Used to Sign, 230.
Embree, E., 17, 222.
England. (*See* Beecher.)
" (*See* Adams.)
Estimates of, xvii., xviii., xxii., lxiv., 47, 64, 77, 102, 130, 231, 233, 247, 307, 329, 331, 347, 365, 418, 424, 427, 437, 470, 472, 477, 483, 499, 573, 574, 575.
" by James Longstreet, 77.
Evarts, W. M., 257, 416.
Everett, E., 228. (*See also* Gettysburg.)
Exercise of the Appointing Power, 378.
Exposure to Danger, Before the Enemy, 146.
" " " in Washington, 144.

F

Fairness, 8.
Fall of Richmond, 43.
Fame of Dead Men, 101.
Farm Hand, 460.
FENTON, R. E., Biography, 615.
" " " Portrait, 67.
" " " Reminiscences, 67.
" " " Serenade to, 70.
Fessenden, W. P., 562, 565, 568.
Fevre River Lead Mines. (*See* Galena.)
Ficklin, O. B., 8, 15.
Flanders, ——, 93.
Flatboatman, 460, 461.
Fogg, G. C., 167.
Forage Frauds, 366.
Fortress Monroe, Command of, 145.
Fredericksburg, Battle of, xxv.
Fremont, Difficulty of Appointing, 55.
Friends' Deputation, 281. (*See also* Quakers.)
Friendship for Grant. 322.
FRY, J. B., Biography, 633.
" " " Portrait, 387.
" " " Reminiscences, 387.
Fugitive Slave Law, xlvi.

G

Galena, 7.
Ganson, J., 432.
Gayle, J., 217.
General and Mules, 339.
Gettysburg, Journey to, 403, 510.
" Serenade at, 512.
" Address, 99, 132, 228, 403, 415, 437, 514.
Giddings, J. R., 17, 222.
Gift from the Romans, 138.
Gillespie, J., 15.
Grant, F. D., 1.
GRANT, U. S., Biography, 611.
" " " Portrait, 1.
" " " Reminiscences, 1.
" " " Lincoln's Opinion of, 99, 175.
Grant's Opinion of Lincoln, 580.
Gratitude of Nations, 101.
Greeley, H., Lincoln's Respect for, 60.
" " Speech (1861), 60.
" " Criticism by, 87, 189.
" " Peace Negotiations, 435.
" " Portrait of Lincoln, 593.
" " Letters to, 419, 523.
" " Reply to, 415.
Grocery Store Keeper, 6.
Guarding Washington, 301.
Gunn, L. A., 570.

H

Habits in Washington, 469.
Hackett, "Baron," 265.
Hahn, Governor, 93.
" " Letter to, 95.
Hale, J. P., 167.
Hamlin, H., 484.
Handwriting, 228.
Hanks, Thomas, 5, 460.
Hardin, J. J., 8, 15.
Hendricks, T. A., 355.
HICKS, THOMAS, Biography, 646.
" " Portrait, 593.
" " Reminiscences, 593.
Holding Court in 1843, 12.
Holloway (Commissioner of Patents), 52.
Holt, Judge, 241.
Home at Springfield, 168.
Hooker, "Fighting Joe," 277.
" Resignation, 128.
Hostility to Lincoln in 1862, 58.
How Lincoln earned his first Money, 279, 457.

I

Illinois State Convention, 1860, 208.
" in 1849, 455.
Impromptu Speaker, 70.
Inauguration, 1861, 49.
Inaugural Address, 1861, 50, 81, 82, 131, 224, 225.
" " 1865, 96, 191.
" Ball, 1865, 191.
Indianapolis Speech, 414.
Indiana Delegation, 53.
INGERSOLL, R. G, Biography, 628.
" " " Portrait, 307.
" " " Reminiscences, 307.
Intoxicated Congressman, 452.
Inventor of Torpedo, 237.
Iverson, A., 219.
Italians. (*See* Gift.)

J

Judd, N. B., 35, 167.
JULIAN, G. W., Biography, 614.
" " " Reminiscences, 47.

K

Kansas Nebraska Bill, 203.
KASSON, J. A., Biography, 633.
" " " Reminiscences, 377.
Kelley, W. B., 167.
KELLEY, W. D., Biography, 626.
" " " Reminiscences, 255.
Kentucky, 320.
Kentuckians, Consultations with, 318.
Kerr, Orpheus C., 193.

L

Labor and Capital, 129, 348.
Lane, J., 301.
" H. S., 355.
Laugh of Lincoln, 54.
Law Partnership, 10.
Law Office, 596.
Lawyer, 7, 24, 197, 240, 294, 417, 413, 432, 456, 460, 467, 587.
Lee's Invasion of Pennsylvania, 490.
Letter to Greeley, 419, 498, 523.
" " " 1863, 448.
" " Mrs. Bixby, 111.
" in regard to the Draft, 394.
" to Washburne, 18, 22, 28, 29, 30, 42.
" from McClellan, xxxv.
Legislature, Election to, 6, 7.
"*Lettres de Cachet*," 383.
Lincoln and Douglas Contrasted, 444.
" " " Debates. (*See* Douglas.)
" Grant and Sherman, 175.
" Mrs., 195, 602.
" Tad, 597.
Lincoln's Portrait, 591.
" Story of Own Life, 455.
Literary Studies, 267, 599.
LOCKE, D. R., Biography, 637.
" " " Portrait, 439.
" " " Reminiscences, 439.
Logan, S. T., 10, 11.
Long Nine (The), 466.
Loss of Inaugural Address, 225.
Luckett, H. M., 352.

M

Macon County, 5.
Mackenzie, R. S., 229.
MacVeagh, W., 368.
McClellan, G. B., Appointment, 271, 588.
" " " Chances for Presidency, xxx.
" " " Disobedience, 53.
" " " Letter from xxxv.
" " " Opinion Concerning, xxxix., 99.
McClelland, J. A., 168.
McClernand, J. A., 8.
McClure, A., 368.
McCULLOCH, H., Biography, 635.
" " Portrait, 405.
" " Reminiscences, 405.
McDonough, J., 264.
McDougall, J. A., 15.
McIlvaine, A. R., 17, 222.
McPherson, E., 274.
Mail Communications, 328.
Maltby, Captain, 567
MARKLAND, A. H., Biography, 629.
" " " Reminiscences, 315.
Marshals, U. S., Defense of, 238.
Marshall, S. D., 8.
Maryland, Emancipation in, 494.
Mason and Slidell, 245.
Meade, Opinion of, 99.
" Appointment of, 128.
Meade's Order, 402.
Meddlesome Boys, 597.
Member of Legislature, 460, 466. (*See also* Legislature.)

Members of Congress from Louisiana, 93.
Member of Congress, 16, 460.
Menard County, 5.
Message to Sherman, 325.
Messenger at White House, 364.
Military Commander, 218.
Military Coat Tails, 220.
Military Life, 6, 463.
Milroy's Arrest, 490.
Missouri Compromise, 21, 406.
Morgan, Governor, 257.
Morris, W. W., 501, 509.
Mules and Generals, 339.

N

Nasby, Petroleum V. (*See* Locke.)
Nasby Letters, 447.
Nebraska. (*See* Kansas.)
Negroes, Deportation of, 61, 150, 151, 153.
" Raising troops, 145, 188, 332, 495, 521.
" Suffrage, 95.
" Exchange of Soldiers, 185.
Nelson, W., 320.
New Orleans, 142, 119.
New Salem, 5.
News of the Assassination, 384.
Newspaper Abuse, 58, 478, 589.
Newspaper Controversy, 436.
" Criticism, 241.
" Censorship of, 226.
" Correspondents, 228.
New York Election in 1864, 68.
" " Millionaires, 433.
Nickname, "Old Abe," 16.
Night after Election, 1860, 479.
Nomination for President, 1860, 81, 163, 165, 167, 168, 255, 256, 410, 479, 574, 591.
Nomination for Senator, 25, 121.
" of Butler for Vice-President, 155.
Nye, J. W., 257.

O

Office Seekers, Importunities, 336.
Office Seeking, 481.
"Oh, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal Be Proud," 213, 268, 451.
Opdyke, G., 363.
Otto, Appointment of Judge, 54.

P

Paducah, Proclamation, 322.
Panama Canal, 153.
Pardoning Power, Instances of, 149, 242, 305, 338, 340, 342, 343, 351, 449, 489, 502, 583, 585.
Parentage, 405.
Patience, 392, 336 589.
(*See also* Characteristics.)
Peace, Attempt to preserve, 86, 317.
" Commissioners, 249.
Pennington, W., 32.
Persistent Woman (A), 391.
Physical Strength, 463.
PIATT, DONN, Biography, 641.
" " Reminiscences, 477.
Pinkerton, A., 35.
Place in History, 107, 137.
(*See also* Estimates.)
Politician, 134, 430, 585.
Pollock, J., 17, 222.
Popularity, 14, 16.
POORE, B. P., Biography, 622.
" " " Portrait, 217.
" " " Reminiscences, 217.
Power of Statement, 194.
Presidential Campaign of 1860, 27.
" " of 1864, 334.
" Elector, 460.
President, 460.
(*See also* Nomination.)
Pressure for Office, 50.
Private Life, 64;
Proclamation of Amnesty, 89.
Proclamation of Emancipation.
(*See* Emancipation.)
Proclamation, Paducah, 322.
Proposal to Purchase Abolition of Slavery, 98.
Press. (*See* Newspapers.)
Public Safety, Committee of, 33.
Purple, N. H., 15.

Q

Quaker Preacher, The, 284.
" Deputation, 281.
Quota for Draft, 397.
(*See also* Letters.)

R

Railsplitter, 208, 460, 566.
(*See also* Early Life.)
Reading Law, 7. (*See* Lawyer.)
Rebellion in General, 422.
Reconstruction, 421.

Relative Value General and Mules, 339.
Releasing a Prisoner, 244.
(*See also* Pardoning Power.)
Religion, 413, 590.
Reminiscences.
Alley, J. B., 573.
Andrews, E. W., 501.
Beecher, H. W., 247.
Boutwell, G. S., 101.
Butler, B. F., 139.
Clay, C. M., 293.
Coffey, T. J., 233.
Coffin, C. C., 161.
Colfax, S., 331.
Dana, C. A., 363.
Depew, C. M., 427.
Douglass, F., 185.
Fenton, R. E., 67.
Fry, J. B., 387.
Grant, F. D., 1.
" U. S., 1.
Hicks, Thomas, 593.
Ingersoll, R. G., 307.
Julian, G. W., 47.
Kasson, J. A., 377.
Kelley, W. D., 255.
Locke, D. R., 439.
Markland, A. H., 315.
McCulloch, H., 405.
Piatt, D., 417.
Poore, B. P., 217.
Swett L., 455.
Usher, J. P., 77.
Voorhees, D. W., 351.
Washburne, E. B., 5.
Weldon, L., 197.
Welling, J. C., 519.
Whitman, W., 469.
Renomination, 1864, xxxviii., xliii., 390.
" Desire for, 560.
Reported Army Losses, 287.
Request of U. S. Senators, 235.
" of a Bride, 242.
Rhode Island, Committee from, 393.
RICE, A. T., lxix.
Richardson, W. A., 8.
Richmond, Entrance into, 178, 180.
" Trip to, 43.
Rivalry between New York and Pennsylvania, 163.
River and Harbor Convention, 16.
Robinson, L., 363.
Romans. (*See* Gift.)
Ross, L. W., 8.
Russell, Dr., 229.

S

Sala, G. A., 228.
Sawyer, "Sausage," 221.
Schenck, R. E., 478, 490, 494.
Scheme to Colonize Negroes, 61, 153.
(*See also* Negroes.)
Second Term. (*See* Renomination).
Self-Reliance. (*See* Characteristics.)
Semple, J., 8.
Senate, Defeat for, 238.
Senator, The Swindling, 452.
" U. S., Request of, 235.
Seward, F. W., 35.
" W. H., lii., 298, 579.
" " " Astor House Speech, 85.
" " " Enmity to Clay, 304.
Seymour H., xxxi., xxxviii., 429.
Sherman, Message to, 325.
Shields, J., 15.
Ship Island Expedition, 142.
Slavery, xlvi., 78, 116, 129, 317, 409, 419, 445, 583.
"Slave Hound of Illinois," xlvi.
Slave Dealer, The, 583.
Slidell. (*See* Mason.)
Smith, C. B., 48, 167.
" G., 286.
" L., 16.
" R., 8.
Smithsonian Institute, Meeting at, 60.
Soldiers' Politics, 516.
" Votes, 429.
Soulé, F., 570.
Speech. (*See also* Address).
" Gettysburg. (*See* Gettysburg.)
" In Congress, 220.
" At Clinton, 204, 206.
" " Columbus, 446.
" " Cooper Union, 247.
(*See also* Inaugural.)
" " Freeport, 26.
" " Indianapolis, 414.
" " National Hotel, 471.
" " Springfield, 121, 203.
Speed, James, 294.
" Joshua, 241, 294.
Spriggs, Mrs., 17, 222.
Springfield, Mass Meeting at, 1860, 27.
" Home at, 168, 603.
" Law Office at, 596.
Squatter Sovereignty, 115.
Stanly, E., 532.
Stanton, H. B., liii., 243, 363.

Stanton's, H. B., Influence over Lincoln, 5, 6.
" " " Refusal to Obey, 100, 396.
" " " Tirade against Lincoln, 223.
" " " Tenderness, 252.
" " " Obstinacy, 327.
Stevens, T., Criticisms of, 339.
Storekeeper, 462.
Stories, Derivation of, 434.
Story Teller. (*See* Characteristics), also, 13, 54, 193, 207, 213, 218, 235, 372, 416, 418, 427, 442, 485.
Story of His Own Life, 455.
Stowe, H. B., 251.
Strohm, J., 117, 222.
Stuart, J. T., 7, 8, 9.
Stump Speaking in 1840, 10.
Suffrage, Negro, 95.
(*See also* Negroes.)
Sumner, 223, 230.
Surveyor, 460, 466.
SWETT, L., Biography, 638.
" " Portrait, 455.
" " Reminiscences, 455.
Swindling Senator, The, 452.
Sympathy, 148.

T

Taylor's Inaugural Ball, 19.
Temperance, 78, 170, 198, 463.
Tenderness. (*See* Characteristics.)
Tastes.
" Liking for Theatre, 413.
(*See also* Characteristics.)
Threats against Lincoln, 276.
Theory of the Union, 94.
Thompson, J., Contemplated Arrest of, 375.
Todd, D., 561.
" Mary, 293.
" Robert, 293.
Tompkins, P. W., 17, 222.
Total Abstainer, Lincoln a, 78.
Trollope, A., 228.
Trumbull, L., 8.
Tuck, A., 167.
Tyler, D., 488.

U

Union Spy, The, 373.
Union Square Meeting, xxxiii.
Union, Theory of, 94.
USHER, J. P., Biography, 616.
" " " Portrait, 77.
" " " Reminiscences, 77.

V

Van Buren and Harrison Campaign, 6.
Vandalia, 8.
Visit from Englishmen, 286.
VOORHEES, D. W., Biography, 631.
" " " Reminiscences, 351.

W

Wadsworth, J. S., 363.
War. (*See* Conduct.)
" (*See* Peace.)
WASHBURNE, E B., Biography, 612.
" " " Portrait, 5.
" " " Reminiscences, 5.
" " " At Galena, 6.
" " " Letters to, 18, 22, 28, 29, 30, 42.
Washington, Journey to, in 1861, 33, 223.
" Arrival at, 1861, 37.
" Mode of Life in, 469.
Watson, P. H., 366.
Webster, D., 222, 590.
Weed, T., 69.
WELDON, L., Biography, 621.
" " Reminiscences, 197.
WELLING, J. C., Biography, 643.
" " " Reminiscences, 519.
Western Men, Deputation of, 56.
WHITMAN, W., Biography, 640.
" " Portrait, 469.
" " Reminiscences, 469.
Wilkes, Admiral, 245.
Williams, A., 15.
Wilmot, D., 366.
Winston, Mrs., 502, 508.
Wounds Received by Lincoln, 462.
Wrestler, 219.

Y

Yates, R. W., 600.

This book should
he Library on or bef
amped below.
A fine is incurred
nd the specified t
ase return pr

3 2044 018 997 825

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

Harvard College Widener Library
Cambridge, MA 02138 (617) 495-2413

WIDENER
AUG 12 1997
AUG 15 1997
CANCELLED
BOOK DUE